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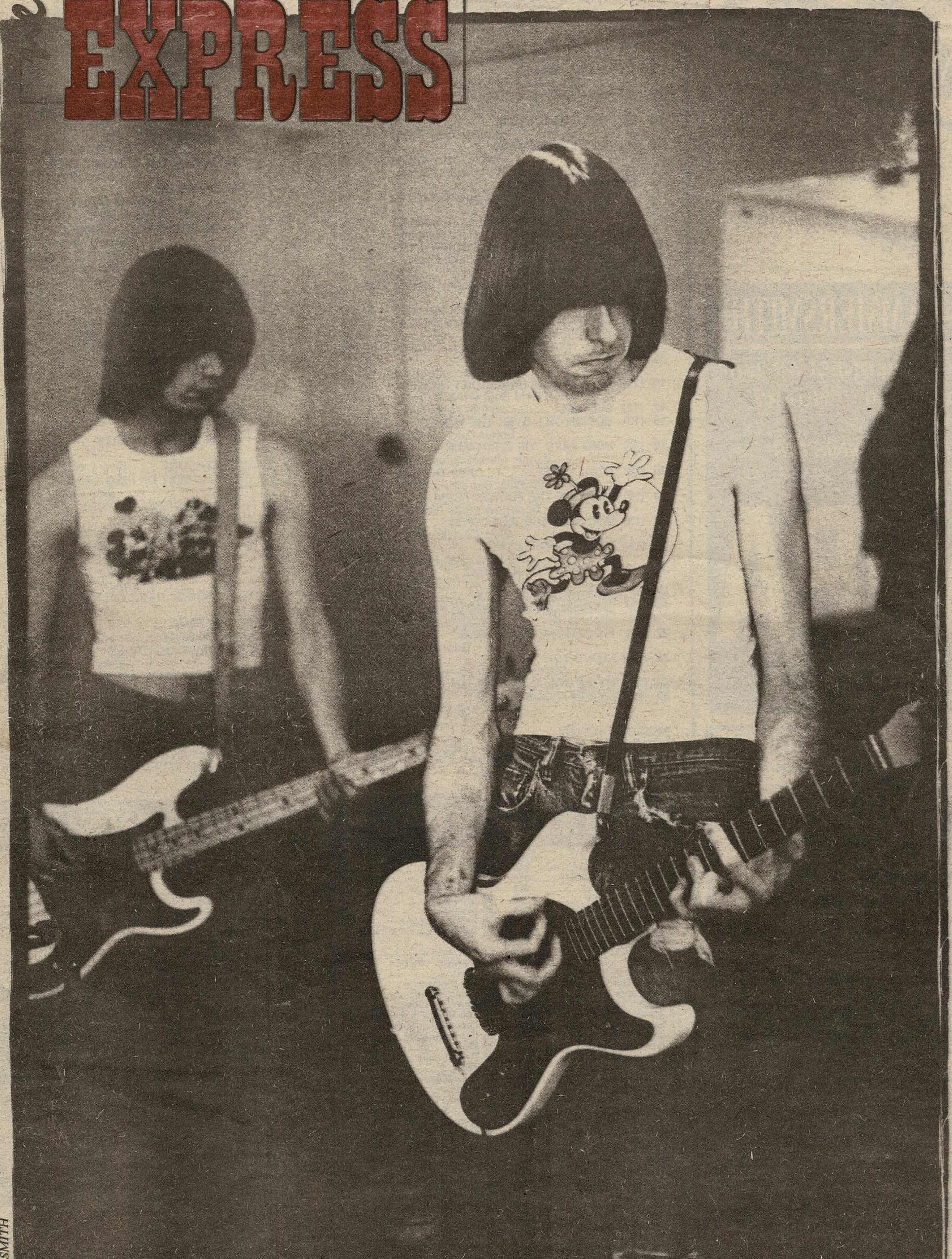

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NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending January 7, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (EMI)	6	1
2	(2)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	7	2
3	(3)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	9	2
4	(9)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	5	4
5	(7)	WHITE CHRISTMAS	Bing Crosby (MCA)	3	5
6	(4)	I WILL	Ruby Winters (Creole)	8	4
6	(8)	LOVE'S UNKIND	Donna Summer (GTO)	4	6
8	(5)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	9	4
9	(6)	DADDY COOL	Darts (Magnet)	7	6
10	(17)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	7	10
11	(10)	DANCIN' PARTY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	6
12	(22)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	5	12
13	(19)	MY WAY	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	13
14	(20)	AS TIME GOES BY	Dooley Wilson (United Artists)	3	14
15	(15)	PUT YOUR LOVE IN ME	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	5	7
16	(21)	LET'S HAVE A HAVE QUIET NIGHT IN	David Soul (Private Stock)	2	16
17	(12)	BELFAST	Boney M (Atlantic)	8	11
18	(13)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	12	1
19	(27)	WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN	Yannis Markopoulos (BBC)	2	19
20	(28)	REALLY FREE	John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett (Polydor)	3	20
20	(18)	MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	14
22	(13)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVES	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	8	10
23	(16)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED	Julie Covington (Virgin)	4	16
24	(—)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING	Althia & Donna (Lightning)	1	24
25	(11)	LOVE OF MY LIFE	Dooleys (GTO)	5	11
26	(24)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY	Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	3	23
27	(23)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen (EMI)	10	2
28	(25)	I LOVE YOU	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	22
29	(26)	LITTLE GIRL	The Banned (Harvest)	2	26
30	(29)	LIVE IN TROUBLE	Barron Knights (Epic)	9	9

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
HOLLYWOOD — Boz Scaggs (Epic); DON'T DILLY DALLY/WAITING AT THE CHURCH — The Muppets (Pye); RUN BACK — Carl Douglas (Pye).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 7, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	8	1
2	(2)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	9	1
3	(9)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	8	3
4	(3)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	9	2
5	(4)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	8	3
6	(5)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	8	2
7	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	45	3
8	(6)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	7	4
9	(15)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS	Tammy Wynette (CBS)	2	9
10	(13)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	4
11	(12)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	7	10
12	(11)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	8	6
13	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	5
14	(18)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	14
15	(10)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	17	1
16	(—)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	16
17	(6)	GREATEST HITS, etc	Paul Simon (CBS)	4	6
18	(16)	40 GOLDEN GREATS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	12	2
19	(30)	SEASONS	Bing Crosby (Polydor)	2	19
20	(27)	THE BEST OF BING CROSBY	Bing Crosby (MCA)	2	20
21	(17)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	79	1
22	(19)	30 GOLDEN HITS	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	7	14
23	(—)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	16
24	(—)	ECHO'S OF THE 60's	Phil Spector (Phil Spector)	1	24
25	(—)	JOHNNY NASH COLLECTION	Johnny Nash (Epic)	1	25
26	(22)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	51	1
27	(29)	RED STAR	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	17
28	(21)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	14	2
29	(24)	THE MUPPET SHOW	The Muppets (Pye)	17	1
30	(23)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	11	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
DECADE — Neil Young (Reprise); THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS — Beatles (Parlophone); DOWN TWO THEN LEFT — Boz Scaggs (CBS); 100 GOLDEN GREATS — Max Bygraves (Ronco).

CHART POINTS FOR 1977: SINGLES

1	DAVID SOUL	752
2	BONEY M	646
3	SHOWADDYWADDY	614
4	ABBA	611
5	ELVIS PRESLEY	569
6	DONNA SUMMER	543
7	ROD STEWART	470
8	THE STRANGLERS	414
9	SEX PISTOLS	409
10	STATUS QUO	403
11	Smokie	396
12	Deniece Williams	375
13	Brotherhood Of Man	371
14	Leo Sayer	351
15	Electric Light Orchestra	345
16	Stevie Wonder	341
17	Hot Chocolate	304
18	Julie Covington	303
19	Barbra Streisand	300
20	Queen	296
21	Heatwave	293
22	10 c.c.	289
23	Manhattan Transfer	262
24	Emerson, Lake & Palmer	251
25	Kenny Rogers	247
26	Jonathan Richman	242
27	David Bowie	241
28	Baccara	231
28	La Belle Epoque	231
30	Rose Royce	228
31	Barry Biggs	226
32	Space	225
33	Boz Scaggs	221
33	Joe Tex	221
35	Elkie Brooks	216
36	The Jacksons	211
37	Floaters	206
37	Van McCoy	206
39	The Eagles	204
40	Gladys Knight & the Pips	201
41	Billy Ocean	198
42	Carly Simon	193
43	Bee Gees	189
44	Tavares	180
45	Alessi	176
46	Boomtown Rats	175
47	Thin Lizzy	173
48	Emotions	170
49	Jean Michel Jarre	170
50	Berni Flint	169
50	Ram Jam	169
52	Rah Band	167
53	Rita Coolidge	165
54	Bryan Ferry	164
54	Meri Wilson	164
56	Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes	163
57	Mary MacGregor	162
58	Candi Staton	160
59	Mr Big	157
60	Carole Bayer Sager	152
61	Wings	148
61	Tom Robinson Band	148
63	Marvin Gaye	142
64	David Parton	141
65	Olivia Newton-John	140
66	Darts	133
67	Drifters	131
67	Danny Mirror	131
67	Moments	131
70	Carpenters	127
70	Ruby Winters	127
72	Brighouse & Rastrick Band	126
72	The Brothers	126
74	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis	123
75	The Muppets	121
75	Commodores	121
77	Dead End Kids	119
77	Bob Marley & the Wailers	119
79	Patsy Gallant	115
80	Barron Knights	112
80	Meco	112
82	Tina Charles	108
83	Yes	107
84	John Miles	106
85	Santana	105
86	Yvonne Elliman	100
87	Eddie & the Hot Rods	99
88	Piero Umiliani	97
89	Thelma Houston	96
90	Andrew Gold	94
91	Peter Gabriel	93
91	T Connection	93
93	Elvis Costello	92
94	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies	91
95	Rubettes	87
96	Roxy Music	85
97	The Dooleys	84
98	Steve Gibbons Band	83
99	The Jam	81
99	Johnny Mathis	81
101	Mike Oldfield	79
102	Rock Follies	78
103	Giorgio	75
103	Maxine Nightingale	75
105	Detroit Emeralds	68
106	Paul Nicholas	67
107	Cliff Richard	66
108	Bonnie Tyler	65
109	The Adverts	64
109	Mike DeVille	64
111	Racing Cars	61
112	Crystal Gayle	58
113	Earth Wind & Fire	56
114	Fleetwood Mac	52
115	Nazareth	51
116	Deep Purple	46
117	Genesis	44
117	Trammps	44
119	Bing Crosby	43
120	Steely Dan	42
121	George Benson	41
121	Brendon	41
123	Bay City Rollers	40
124	Chic	38
124	O. C. Smith	38
126	Boston	37
126	Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers	37
128	Blue	34
128	Elton John (including 10 with Kiki Dee)	34
128	Liverpool Express	34
131	Dana	32
131	The Ramones	32
133	Barbara Dickson	30
134	Liverpool Football Team	29
134	Dorothy Moore	29
136	The Clash	27
136	The Real Thing	27
138	The Tubes	26
139	Kursaal Flyers	25
139	Graham Parker and the Rumour	25
139	Television	25
142	Delegation	24
142	Billy Paul	24
144	Gary Glitter	23
144	Lynsey de Paul & Mike Moran	23
146	Mud	22
146	Pussycat	22
148	Bread	20
149	Jesse Green	19
150	John Christie	18
150	Dave Edmunds	18
152	Chris Hill	16
153	Dooley Wilson	14
154	Andy Gibb	13
154	Frankie Miller	13
156	Ray Stevens	12
157	Detroit Spinners	11
157	Mary Mason	11
157	Joe Walsh	11
160	Honky	10
161	Glen Campbell	9
161	Cerone	9
161	Michael Nesmith	9
161	Philadelphia International All Stars	9
165	Chicago	8
165	David Essex	8
167	Suzi Quatro	7
167	Danny Williams	7
169	John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett	6
169	Diana Ross	6
169	Silver Connection	6
169	Kenny Williams	6
173	The Banned	5
173	Brothers Johnson	5
173	Dr. Feelgood	5
173	Kenny Everett & Mike Vickers	5
173	O'Jays	5
173	Al Stewart	5
179	The Damned	4
179	David Dundas	4
179	Tony Etoria	4
179	Jigsaw	4
179	Yannis Markopoulos	4
179	Shalimar	4
179	Supertramp	4
186	Carvells	3
186	Fat Larry Band	3
186	New Seekers	3
189	K.C. & the Sunshine Band	2
189	Pete Mac Jr./Godiego	2
189	Santa Esmeralda	2
189	Jethro Tull	2
189	Barry White	2
194	Brass Construction	1
194	Pratt & McLain	1
194	Joy Sarney	1
194	Trinidad Oil Company	1

The Chart Points Tables are compiled from the singles and albums Top Thirty charts, published weekly by NME. Every week throughout the year, points are awarded on the basis of 30 for a No. 1 placing, 29 for a No 2 — and so on, down to one point for a No. 30 position.

The resulting tables are a guide to chart consistency and popularity during the year — but, of course, they don't accurately reflect actual sales figures. For instance, the best-selling single of the year was probably Wings' "Mull Of Knityre" — but its sales were compressed into such a short period that the points table doesn't do it full justice.

As a sort of recompense, here's a picture of Linda McCartney wearing an old-style navy cap from HMS Mull of Kintyre, a Royal Navy repair ship launched in 1945.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending January 2, 1973

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
3	1	SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	3	GUDBUY T'JANE	Slade (Polydor)
2	4	HAPPY XMAS (WAR IS OVER)	John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
5	5	CRAZY HORSES	Osmonds (MGM)
6	6	MY DING-A-LING	Chuck Berry (Chess)
7	7	BEN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
13	8	THE JEAN GENIE	David Bowie (RCA)
8	9	SHOTGUN WEDDING	Roy C. (UK)
10	10	NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN	Moody Blues (Deram)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending January 3, 1968

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	HELLO GOODBYE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	3	IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN'	Val Doonican (Pye)
4	4	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
7	5	DAYDREAM BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA)
6	6	WALK AWAY RENEE	Four Tops (Tamla-Motown)
8	7	THANK U VERY MUCH	Scaffold (Parlophone)
9	8	SOMETHING'S GOTTEN HOLD OF MY HEART	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
11	9	WORLD	Bee Gees (Polydor)
5	10	CARELESS HANDS	Des O'Connor (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 4, 1963

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	DANCE ON	Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)
1	3	THE NEXT TIME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	SUN ARISE	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
9	5	BACHELOR BOY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	5	GUITAR MAN	Duane Eddy (RCA)
5	7	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
10	8	BOBBY'S GIRL	Susan Maughan (Philips)
11	9	IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
12	9	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

Elvis: spring tour

ELVIS COSTELLO and the Attractions will be touring Britain in the spring, Andrew Lauder of Radar Records told NME this week. The exact period in their U.K. trek is dependent upon dates now being lined up for their return visit to America, but it's likely to be around March or April. Costello and the band are currently in the studios recording the follow-up to their "Watching The Detectives" hit, for release as their first Radar single, probably in February. And it will be followed soon afterwards by their latest album.

RAT SCABIES has formed a new band and is already recording with them. The former Damned drummer has got together a line-up including ex-Clash guitarist Eddie Cox, former Tuff Darts singer Kelvin and bassist Steve. Provisionally named Teenage Dream, the band are currently cutting debut material, and plan to start gigging in the near future.

PISTOLS FLY TO U.S. AFTER BAN IS LIFTED, BUT . . .

Did Carter intervene?

IN A TOTALLY unprecedented about-face on Friday, just 48 hours after it had banned the Sex Pistols from entering America because of their "moral turpitude," the U.S. State Department reversed its decision and gave permission for the band to tour there. And NME understands that orders for this dramatic policy change came direct from presidential aides — and possibly even from Jimmy Carter himself.

No official reason has been given for this sudden change of heart, but it is clear that U.S. immigration authorities were subjected to some form of pressure. NME had pointed out to them that the ban was in complete conflict with Carter's speech last week, just before he left on his seven-nation goodwill tour, in which he declared: "I am totally dedicated to the cause of human rights and freedom of expression."

An official then admitted they had not previously recognised the significance of this, particularly in relation to Press coverage. After a further series of phone conversations with executives on both sides of the Atlantic, NME was finally advised on Friday that the ban had been revoked.

Subsequently both London and Washington sources denied responsibility for the policy change, though one official hinted "off the record" that orders had come direct from the presidential entourage in Warsaw, where they had been consulted during the first stop in Carter's "human rights" tour.

A secondary influence may have been Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren's threat to sneak the group into the States by the back door, via the Canadian border, which could have sparked a diplomatic incident.

So the Pistols duly flew off to America at the weekend, and opened a 19-day tour on Monday. Their U.S. record label, Warner Brothers, confidently predict they will take the States by storm. And McLaren feels that U.S. acceptance will open most of the doors in Britain, which have previously been closed to them.

Earlier, the State Department had refused to grant entry visas on the grounds that the Pistols did not meet the necessary requirements. There are many reasons why applicants are turned down — including criminal records, sexual deviations and drug convictions.

It's understood that two of the Pistols were the main stumbling blocks, one of them being Johnny Rotten, ostensibly because of his £40 fine for possessing speed. But despite previous minor convictions, it's probable the Pistols were banned not so much for any specific reason as for their reputation . . . until the authorities changed, or were persuaded to change, their minds.

Plans for the U.S. tour were put in hand because the Pistols' feature film, due to start shooting this week, has been delayed yet again. A spokesman said it has now been postponed indefinitely, because the band "are more interested in being on the road."

BUZZCOCKS DISPUTE

THE BUZZCOCKS found themselves at the centre of another controversy this week, when the organisers of their cancelled December 12 gig at Dewsbury Mr. Pickwick's claimed they had welshed on their contract.

Bill Wright of the Bankhouse Agency told NME that he had booked the band for the Dewsbury date through their agent, Richard Hermitage of Asgard, But, he said, doubt was cast upon the booking by their non-return of contract — plus the fact that the promoter felt he was "being ripped off fee-wise".

Accordingly, the promoter suggested a lower fee, and this — claims Wright — was accepted by Hermitage on December 9. Wright says he duly confirmed the revised arrangement by telegram with Asgard and, as far as he was concerned, the Buzzcocks were playing Mr. Pickwick's as planned.

Some hours later, someone else from Asgard contacted him to say the date was off, because the band had a recording session. Added Wright: "I still have no proof of this, and I can say that legal action is now in process."

On the other hand, Asgard claim the gig was cancelled two weeks beforehand, because the promoter "had been losing money on new-wave acts". They say they sent a telegram threatening that *they* would take legal action if the gig didn't go ahead as scheduled.

The promoter then said he would take the Buzzcocks if they would reduce their fee, allege Asgard, and he added that he would continue to advertise them — "thereby twisting our arm". The band say they felt this was unethical, and decided to scrap the date. "The idea of the promoter taking action against us is ridiculous", said a spokesman.

● THE "STREETS" tour continues into the New Year with gigs headlined by The Lurkers at Dewsbury Mr Pickwick's (January 9), Huddersfield Ivanhoe's (10), Leicester University (13), Coventry Mr George's (14), London Camden Dingwalls (16), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (17), London Marquee (27) and London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (28). At Leicester and Coventry they are supported by Reaction, and at Dingwalls by The Doll and Johnny G.

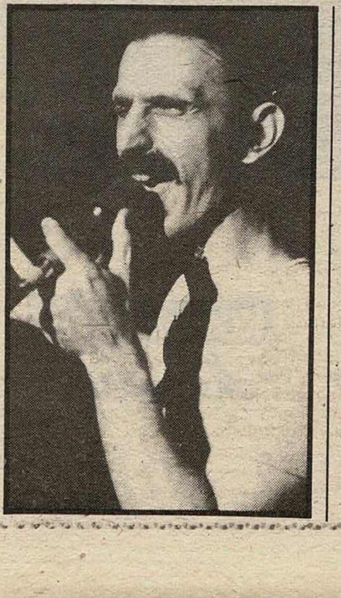
Uncle Frank back in town

FRANK ZAPPA returns to Britain later this month to headline three concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 24, 25 and 26.

Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3, and the promoter is Frederick Bannister. These are the opening dates of Zappa's European tour, but his schedule does not include any other gigs in this country.

He is bringing over a new eight-piece band, including two keyboards men and two percussionists. The only familiar name in the line-up is ex-Mothers Of Invention member Roy Estrada on vocals, but Eddie Jobson is no longer in the band.

The long-delayed live album "Zappa In New York" is finally being issued this month by Warners to coincide with his visit.



Gallagher & Lyle playing 28 dates

GALLAGHER & LYLE return to the British concert circuit next month, when they open an extensive 28-date tour, including four shows in Eire and three major London appearances at the Hammersmith Odeon. The itinerary ties in with the January 27 release by A & M of their new album "Showdown" — produced by Bill Schnee, who has previously worked with Steely Dan and Neil Diamond, the set features ten new compositions.

Tour dates are Bournemouth Winter Gardens (February 18), Bristol Hippodrome (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Sheffield City Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22 and 23), Glasgow Apollo (24 and 25), Aberdeen Capitol (26), Dundee Caird Hall (27), two shows at Edinburgh Usher Hall (28), Manchester Belle Vue (March 3), Gloucester Leisure Centre (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Coventry Theatre (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (8, 9 and 10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), Belfast King's Hall (14 and 15), Dublin National Stadium (16, 17 and 18), Cork (19) and Brighton Conference Centre (21).

The band's new line-up for the tour comprises Benny Gallagher (bass, keyboards and vocals), Graham Lyle (guitars and vocals), Billy Livesey (keyboards) and Ray Duffy (drums), to which another member and a brass section will be added. The support act has still to be named.

Halfway through the tour, the band film their own "Sight And Sound In Concert" showcase for BBC-2 screening a week or two later. And the title track from their upcoming LP is released as a single this weekend, with "Golden Boy" — a song not featured on the album — as the coupling.

Supremes, Martha Reeves for U.K.

THE SUPREMES, who were expected to break up after playing their "farewell" concert in London during the summer, have not disbanded after all — and, in fact, they will be touring Britain again in May and June.

The split looked inevitable when the last remaining founder member, Mary Wilson, announced that she was leaving the group. Promoter Arthur Howes, who is lining up the girls' visit, told NME: "I'm not sure what their personnel will be when they come over, but it's possible that Mary may be back with them again."

Howes announced that the group are opening at Sheffield Fiesta on May 14, and he expects to have other dates finalised shortly. They will also be going to Germany to headline a major Eurovision TV special.

MARTHA REEVES is now confirmed for a month-long British tour starting in the middle of this month. She'll be backed by the Vandellas who have recently undergone a personnel change with two new members, Vonciele Faggett and Francine Howard, coming into the line-up.

Her confirmed dates are Dubline Chariot Inn (week from January 15), Maesteg Whitewheat (23), Chesterfield Aquarius (25), Derby Talk Of The Midlands (26 and 27), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (28), Bedford Nite Spot (29), Manchester Fagin's (30 week), Stockton Fiesta (February 6 and 7), Northampton Salon (8), Nottingham Sherwood Rooms (9), Norwich Cromwell's (10) and Wigan Casino (11). Other gigs are being finalised.

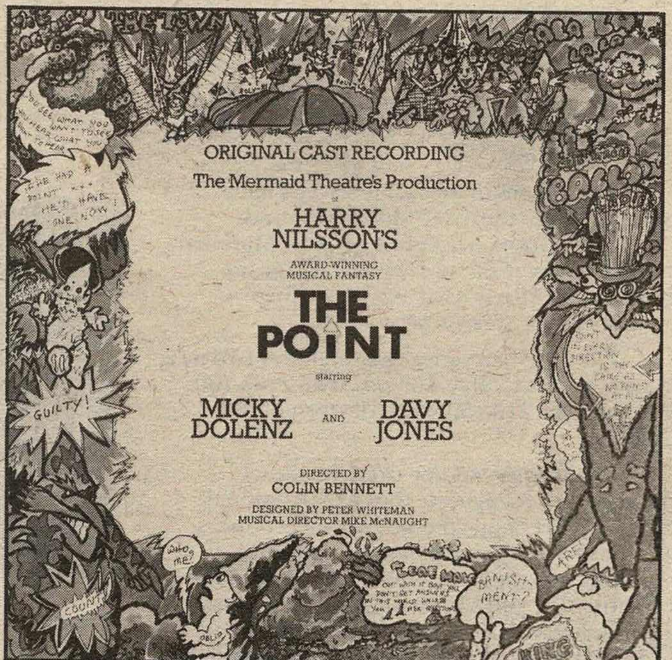
Tuna in March

HOT TUNA are coming to Britain in March for what looks like being a fairly comprehensive tour. Promoter Frederick Bannister confirmed this week that the band have at last signed for a U.K. visit. He is at present setting up dates and venues, and these will be a mixture of concert and university gigs. Their itinerary will be announced shortly.

● EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, who headlined a couple of pre-Christmas gigs at London Roundhouse, are now being lined up for a British tour in February. Their full date sheet is expected in a week or two.

● JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers are due back in Britain during the spring for a series of major concert appearances, though Beserkley have not yet confirmed the exact period or duration of their tour.

THE STRAWBS are being lined up for their first British tour in two years. It's due to start in February, and dates will be announced in a week or two.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RECORD NEWS

ABBA ALBUM

ABBA's long-awaited fifth album, delayed while Anna Faltskog had her baby, is finally set for worldwide release by CBS on February 3. Titled "Abba — The Album", it ties in with the British opening of the group's debut film "Abba — The Movie", which was shot mainly during their Australian tour in early 1977.

● Singles out this weekend include "Miss Broadway" by **La Belle Epoque** (Harvest), "For A Few Dollars More" by **Smokie** (Rak), "Makin' Love And Music" by **Dr Hook** (Capitol), "Early Morning Rain" by **Berni Flint** (EMI), "Panic In The World" by **Be-Bop Deluxe** (Harvest), "Zoom" by the **Commodores** (Mowtown) and "Figaro" by the **Brotherhood of Man** (Pye).

● **Shakin' Stevens,** currently appearing in the West End production of "Elvis", took part in a recent jam session which included former members of the Sunsets and Sounds Incorporated. A single from the session, "Justine"/"Wait And See", is issued by Track on January 27 with an album to follow.

● Upcoming albums in early February include "Kaya" by **Bob Marley and the Wailers** (Island) and "Earth" by **Jefferson Starship** (Grunt).

● **Sweet** have their first album on Polydor released this month, titled "Level Headed". A single taken from it, "Love Is Like Oxygene", is out this week.

● **Black Oak** have now dropped the Arkansas from the end of their name, and this ties in with the acquisition of four new members. Their new image is featured on the album "Race With The Devil", issued this month by Capricorn.

● Following his stints with Yes, King Crimson, Genesis and Gong, drummer **Bill Bruford** fronts an all-star band on his solo album "Feels Good To Me" released by Polydor this month. The title track is issued simultaneously as a single.

● January 13 singles on the RSO label include "If I Can't Have You" by **Yvonne Elliman** and "Love Is Thicker Than Water" by **Andy Gibb.**

● South Coast punk band **The Infested** have their debut maxi-single "Flies" issued on the independent Dead City Records label in two weeks' time.

● Released by Chiswick on February 3, the A-side of the new **Twink** single is now confirmed as "Do It '77". Only available as a 12-inch retailing at £1.35, the coupling features "Psychedelic Punkeroo" and "Enter The Diamonds".

Wings exceed million

A week before Christmas, DAVID ACKROYD walked into his local record shop and bought Wings' single "Mull Of Kintyre" — and found that he had acquired the one millionth copy of the record. To mark this rare event on the British market, DENNY LAINE (left) presented him with a specially-minted Gold Disc on December 23. Demand for the single has increased following the TV bashing it took over Christmas, and sales are now reported to be approaching the one-and-a-quarter million mark.

● **Brian Auger** and **Julie Tippett** are back together again, recording an album titled "Encore", for release by Warners in two months' time. They scored their biggest hit ten years ago with the single "This Wheel's On Fire", in the days when Julie's surname was Driscoll.

● Other albums from the Polydor Group this month include "Bad Case Of Love" by **Joe Simon** (Spring), **"New Horizon"** by Isaac Hayes (Polydor) and "40 Greatest Hits" by the late **Hank Williams** (MGM). And Polydor release the **Roxy Music** single "Do The Srand" on January 13.

Elvis spoof revealed

THE MYSTERY SINGLE "Don't Cry For Christmas", released by Charly Records in late November, is now revealed as an Elvis Presley spoof and not the genuine article. There was speculation as to whether it was an early Presley recording, or a track he cut while serving in the Army. But it now transpires that the single was recorded in Sweden by a group of U.S. army deserters called the Rockabilly Raiders, with the aid of Dutch singer Ricky Livid. Charly are now reissuing the instrumental B-side under the group's correct name as a brand new A-side titled "Hurricane Rock", coupled with an instrumental version of "Dixie".

● RCA have signed **Gloria Mundi** to a long-term contract and issue their single "Fight Back!" in early February. The group will be going on an extensive tour to coincide with its release.

● **Neil Young's** new album has now been officially titled "Gone With The Wind". It's scheduled for February release by Reprise.

● **Hawkwind** start work this month on a new album provisionally titled "PXR-5". Release is planned for the spring, when the band will be touring to promote it.

● A new single by **Eno,** titled "Kings Lead Hat", a re-mixed version of a song on his current album, is released by Polydor on January 20. The B-side, not on the LP, is called "R.A.F."

● **Tom Robinson's** controversial track "Glad To Be Gay", which EMI have been reluctant to release, is at last coming out. It's included on a three-track EP by the Robinson Band due out next month.

● **Buzzcocks** start work later this month on their debut album, for U-A release on March 3. Tentatively itled "Another Music In A Different Kitchen", it is a continuous recording with no single tracks. Meanwhile their single "What Do I Get" comes out on January 20.

● **Richard Digance** had been signed by Chrysalis who release his single "Earl's A Winger" this weekend. It's a football-type parody of the song "Pearl's A Winner" by Elkie Brooks, with whom Digance recently toured.

At 63 degrees below zero my amps never sounded better.

"Like most bands, Thin Lizzy earned its reputation playing on the road.

This particular night, we were booked to play the Chicago Stadium. During the night the Alaskan weather had come down into the United States.

The temperature was 63 degrees below zero. None of us had been through anything like it before.

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They blasted out warnings on the radio that no one should go out with any skin exposed, because it'd turn to frost-bite in three minutes.

Of course we were all worried how the amps would play.

We'd got all the stuff outside in the truck. And it all started freezing over.

Then a roadie got frostbite on one of his legs trying to get the gear out.

Well, the amps were perfect and 20,000 people managed to see us. Crazy!

I'd seen other bands using them but now I'm calling the Marshall 50 watt combo my sound.

It's the sound I've been looking for."

Besides Scott Gorham on lead guitar, Thin Lizzy comprises Phil Lynott, Brian Robertson and Brian Downey.

They've had a string of LP successes from 'Vagabond of the Western World' to their latest, 'Bad Reputation.'

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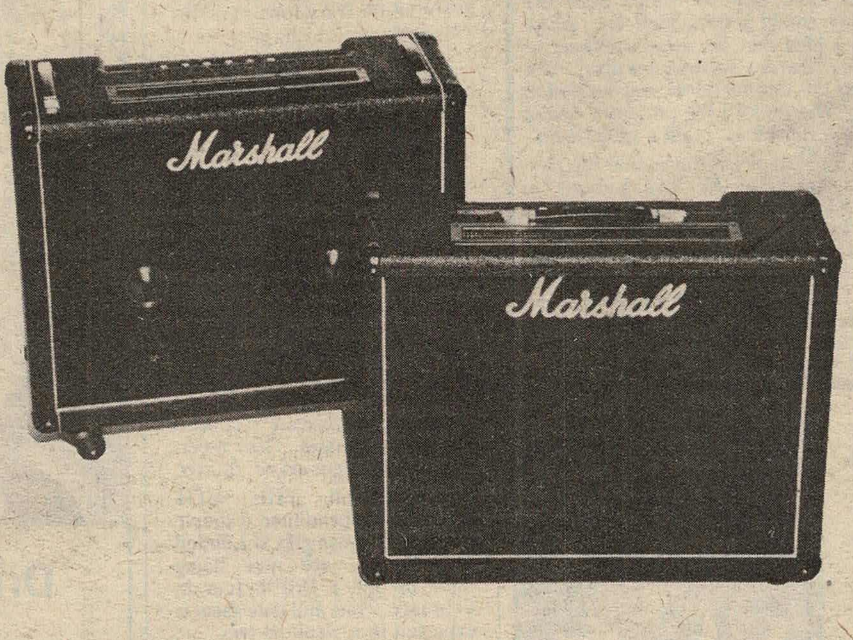

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ON THE ROAD

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR headline two nights at **London** Marquee Club on Sunday and Monday, January 15 and 16. These are their only gigs here at this time, as Peter Hammill then leaves for America for solo concert appearances.

CLAUDE FRANCOIS, top French singer and writer of the classic "My Way", makes his debut British concert appearance at **London** Royal Albert Hall on January 16 (tickets from £3.50 to £1). He is supported by his own band and his six semi-nude girl dancers, the Claudettes.

MOTORHEAD, who open their British tour this week, have added **Coventry** Mr George's to their itinerary on January 12. Their gig the following night is switched from **Newport** Village Club to **Uxbridge** Brunel University.

RADIO STARS are being lined up for a major tour, opening at **Portsmouth** Polytechnic on January 12. Their full schedule, together with details of the band's new single, is expected to be announced next week.

JENNY HAAN'S LION are touring Britain from mid-January to early March. First confirmed January dates are **London Camden** Music Machine (13), **Reading** Bulmershe College (14), **Stafford** College of Further Education (20), **Wigan** Casino (21), **Bristol** Granary (26), **Reading** University (27) and **Warrington** Lion Hotel (28).

ADVERTISING dates this month are **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (10 and 24), **London Camden** Music Machine (11), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (12), **Brighton** New Regency (13), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (14, 21 and 28), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (17), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (18), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (19), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (20) and **Burton** 76 Club (27).

MARY O'HARA, who made her comeback in November after spending years in the seclusion of a nunnery, headlines a 16-venue tour opening at **Norwich** Theatre Royal on January 15. Other dates are **Coventry** Theatre (29), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (31), **Belfast** Grosvenor Hall (February 2), **Dublin** Gaiety Theatre (5), **London** Royal Albert Hall (8), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (10), **Bristol** Colston Hall (12), **Liverpool** Philharmonic Hall (15), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (18), **Glasgow** Kings Theatre (19), **Aberdeen** Capitol (21), **Birmingham** Odeon (23), **London Wembley** Conference Centre (25), **Brighton** Dome (27) and **Southampton** Gaumont (March 1).

TRAPEZE have January dates at **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), **Pensnett** Memorial Hall (11), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (12), **Bognor** Ocean Bar (13), **Sutton-in-Ashfield** Golden Diamond (24), **Burton** 76 Club (27), **Wigan** Casino (28) and **Blackpool** Jenkinson's Bar (30). Other gigs are being slotted in before the band begin their 12th American tour in February.

STEEL PULSE start the New Year with January gigs at **Uckfield** Youth Centre (9), **London Camden** Dingwalls (11), **Leicester** Coalville Blooblo's (12), **Ormskirk** Edge Hill College (13), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (14), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (16), **Preston** Polytechnic (20), **Liverpool** Eric's (23), **London Southgate** Royalty (25), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (26) and **London** Southbank Polytechnic (27).

THE DEPRESSIONS' first confirmed gigs for January are at **Kingston** College of Education (tomorrow, Friday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (Saturday), **London Wardour St.** Vortex (17), **London** Royal College of Art (20), **London** North Polytechnic (24), **Leicester** Polytechnic (25), **Luton** College of Technology (26), **Derby** College of Technology (27) and **London** Marquee (28).

THE ENID have added **Ewell** Technical College on January 21 to their previously-reported New Year itinerary.

EMMYLOU HARRIS and the Hot Band's concert at **Bristol** Colston Hall is put back one week from February 10 to 17. The gig is part of their short British tour, reported two weeks ago, to which one final date has now been added — at **Brighton** Dome on February 18.

X-RAY SPEX headline the Sunday concert at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse on January 15, supported by Dead Fingers Talk.

NEWS BRIEFS

MICHAEL CHAPMAN is filming his own TV showcase for screening in BBC–2's "Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday, January 21. He is backed by Keef Hartley (drums), Rod Clements (bass) and B J Cole (pedal steel guitar).

THE MUPPETS are to star in a major cinema film, which goes into production shortly with a budget of £4½ million. Announcing the project, Lord Grade said that up to 60 international stars will guest in the picture.

DONNA SUMMER, top girl singer of 1977 in terms of record sales, makes her movie debut this year when she stars in "Thank God It's Friday". Jointly produced by the Casablanca and Motown companies, it starts shooting in the spring.

BLACK SABBATH make their first TV appearance with their new singer Dave Walker tomorrow (Friday) when they guest in BBC-Midlands "Look Here". They are previewing material from their new LP, which they record in Toronto later this month.

Left: THE STRANGLERS, at No. 8 in both LPs and singles

ALBUM POINTS SURVEY

Abba again — just pipping Mac, Eagles

A SECOND successive triumph for Abba, who again capture the Album Of The Year title, in terms of chart placings. Their "Greatest Hits" LP scored a runaway victory in 1976, collecting a massive 1018 points — and now they've done it again with "Arrival", which has notched up precisely 11 points more than last year's total.

But unlike last time, 1977 hasn't been a one-horse race. Quite the contrary, because three albums have been battling for the No. 1 spot virtually since the beginning of the year. Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours" looked as though it might just pip Abba's elpee at the post but, in the final analysis, failed to do so by just 30 points. In fact, if our survey had covered the full 52 weeks — instead of 51 — the final gap would doubtless have been reduced to about five points.

The third album in contention was "Hotel California" by the Eagles, though it eventually had to settle for 912 points and third place. Even so, this is an improvement on their fifth spot last year with "Their Greatest Hits."

When you remember that last year's No. 2 was more than 300 points behind Abba's winner, you realise what a close-fought race it's been between the three top albums — one of the closest in the history of these annual points surveys.

Further evidence of Abba's consistency can be seen in the No. 5 spot, where their "Great Hits" set crops up again — giving it a total of more than 1700 points over the past two years, and a remarkable run of 78 weeks in the Top Thirty. Just above it in this year's list, in fourth place, comes the "A Star Is Born" soundtrack — which is, perhaps, the biggest surprise of the table's upper regions.

The success of compilation albums, and the TV sales exposure they invariably enjoy, can be gauged from the fact that collections by the Shadows, Diana Ross & the Supremes, Johnny Mathis and Connie Francis all figure in the first 20 placings.

But surely one of the most significant achievements is by The Stranglers, who spearhead the challenge of the new-wave movement. Their "Rattus Norvegicus" LP claims a very worthy eighth place, while their follow-up "No More Heroes" is at No. 26 — and they thus become the only act, apart from Abba, to have two albums in the Top Thirty.

Incidentally, the Pistols are at No. 36 — but of course, their LP is still in the charts, so its full impact is not reflected in the table covering just 1977.

Altogether during the past year, a total of 202 different albums appeared in the NME Chart — and by a strange coincidence, that's the same number as in the previous year.

NEW-WAVE has also estalished itself convincingly in the singles chart, which for so long has been dominated by MOR and teenybop sounds — and it's refreshing to see The Stranglers and The Sex Pistols occupying 8th and 9th places respectively in the accompanying table.

Nevertheless, the MOR freaks have the last laugh — with David Soul capturing the coveted top spot and Boney M at No. 2, both of them in their first year on the recording scene.

Abba, last year's No. 1, drop to No. 4 — having been overtaken in the very last week by Showaddywaddy. Not surprisingly in view of the sales rush that followed his death, Elvis Presley is at No. 5. And Rod Stewart is the only one of last year's top Tenners, apart from Abba, to retain a place in the leading ten this time.

Altogether 197 acts appeared in the singles Top Thirty during 1977 — three less than the record total of the previous year.

DEREK JOHNSON

THE TOP ALBUMS

1	ARRIVAL (Abba)	1029
2	RUMOURS (Fleetwood Mac)	989
3	HOTEL CALIFORNIA (Eagles)	912
4	A STAR IS BORN (Soundtrack)	786
5	ABBA GREATEST HITS	686
6	ENDLESS FLIGHT (Leo Sayer)	590
7	A NEW WORLD RECORD (Electric Light Orchestra)	557
8	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS (The Stranglers)	494
9	THE SHADOWS' 40 GOLDEN GREATS	487
10	ANIMALS (Pink Floyd)	465
11	GOING FOR THE ONE (Yes)	432
12	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY (Donna Summer)	406
12	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE (Stevie Wonder)	406
14	20 GOLDEN GREATS (Diana Ross & the Supremes)	378
15	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	353
16	EVITA (Various Artists)	347
16	OXYGENE (Jean Michel Jarre)	347
18	DECEPTIVE BENDS (10 c.c.)	340
19	DAVID SOUL	336
20	20 ALL TIME GREATS (Connie Francis)	329
21	THE MUPPET SHOW	315
22	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA (Frank Sinatra).	308
23	WORKS VOLUME I (Emerson, Lake & Palmer)	294
24	EXODUS (Bob Marley & the Wailers)	291
25	MOODY BLUE (Elvis Presley)	289
26	NO MORE HEROES (The Stranglers)	280
27	THE BEATLES AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	272
28	LOW (David Bowie)	258
29	RED RIVER VALLEY (Slim Whitman)	246
30	40 GOLDEN GREATS (Cliff Richard)	236
31	Sound Of Bread	224
32	Status Quo Live	220
33	20 Great Heartbreakers (Various Artists)	215
34	Peter Gabriel	213
35	Love At The Greek (Neil Diamond)	212
36	Hollies' Live Hits	201
36	Never Mind The Bollocks (The Sex Pistols)	201
38	Smokie Greatest Hits	198
39	Wings Over America	197
40	Their Greatest Hits (Eagles)	188
41	Footloose And Fancy Free (Rod Stewart)	181
42	A Day At The Races (Queen)	180
43	News Of The World (Queen)	170
44	Feelings (Various Artists)	158
44	Showaddywaddy Greatest Hits	158
46	Coming Out (Manhattan Transfer)	152
47	Magic Fly (Space)	150
48	Wind And Wuthering (Genesis)	147
49	Moonflower (Santana)	144
50	In Your Mind (Bryan Ferry)	142
51	The Best Of Rod Stewart	141
52	Welcome To My World (Elvis Presley)	139
53	Out Of The Blue (Electric Light Orchestra)	135
54	Playing To An Audience Of One (David Soul)	134
55	Disco Fever (Various Artists)	132
55	30 Greatest Hits (Gladys Knight & the Pips)	132
57	Greatest Hits Volume II (Elton John)	128
58	Rockin' All Over The World (Status Quo)	125
59	Home On The Range (Slim Whitman)	123
60	Love You Live (Rolling Stones)	122
61	Elvis 40 Greatest Hits	120
62	Bad Reputation (Thin Lizzy)	119
63	Passage (Carpenters)	118
64	Thunder In My Heart (Leo Sayer)	117
65	Seconds Out (Genesis)	116
66	Even In The Quietest Moments (Supertramp)	115
67	Heroes (David Bowie)	113
68	The Greatest Hits (Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons)	108
69	Disco Rocket (Various Artists)	106
70	New Wave (Various Artists)	102
71	Every Face Tells A Story (Cliff Richard)	100
72	Motorvatin' (Chuck Berry)	99
73	Love For Sale (Boney M)	98
74	20 Golden Greats (Glen Campbell)	97
75	Get Stoned (Rolling Stones)	95
76	The Unforgettable Glenn Miller	93
77	I'm In You (Peter Frampton)	88
78	In Flight (George Benson)	87
79	100 Golden Greats (Max Bygraves)	85
80	Atlantic Crossing (Rod Stewart)	84
81	Boston	81
82	Show Some Emotion (Joan Armatrading)	80
83	All To Yourself (Jack Jones)	79
83	Elvis In Concert (Elvis Presley)	79
85	The Best Of The Mamas And Papas	78
86	Steve Winwood	77
87	On Stage (Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow)	76
88	Hot Chocolate Greatest Hits	73
89	Best Of John Denver II	72
90	Living Legends (Everly Brothers)	68
91	30 Golden Greats (Black & White Minstrels)	67
92	Dance To The Music (Various Artists)	65
93	White Rock (Rick Wakeman)	64
94	A Night On The Town (Rod Stewart)	62
95	Aja (Steely Dan)	61
96	The Clash	59
97	Sheer Magic (Acker Bilk)	58
98	Greatest Hits (Gilbert O'Sullivan)	57
99	Songs From The Wood (Jethro Tull)	56
100	Floaters	52
100	Live! In The Air Age (Be-Bop Deluxe)	52
102	Blue Moves (Elton John)	50
103	Greatest Hits etc. (Paul Simon)	48
103	Izitso (Cat Stevens)	48
103	Johnny The Fox (Thin Lizzy)	48
106	Soul City (Various Artists)	47
106	Vision (Don Williams)	47
108	22 Golden Greats (Bert Weedon)	45
109	G.I. Blues (Elvis Presley)	44
109	My Aim Is True (Elvis Costello)	44
111	Elvis In Demand (Elvis Presley)	43
112	Book Of Dreams (Steve Miller Band)	42
112	Silk Degrees (Boz Scaggs)	42
112	Two Days Away (Elkie Brooks)	42
115	Best Of Lena Martell	37
116	Rock Follies 77	36
116	Thoughts Of Love (Shirley Bassey)	36
116	Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers	36
119	Once Upon A Time (Donna Summer)	35
120	American Stars 'n Bars (Neil Young)	33
120	Boomtown Rats	33
120	The Who Story	33
123	Barry White Greatest Hits Volume II	32
123	Burning Sky (Bad Company)	32
123	Lost Without Your Love (Bread)	32
126	The Roxy, London W.C.2	30
127	Derek & Clive Come Again (Peter Cook & Dudley Moore)	29
128	Kenny Rogers	28
129	Best Of Frankie Laine	27
130	Forever And Ever (Demis Roussos)	26
130	Love On The Airwayes (Gallagher & Lyle)	26
132	Boxed (Mike Oldfield)	25
132	Cat Scratch Fever (Ted Nugent)	25
134	Roxy Music Greatest Hits	24
134	Sorcerer (Tangerine Dream)	24
136	CSN (Crosby, Stills & Nash)	23
136	I'm Glad You're Here With Me Tonight (Neil Diamond)	23
138	Hit Action (Various Artists)	22
138	Magic Of Demis Roussos	22

ABBA: triumphant again

Jenny Darren in bid for glory!

JENNY DARREN makes an early 1978 bid for stardom by way of her first headlining tour, a massive 48-day concert, club and college itinerary starting next week. With a growing reputation as one of Britain's most visually exciting girl rockers, she is supported throughout by new-wave band Satan's Rats. More venues have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

Barrow Maxim's (January 12), Bristol Granary (14), London Camden Dingwalls (18), Bolton Institute of Technology (21), Evesham Marine Ballroom (25), Chalfont St Giles Newlands Park College (27), Crediton Bow Inn (28), Bangor University (February 3), Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre (4), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (5), Shipley Bow Inn (6), Carmarthen Civic Hall (10), Glastonbury Town Hall (11), Plymouth Top Rank (13), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Weston-Super-Mare Winter Gardens (15), Penzance The Garden (16), London Southbank Polytechnic (17), Bradford University (18), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (19), Birmingham Town Hall (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Aberdeen University (24) and Brighton Top Rank (March 1).

The tour ties in with the release by DJM next week of her new album "Jenny Darren" and single "Too Many Lovers". Supported by her four-piece band, she also films a sequence for BBC–2's "Sight And Sound In Concert" for screening later this month.

June Tabor heads major concerts

Left to right: GILLASPIE, TABOR, SIMPSON

JUNE TABOR headlines her first major solo concert tour in February, though she played several leading halls last year when touring with Maddy Prior in the "Silly Sisters" duo. June is backed by Jon Gillaspie (keyboards and woodwind) and Martin Simpson (guitar and dobro), and she'll perform songs from her recent albums as well as new material.

Dates confirmed so far are Norwich East Anglia University (February 15), Southampton University (17), Bristol University (18), Risca Leisure Centre (19), Leeds University (22), Rotherham Arts Centre (23), Manchester University (24), Newark Palace Theatre (25) and Keele University (26).

MORE TOURS

DON McLEAN returns to Britain at the end of this month to headline just two concerts in this country, as part of an extensive European tour. These are at Stratford-upon-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (January 28) and a Sunday show at the London Palladium (29).

CITY BOY have now finalised the itinerary for their short British tour which, as reported two weeks ago, they are slotting in between trips to Ameriaca. In addition to their previously-announced hometown concert at Birmingham Town Hall on January 24, they play Oxford Polytechnic (19), London Camden Music Machine (20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (23). Leeds University (25), Bangor University (27) and Newcastle University (28).

THE PIRATES begin another extensive tour schedule next week, following the success of their lengthy "Out Of Their Skulls" autumn tour. The majority of their dates over the next two months are still being finalised, but the first five confirmed gigs are at London Marquee (January 11), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (12), Birmingham Aston University (13), Bradford University (14) and Farnham The Maltings (16).

SPLIT ENZ have added six more dates to their British tour, reported two weeks ago. They are at Wolverhampton Lafayette (January 29), Bristol Locarno (31), Colchester Essex University (February 1), Portsmouth Locarno (7), Plymouth Castaways (12) and Exeter University (13).

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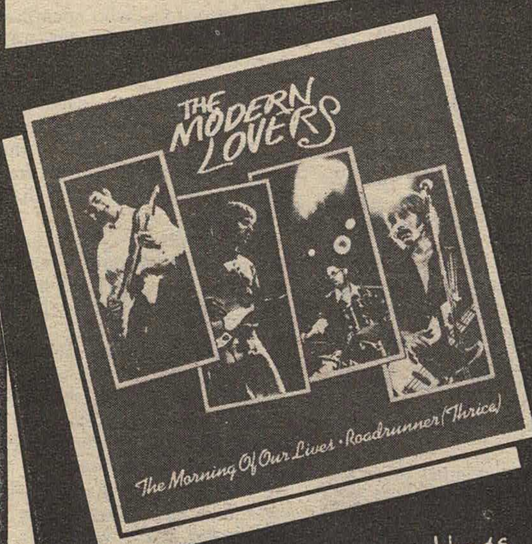

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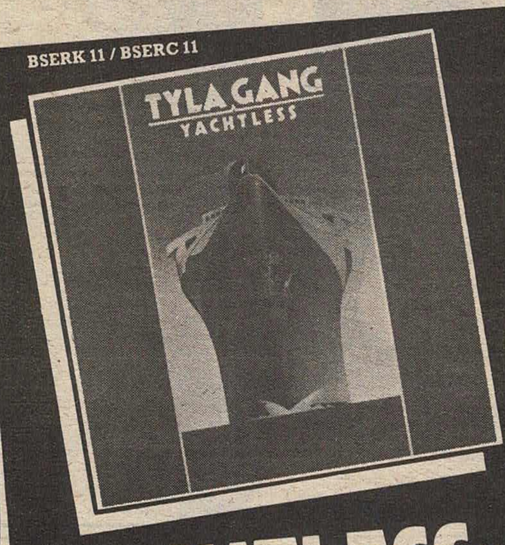

"If ever there was a time to get Yachtless that time is now!" Sean Tyla

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A FICKLE FINGER OF FATE PUBLICATION

THE TORMENTS OF THE DAMNED

(a somewhat sobering cautionary tale of our time)

SOMEWHERE IN THE U.K.
GOT A FEELING '77s GONNA BE A GOOD YEAR . . .
AS LONG AS WE CAN SEE IT THROUGH . . .
LISTEN, WE'RE THE FUTURE OF ROCK . . .
. . . AND ROLL!
15 MINS LATER
HEY, I FEEL WEIRD. I THINK IT'S WEARING OFF!
SOMEWHERE ELSE, LATER STILL
THE NAME'S CHRIS MILLER
I FELT THAT
BAM!
. . . OR A LABEL!
JEEZ, NOW WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A MANAGER . . .
POW!

Main pics: JILL FURMANOVSKY

WHAT HAPPENED?

Charles Shaar Murray asks, is that a light at the end of the tunnel — or another oncoming train?

LIGHT A candle (black, of course) for the souls of The Damned . . . It's 4.15 at Stiff Records the day after the final gig of The Damned's less than spectacularly successful tour of Britain, and the Captain Sensible Show is still in full swing.

He's been at it for most of the day and he *won't go home.* He been answering the phones in his own inimitable manner and driving both incoming callers and the switchboard totally utterly and completely pineapples in the process. There is a steadily increasing desperation quotient in the Captain's determined assaults on the consciousness of everybody who passes through the portals of Stiff Records and proportional increments of desperation are being displayed by his audience.

Mind you, it ain't necessarily Sensible's fault. Whenever someone new wanders through the door(and in this instance it's a passel of kids from some 'zine or other) they immediately lamp the Captain in mute expectation of some form of deluxe weirdness from him.

Just as long as some one *else* is the Captain's victim, that is. *Then* it's cool. *Then* you can sit around and giggle at the crazy man. *Safely.*

Not to worry. This afternoon, the Captain's dementia is turned strictly against himself, as — ultimately — it always has been. His throat is caked with something that looks like blood. No-one cares enough to ask him whether it *is*. I didn't either. It'd've kinda spoiled the *magic,* you know?

This time he's wearing a badge — home-made scrawl-over felt-tip job — announcing "The Damned: The Queen Gives Good Blow Jobs" and backing it up with a rap of spectacular asininity in a sort of post-Derek-And-Clive vein (as in jugular) about how the Queen — right? — is gonna be coming round any moment — right? — she wants everybody to be *ready* — right?

And he's in the middle of this inane rant when he suddenly yells *"Your Majesty!"* and leapfrogs out into Alexander Street. He stands there in the cold, hauls his jeans and greasy Y-fronts down around his ankles, still yelling. Finally he gets dressed again and comes back in, but by now the company appears embarrassed / compassionate rather than amused / scared outraged.

CONT'D OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Sensible doesn't seem to be having a good time, but he's putting himself on the line for absolutely nothing at all. Another footnote for the Captain Sensible myth — anyfing for a la-a-a-a-rf as long as the beers keep comin'.

EVENTUALLY Brian James arrives — *red* shirt *black* levver *blue* jeans *white* shoes — and an expression which resembles a tentative smile that's trying to force its way past a studied scowl. Alternatively, it's a tentative scowl infiltrating a studied smile.

I've known Brian James longer than any of his colleagues: met him a long time ago round Nick Kent's place when he and the Big K were in a band called The Subterraneans (he had long hair in those days, if it matters, but then so did Kent and so did I). They were raving and drooling about this incrrrrrrred-ible drummer they'd just latched onto, name of Chris, and James struck me as a fairly pleasant and positive sort of bloke, but it'd have to have been a hot day in January before I'd've pegged him as the future of rock'n'roll.

A few months later — presto! change-o! — Brian James plus The Subterraneans' rhythm section plus Dave Vanian were The Damned: the first Britnewwave band to get an album out, the first to get hit singles — albeit minor hit singles — the first to plaster their *punims* across TV screens via a teenybop wonderland fantasy like *Supersonic* — the first to tour with a ranking star band like T Rex — the first to make it to (if not in) the States.

And the first to screw up in a big way.

Golden boys around a year ago, about as hip as glittery platforms and dry ice right now, dazed, confused and pissed off. Popular media figure and human outrage Rat Scabies is out of the band and firing off stab-yor-back verbal fusillades in his vapour trail. Their initial sponsor and Mr Fixit Jake Riviera is off and running with Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe, Stiff having proved as much of a stepping stone to greater things for Jake as it was initially intended to be for its acts.

And the other half of Stiff Records — in the person of noted Paddy entrepreneur Dave Robinson — has washed his hands of The Damned after the mutual freezeout bust the mercury right out of the thermometer.

Sans management *sans* Scabies, *sans* record company, *sans* everything . . . everything except themselves, their skills, their future and whatever reputation they have at the moment.

OKAY, SO what the hell happened? At the time when it seemed The Damned were out in front, aiming for the mass rock audience, they were in fact zooming straight to Oblivion Central.

The audience they were after succumbed to The Stranglers instead, who maintained far more "Punk Credibililty" (whatever *that* is) while simultaneously playing a music far more acceptable to the denizens of Mainstreamland.

Over on the other wing, The Sex Pistols and The Clash (far more The Damned's comtemporaries, having sprung from the same jamming circles as James *Et Cie*) reached and maintained their positions simply by being the best and the most copied.

Their singles — clever, taut and witty — nevertheless didn't get high enough to stay in the public consciousness the way The Stranglers' singles did, or The Jam's, or the Pistols.

Their first album — darkly explosive and garnished with a couple of good songs here and there — simply wasn't as manically playable as The Clash's or The Ramones'. The songs weren't all strong enough, and Dave Vanian — even though he sings in tune — simply didn't sound as good as he looked.

In America, they bombed. Their interviews in US rock rags demonstrate the clumsiness and dullness with which they laid punk platitudes on writers who found them totally uninteresting.

Word filtered back of Scabies making a total idiot of himself over the redoubtable Joan Jett, and of backstage bully-boy nastiness. (Heard the one about the New York groupie and the Fender bass?) If you laughed, you're an asshole.

No-one seriously objected to The Damned's avoidance of political cliches except the real nurd-core Ramalamadolequeue Orthodox school — but behaving exactly like the jaded old creeps they were supposed to be displacing was Not On.

WRONG PLACE, wrong time. During periods when it was assumed that they were Laying Back and Keeping A Low Profile — as Sensible, somewhat ruefully, points out — they were playing on the Continent, working their bollocks off in Sensible's case literally if you take what happened to him at Mont De Marsans into account, getting things thrown at them by unruly audiences. When punk was a big Deal for the Nationals and a target for the dailies, The Damned were always somewhere else when the spotlight hit.

"Everyone seems to think we've sold out," moaned Rat Scabies shortly before his departure from the band, "but if we've sold out howcum we ain't got no money?"

Judging from the desperation with which he was cadging drinks, he wasn't joking. Despite his later claims that The Damned's troubles started when he departed their serried ranks, there was already a feeling that there was an Ongoing Blowing-It Non-Achievement Situation.

The "Music For Pleasure" album featured new guitarist Lu ("If he stays I go!" howled Sensible before he changed his mind), a guest appearance by Lol Coxhill and production by Nick Mason. In general, the playing was better than the first album and the songs were worse. Far from reminding everyone of how wonderful they said The Damned were at the beginning of 1977, it just provided another opportunity for rapid insertion of the critical boot.

Their just-completed British tour, on which they were supported by CBGB hotshots The Dead Boys, wasn't so much a triumphal round-Britain procession like The Clash's tour as a glorified wake.

The attendances were dismal. The crowds were enthusiastic but small. "Kids were coming round to see us after the gigs and saying, 'What's this we keep reading about you being finished?' " says Brian James. "If they were telling us they thought we were rubbish it'd be one thing, but they're not."

Dave Robinson — their manager until a fortnight ago — felt they should have toured as someone's support group. Nick Lowe — who produced the "Damned Damned Damned" album — proclaimed that he thought they were finished. The errant Scabies no sooner hit dry land than *he* proclaimed that he thought The Damned were finished.

Brian James blames the band's *apparent* decline on unsympathetic press and misguided management. He and Sensible maintain that "about 75 per cent of the energy went out of Stiff when Jake left. Now it doesn't seem as if there's much being done for us. We didn't have a single out for the summer . . ."

Predictably, The Damned are upset at having received more attention for their antics — the massed tales of outrageous-things-Scabies-and-Sensible-did-at-parties are more than legion — than for their Music. The new album was an earnest attempt to progress.

Nick Mason was The Chosen One to produce because — in James' words — "I listened to the Floyd's albums and they sounded as if he knew his way around a studio."

Their choice of producer and the addition of Lu on alternate-choice guitar was to enable the group to produce better and more varied music.

After his initial shock and horror — hence the oft-quoted remark re-produced above — Sensible is now an ardent admirer of Lu's playing. "It's like working with a saxophone player or something. It's hardly like a guitar at all, what he plays. I said all of that before I really heard him play properly. *Now* I think he's great." Plus there's drummer John Towe from London (the band not the town, schnurdo) in the band and he's — quote — fitting in really well — *unquote.*

JAMES AND Sensible, therefore, display nothing but optimism for their musical future. They feel that they've been treated unfairly, but they don't seem bitter.

Well and good. Fine, in fact. Good for them.

Then six days later the roof falls in. Scabies is heard muttering round town that Stiff and Dave Robinson have dropped The Damned. Check it out: phone call to Dave at Stiff and sure 'nuff 'n' yes they have.

What it is: Dave Robinson didn't feel that The Damned trusted him as their manager. The Damned didn't feel that Dave Robinson had faith in them as a band. Dave Robinson felt that he couldn't manage a band who wanted Complete Control but in fact only exercised a right of veto. The Damned felt that Dave Robinson was more concerned with breaking Graham Parker and ligging in the States than with doing too much for them. Dave Robinson felt that The Damned didn't appreciate that he was splitting his time three ways — as equally as possible — between them, GP and Stiff in general.

Deadlock. No trust, no faith, no confidence, no fun. It was felt best to call it a day.

Robinson emphasises that his disillusionment with The Damned is purely as a manager. "I always found them very exciting on stage and I still do. I expect to go and seem them again when they're playing. I just found them . . . *un*exciting *off* stage."

He'd actually like to see them continue to record on Stiff if they want to and if they can get themselves a manager who — in his capacity as record company mainman — Robinson feels that he could work with. He also anticipates that they could find other recording deals quite easily if — again — they are managed by a manager who will manage them properly.

An On-Going Crisis Of Confidence Scenario, in fact.

The Damned are still slugging on regardless. Keeping on playing to whoever wants to see them, carrying on in whatever direction takes their fancy, fuelled principally by their unshakeable belief that The Damned are the greatest rock and roll band on the surface of the earth.

Pretty much the way they started out, in fact.

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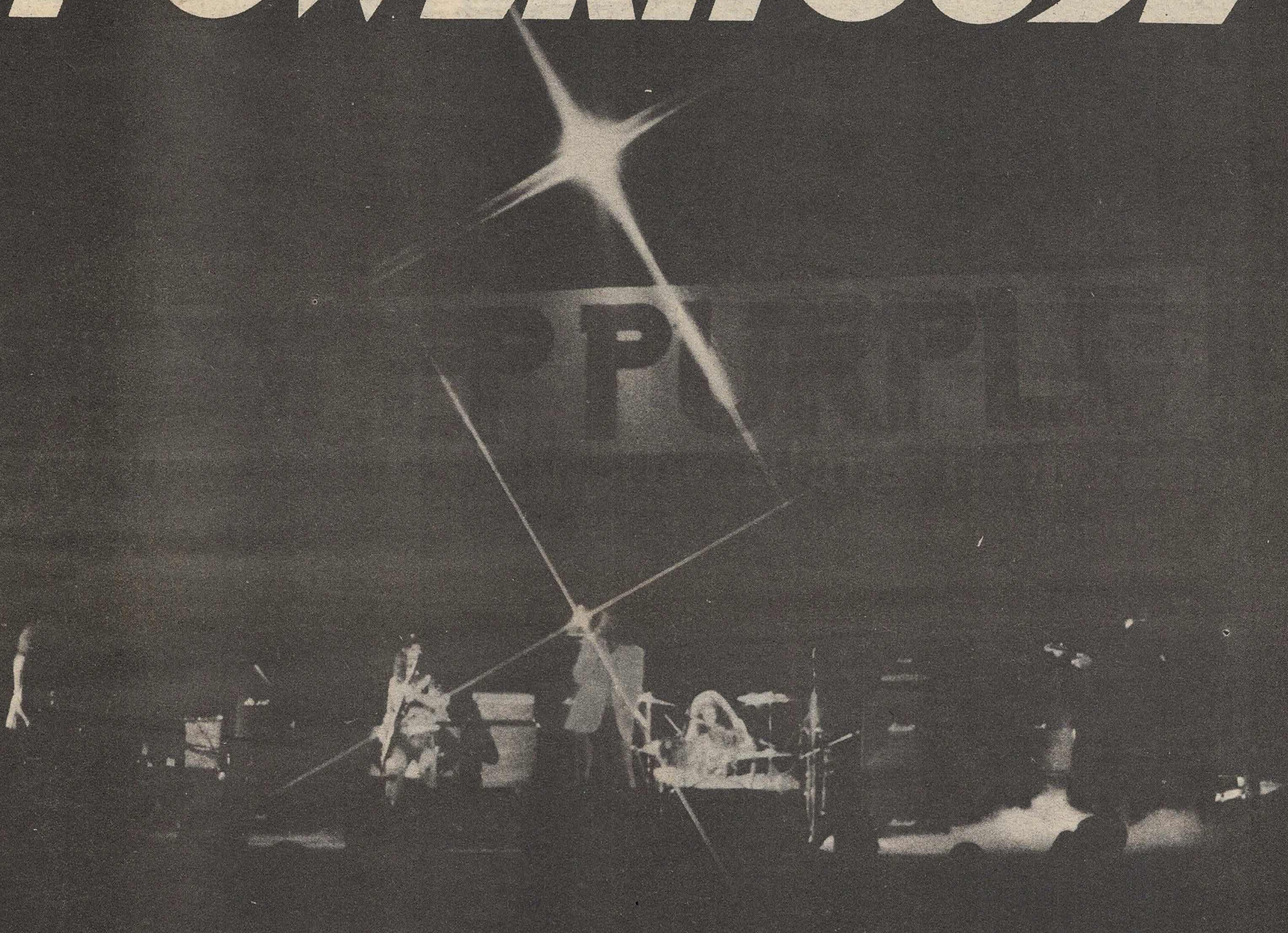

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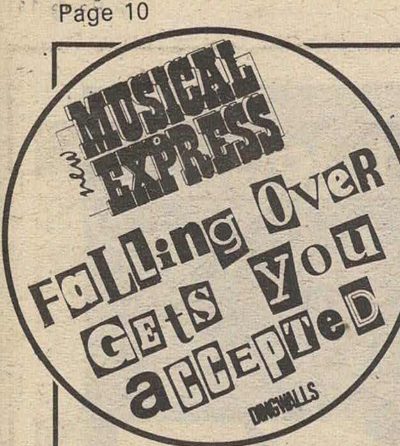
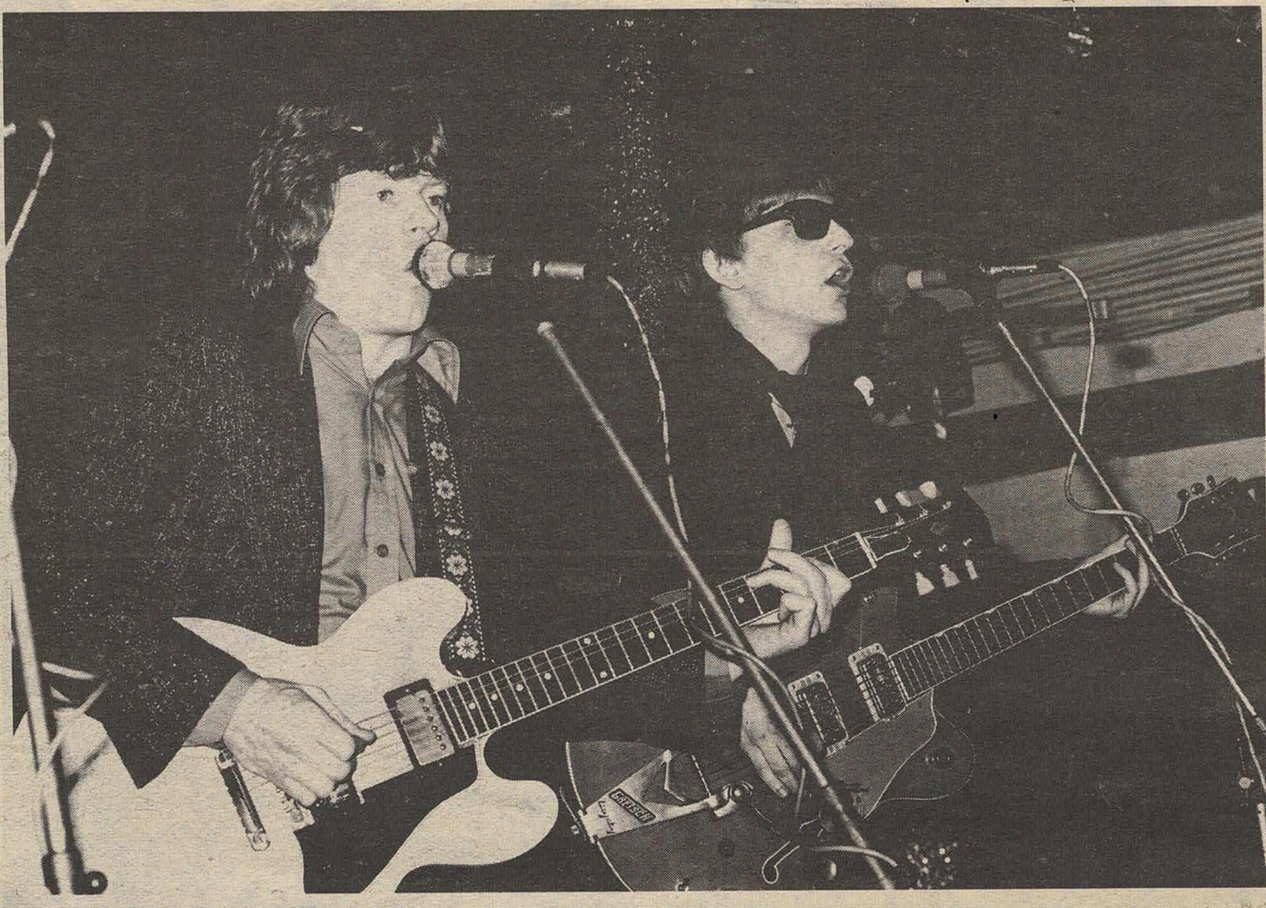


THRILLS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL & KATE PHILLIPS

GETS EXTREMELY PISSED

Society pictures: DENIS O'REGAN



Dave Edmunds (left) and Flamin' Groovie Chris Wilson give a ridiculously excellent (and equally rare) live performance for the NME inebriates.

Billy J. Idol of the Dakotas and Michael of Steel Pulse waiting for the stripper to show up (she didn't and nobody cared).

Phil Lynott (right) explains Einstein's Theory of Relativity to Dee Dee Ramone (Man Of A Thousand Faces), while Joe Strummer (left) squares up for the title role in a forthcoming West End Eddie Cochran musical.

A somewhat-da-woise-for-wear Johnny Thunders (left) brings back the headband, while Mick Ronson celebrates the fact that he drank the bar dry by collapsing onto the elegant shoulders of Heartbreakers manager Leee Black Childers.

Brian "The First Cut Was The Deepest, Jimmy" Robertson compares dental work with bassist Lemmy of Leather Report — sorry, of Muttonhead.

Brian James licks and makes up with old buddy Chris Miller. The amorous couple were later seen leaving together . . .

AT THE NME XMAS PARTY

THE INVITE/BADGE may have stipulated that "Falling Over Gets You Accepted," but the annual *NME* Christmas Thrash at Dingwalls was so packed that even the most legless revellers (and there were many) remained in an upright position all evening.

When maverick invites begin exchanging hands well in excess of £5 each on the blackmarket, it has to be The Party Of The Year *(As usual — Ed.)*.

A night to remember! An evening to forget! Everywhere you turned it was wall-to-wall rock'n'roll.

At the north-end of Dingwalls, Dave Edmunds held court onstage, being joined first by Nick Lowe (before the latter hot-footed across town to record Elvis at the Nashville) and then by those legendary Sons of San Francisco — The Flamin' Groovies.

Good news travels fast, and during Edmunds' set with the Groovies a crowd of 200 gathered out in the street to listen to the over-spill. Inside, down at the south-end of the club, four video screens blasted out films of The Pirates (live at Dingwalls), Van Morrison, The Sex Pistols, The Boomtown Rats, The Beach Boys and Bootsy's Rubber Band to an invited throng that included:—

Clash kids Strummer 'n' Jones, Lizzy liggers Lynott 'n' Robertson, The Tom Robinson Band, Joey - Johnny - Tommy & Dee Dee Ramone, Ian Dury & The Blockheads and The Motors (who dropped in for a swift half before scurrying off to perform at the Hope & Anchor and the Marquee respectively), Wilko Johnson, Johnny Thunders, Mick Ronson (who almost managed to drink the bar dry), Philip Rambow, The Fabulous Poodles, Steel Pulse, Billy Idol, Advertising, Squeeze, Laurie Driver of The Adverts, Thump Thomson of Darts, Chris Glen of Zal, former Rainbow bassist Jimmy Bain, Lemmy and assorted Motorheads, Radio Stars, Jake Riviera, Ted Carroll, Phil Carson, Roger Holt, the entire CBS and WEA press offices, DJs Charlie Gillett and Roger Scott, the lovely Dee Harrington, Snatch's Judy Nylon and Pat Paladin, and members of French band The Lous.

Over in a corner Will Birch and Graeme Douglas reconciled their differences, having their fisrt confab since Douglas quit the Kursaals in early '77 to join the Hot Rods. Indeed, the spirit of peace and goodwill seemed infectious. The Damned — particularly Brian James — spent most of the evening hanging-out with former sidekick Rat Scabies.

And in an effort to extend the fun over the holidays, Stiff Records and *NME* pressed up a limited edition of Ian Dury's deleted classic "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" with unreleased live Kilburns cuts on the flip, as a freebie for the guests. (We held some copies back for a readers comp in the New Year.)

As far as we can ascertain, nobody got arrested and the GLC didn't intervene. Same time, same place, next year!

Pic: RAY STEVENSON

Tom Robinson: "This party sucks!"

INSIDE INFORMATION

*HIYANNARAPPINOOYEAR from **Thrills**, staggering into '78 with a thundering hangover and a whole host of horribly ugly famous faces like what you see above. Kicking off opposite there's the good **Doctor Alimantado** — the bloke whose first single after his escape from death's jaws inspired Jah Rotten through his dark days last summer, or so the story goes. Reel gets it from the horse's mouth. Flipping to page 12, more grisly tales of injury and mutilation for accident-prone **Brian Robertson** . . . then on 14 we meet the weirdest insects this side of the praying mantis — **Adam and The Ants** . . . on 15 Brian Case puts his ear to the ground and hears echoes from the Antipodes, alias **Pacific Eardrum** . . . and finally on 16 Paul Rambali talks to the legendary **Pere Ubu,** strangest sons of Amerika's most singular city. Cleveland Ohio. Once heard, you will nor forget them you will not forget them you will not forget them you will not forget them you will not forget them you will not forget you will not forget*

The good DOCTOR ALIMANTADO (left) preparing an ital meal and (right) thinking about his close shave with the Reaper. Both pictures by DAVE HENDLEY.

A DIAGNOSIS OF NEAR-DEATH

Tabby: *"Wha' 'appen Alimantado? What 'appen to you, Doc?"*

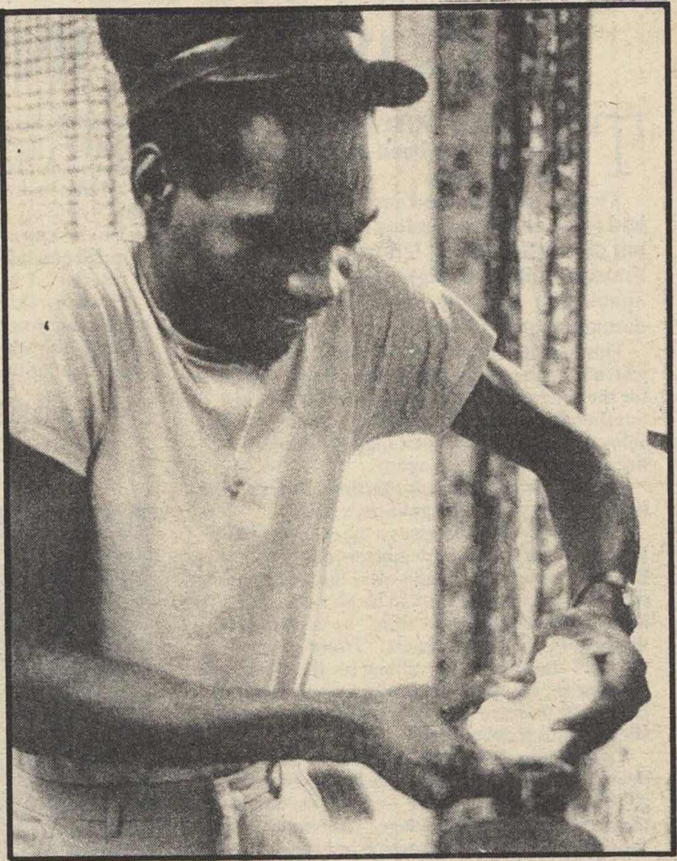
Tado: *"Rasta, you wan' see a bus lick I-man down a Orange Street and Charles Street, Rasta! The dreadest situation . . ."*

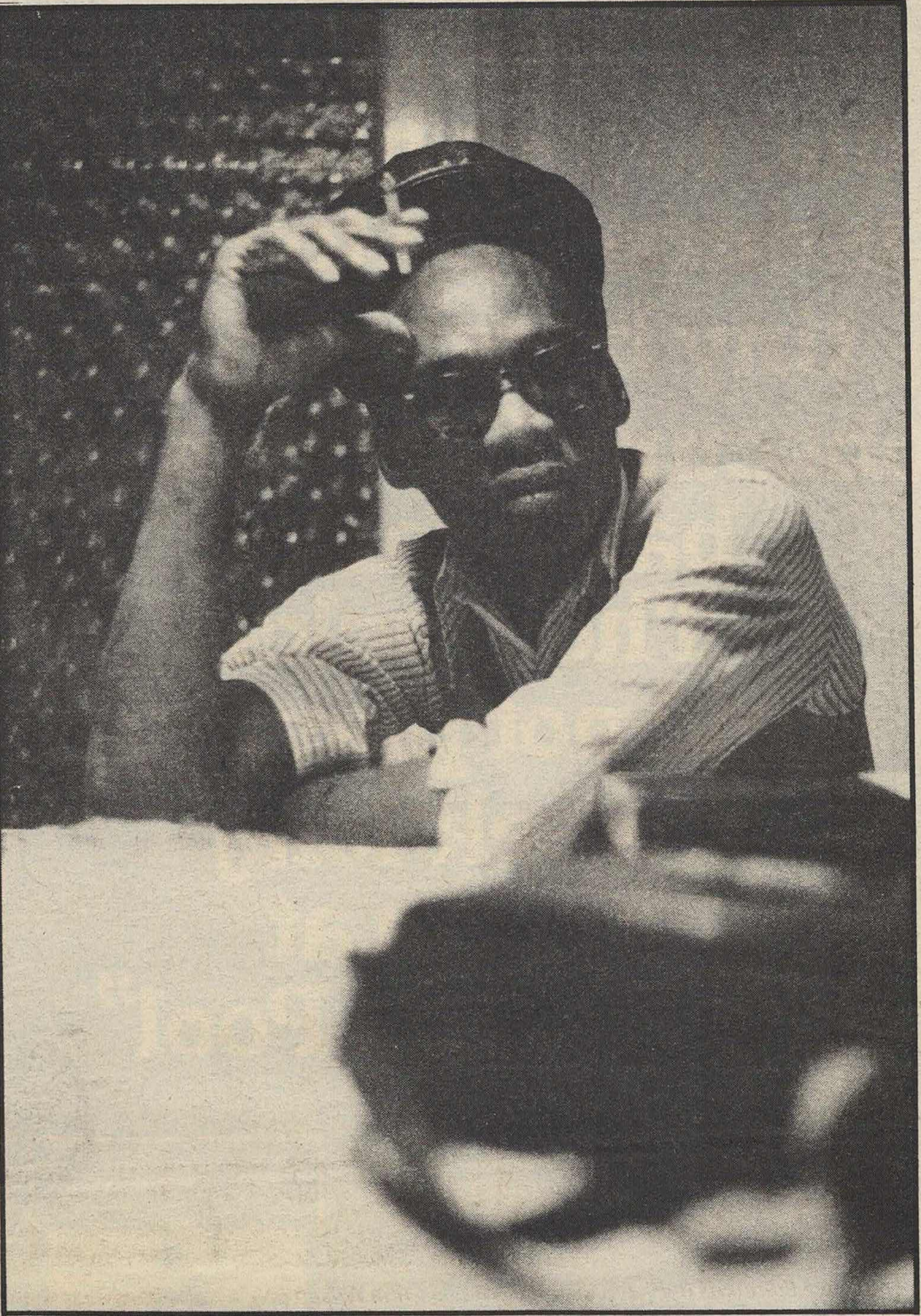
Tabby: *"Bwoy, if a man a Rasta, you know gwan all the tribulation you 'ave fe go through, you no see't?"*

Tado: *"Yes Jah! From me seh Ras Tafari me live, you know."*

Tabby: *"Man a live, you no see't?"*

Tado: *"A jus' tribulation, dread . . ."*





DOCTOR ALIMANTADO MEETS HIS DUPPY UPTOWN

BOXING DAY 1976: Winston Thompson aka Winston Cool aka Winston Prince aka Youth Winston aka Ital Winston, best-known as Doctor Alimantado, spent the morning on the beach; a more extreme perversion of festive pleasures one can hardly imagine, were it not that Jamaican weather is very benevolent at this time of year.

By the end of the day, Tado had enjoyed a much more traditional time, encountered his own ghost in two incarnations, and also found a reason for living, such as might well have been appreciated by the man who once claimed that "the gift of God is eternal life". In addition, he was the best-dressed turkey in town . . .

"I was coming from sea, where I nearly got drowned," he related. "The reason I went to sea that morning was because I wanted to do a little exercise for my stage show, which would be one of my biggest in Jamaica."

(Tado was booked to play Kingston's Carib Theatre — a seminal stepping-stone on the road to national recognition.)

"That show, I'd been longing for it, so I was kinda arranging myself to do it properly. So there, I went to the sea — you would call it a wharf — where brethren and brethren go down there and jus' chuck off, you know. Well, really, I'm a great swimmer, but that morning my swimming let me down. I nearly got drowned.

"Anyway, I saved myself. I had a rehearsal to go to; but, before, I had many other little occasions to put through before I did went to the rehearsal. So I was walking up from the sea to my shoe store at 129 Orange Street. On my way up, I hailed my brethren and so on . . . I reach the corner and I look around; I saw a bus coming up, you know, but it didn't have on an indicator, and that number bus never usually turn there; it never usually come in that direction, man, at all.

"There was the stop light on, so I went across. And on my way, I was looking westwards, and the bus was on my right hand side, the east side. On looking that way, I see a man hold his two hands over his face like that; and by the time my senses pick me up and turn my head around, I saw the bus immediately on me. I couldn't do nothing more than say, 'Jah have mercy'."

In "Born For A Purpose" and "Still Alive" (the introduction to which, with Tabby of The Mighty Diamonds, appears top left) Alimantado claims the driver hit him on purpose. Does he really believe that?

"He did it."

Why?

"The reason why! — I was only in short pants; I didn't 'ave on no shirt; I didn't 'ave on no tam. Now they 'ave a style — whether Jamaica, America, London; no matter where you go, from you fly your natty dread and a man see it, because he is *not with you*, he feels like he should get rid of you.

"So this busman, I know he saw me; because, really, when I look round and I see the bus, and I know he could have seen me, because I'm not an ant, I'm a human being. I know he saw me, and I know he did it purposely, because my dread was flying, you no see't.

"You see, that song means a lot to me. And it means a lot to all of the youths who's getting discriminated for no reason at all. No matter who you might be, what colour you are, if you get discriminated that song mus' 'ave to reflect to you. Maybe because you wear your shirt wrong side; maybe because you don't wear shoes; maybe because you wear pants upside down, or anyhow; sometimes people might use spoon and eat, and you use you hands: people fight against you for that.

"So I say: 'Don't right me; don't try to determine what I want to *do;* allow me to what I wanna do; because it pleases me and that's the great thing.' I don't try to determine a man's life, and I don't want no man do me that."

"If you feel like you have no reason for living . . . don't determine my life . . . my life . . . do-do-do-do."

"When I recover, I find myself underneath the bus, behind the back wheel, but still underneath the bus. The hospitals and all them things come along and t'ing. When I came out, I couldn't walk; they send me out the hospital before I could walk. My brethren, including Jah Man, helped me to get in a taxi and they took me to 129 Orange Street, because it was my nearest location in that area; I stay there for about two days; and then I get a crutch stick. While I was at my home in Spanish Town, this idea came to me — 'Born For A Purpose'."

Where did you lay the song?

"Channel One Studio."

What musicians?

"My musicians consist of Sly Dunbar, Errol Holt, Bingy Bunny, Bo Pee, Dennis Fearon, Bobby Kalphat, Sky High, Bobby Ellis; and the vocal was backed by Bim Sheiman, a brethren named Brooks, a girl named Pauline and one named Margaret.

"One night I lay down on my sick bed, the song came to me so plain and clear. That was the first time I tried walking again, because I wanted to get a pen and paper to write it down so I could remember it. I ended up crawling in pain; but I still reach the pen and paper, because I was determined to reach it.

"When I was better, I went to the musicians — I didn't 'ave no money because I spend it all during the time I was sick — I said, I got a song, but I ain't got no money. They said, you know, we don't care about that; we want to help you, and we would like to do the best for you, Tado. I didn't even have no money to pay studio time, so I went to Channel One and Joe Joe says you're a sick man and you use my studio all the while, so you're free."

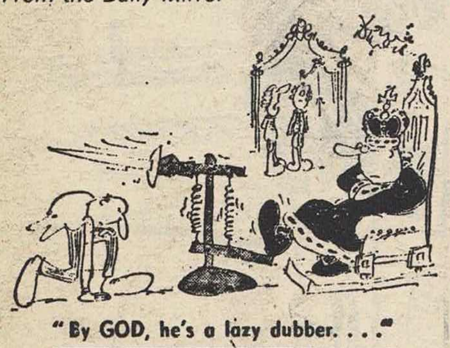
BOXING DAY 1976: A memorable date in the roots rock calendar. That night, whilst Alimantado lay trussed-up in pain in a hospital bed, I dallied down Leicester Square Empire Ballrooms, where Tapper Zukie, Aswad, Nicky Thomas and the Cims held an all-nations audience in thrall. The real reason why Joe Strummer was the only white man in Hammersmith Palais the same night — where he witnessed a Bajan spouge show with Roy Alton, Kalabash, Merrymakers Steel Band and the Crescendos — was due to the pre-eminent attraction of the Empire gig.

And seven days later, the two sevens clashed.

PENNY REEL

THRILLS

From the Daily Mirror



"By GOD, he's a lazy dubber. . . ."

"Unquestionably, King Tubby!" opines Jah Reel

HTV CYMRU/WALES

JAM

We are currently preparing another series of 'Jam', the bilingual pop series which begins in February, and we are interested in hearing from Welsh bands/groups, singers and instrumentalists.

Please send tapes and communications to:

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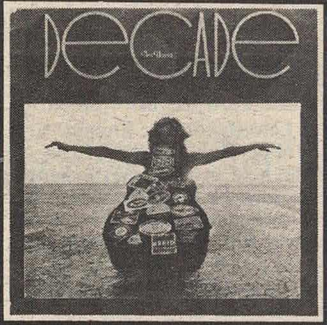
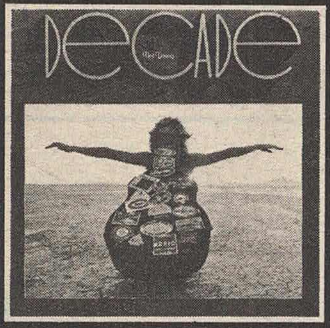
"Neil Young, never one to lose his roots, is currently touring tiny bars with an obscure Californian band called The Ducks, and not playing a week-long season at the Empire Pool"

"Young gave CS&N muscle and what could well be their finest hour in 'Ohio' . . . no piece of new wave social comment approaches this."



"Arguably the best sleeve notes ever, written by Young himself . . . tell you as much about him as any halfway decent interview."

"Decade is *the* record for anyone who's not familiar with Young but who'd like to be."



Decade - 35 tracks spanning 10 years in the life of Neil Young. The quotes featured in this advertisement are taken from Steve Clarke's review in N.M.E. We couldn't have put it any better ourselves.

"Young is one of the great rock 'n' roll guitarists"

K64037

Also Available on Cassette

BRIAN ROBERTSON'S RECURRING INJURIES

THIN LIZZY GUITARIST Brian Robertson has been damaging his body yet again.

Twelve months ago Lizzy's big US tour had to be abandoned after Robbo — highly out of it with good ol' fellow Glaswegian Frankie Miller one night down the Speakeasy — had his left hand badly damaged during a brawl.

This time it's his plectrum-holding *right* hand which is in plaster. In fact, it was already in plaster for the final night of the band's British tour at Southend, and Roberston had to squeeze out his solos through an anti-biotic fugged brain, occasionally in extreme agony.

He ain't getting the sack this time, though. This time it really wasn't the guitarist's fault.

Robertson, see, possesses a mock flick-knife. When you flick it, a comb appears out of the handle. Round at a friend's after the Lewisham dates he saw what he took to be his own comb knife being brandished. "Och," he declared in a display of Celtic waggishness. "Dinna plae wi' knives." And playfully grabbed for the comb end.

Surprise, surprise! Not really a comb at all. In fact, what we have here is a real grown-up's knife sticking into Robbo's hand.

To make matters worse, when the wound was dressed at his local hospital the kindly Florence Nightingale applied a wide — as opposed to close (or narrow) — gauze bandage. This meant that the blood congealed around the bandage, thus ensuring that on his return from Southend, the hapless Robertson had to hold his right hand in hot water for two hours before the bandage would soften sufficiently for it to be removed.

It could've been worse, though, Brian. You could have been sacked again.

He concedes, indeed, that the old Speakeasy incident has ultimately proved beneficial. Immediately after it had happened Robertson returned to his parents home in Glasgow. At that time not only had he been sacked from the band, but for the first four weeks he also understood that he'd never play guitar again — a vital tendon had been severed and even now he has a dead middle finger on his left hand.

Robertson now feels, though, that although his shambling, Scotch-from-the-bottle onstage image might have been pretty effective visually, his guitar-work really sucked.

"If that hadn't happened, " he reckons, "not only would my guitar playing have deteriorated more and more, but I would have eventually stopped playing altogether.

"Because I would have been dead.

"I was drinking two bottles of Scotch a day and my playing was lousy. I think I looked very good, though," he adds. "My image of rock'n'roll's next candidate for the mortuary was highly refined."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

It's a dog's life in Thin Lizzy . . .

TOKEN PISTOLS PERSECUTION STORY

— *THRILLS* MAINTAINS FAIRPLAY REPUTATION

NOW THAT THE SEX PISTOLS are finally out on the road and having to put live gig applications through local council machinery, vigilant councillors throughout the land are leaping at the chance to exercise their powers of oratory on the subject.

***NME* reader Chris Ramsey has kindly been keeping us informed of the goings-on in his particular locale, Aberdeen. You may recall Aberdeen Recreation Committee member Margaret Williams describing the band's stage act in *T-Zers* (3.12.77) — she reckoned they cut up animals onstage and smeared themselves with blood .**

The Pistols' Aberdeen application reached the full District Council meeting shortly before Christmas. Despite Liberal councillor Nigel Lindsay's staunch support of the band's right to play their proposed Music Hall gig — he claimed he'd had his largest ever mailbag on the matter, mainly in support — he was outvoted by 27 to 17 by the likes of Tory G Murray Park, who wondered if the band's application to perform was simply a publicity gimmick (!) and Labour man Norman Bonney, who was much perturbed by the title of "Belsen Was A Gas".

Labour member Agnes Keay pointed out that the Music Hall belonged to the people, not the councillors, and that maybe the people should be allowed to choose for themselves what they should and shouldn't see. The pompous protectors of Aberdeen did not agree.

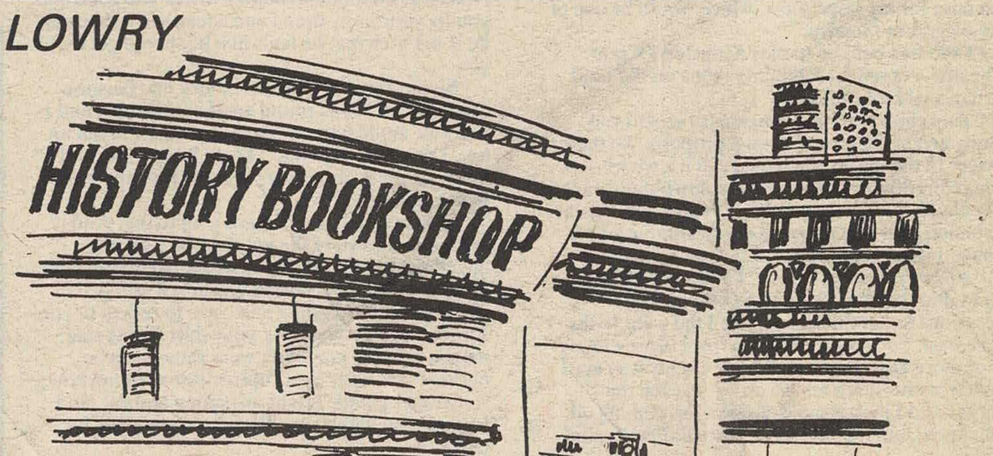
Even worse, reporter John Lodge of the Aberdeen *Evening Express* wholeheartedly supported the ban in his report of the decision.

Dundee District Council also voted the same evening not to allow the Pistols to play Caird Hall. Hoots, mon.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

LOWRY


HISTORY BOOKSHOP
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WANNA SCORE SOME ACID, MAN?
GOT ANY REDS, MAN? ANY BLUES?
GOT ANY SKINS, MAN?
STREET CRIES OF OLD
LOWRY

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ADAM ANT and JORDAN under RAY STEVENSON'S microscope

SEX AND VIOLENCE IN THE INSECT WORLD

Lecture invite — genuine, too — sent in by Adam Reid of Fife in Scotland. ADAM Reid?!!

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTRY
CENTENARY YEAR

The Tayside Section
cordially invites you to the
Schools Christmas Lecture
SEX AND VIOLENCE
IN THE INSECT WORLD
by Professor Alan Johnson
in the Purdie Building
St Andrews University
on Monday 12th December
at 2.30 pm

1877-1977

I FIRST MET ADAM a couple of months ago . . . Y'see I'd heard these *tales* about him . . . "Pssst . . . d'you know he beats up his band? . . . He sends them these cassettes with their parts all worked out for them and if they don't get it right God help 'em . . . Oh and then he dives into the audience and lets them kick shit out of him . . . and . . . and . . ."

Convinced that this couldn't be true in this day and age — or that if it was, then the person with that kind of reputation must be something special — I found the time to introduce myself to Adam.

No sooner had we met than I was dragged back to his small, bare room in Earls Court and talked at until 8 am the following morning about anything and everything that concerned him — especially The Ants.

It's like this: The Ants are Adam's passion in life — a passion that he pursues with fanatical zeal. Yes, everything I'd heard was true: pre-arranged tapes, constant beatings, etc — Adam willingly confessed to it all.

What I wanted to know was, *how come the band take all this lying down?* Could this be a true-life story of Slaves and Masters?

Well, not quite. Adam says he only works the band as hard as he works himself, and any power he exerts over them is born out of mutual respect and a "strange" kind of affection — indeed, Adam and his band are very fond of each other. He'll hate me for even referring to him and the band as separate entities; Adam is adamant (ha ha) that there is *only* The Ants.

The Ants started gigging earlier this year at the Man in the Moon in Chelsea, Adam clad in a black leather rapist hood, sacrificing himself to the milling hordes of X-Ray Spex fans every Wednesday night.

Since those days they've lost their original guitarist, the mysterious 'Kid' (he of the prescription shades and Albino eyes), replacing him with "Handsome" Johnny Bivouac — a tall, clean-cut youth who handles a neat line in heroic power-chords.

Other willing accomplices in Adam's master-scheme are Andy, who plays bass, and Dave, on drums, who is my idea of a regular bloke — y'know, wants a good wife and a nice 'semi' in Southgate. Who knows, maybe he's got them already?

The Ants play fast, negative pop to corrupt the innocent. They've got this following . . . a fanatical crew of 14-year-old head-bangers who have ANTS written all over their clothes and chuck themselves about with the same total disregard for personal safety that Adam himself displays.

Sure, they may just be banging their heads at the moment, but just wait till they come to their senses and start listening to the lyrics . . .

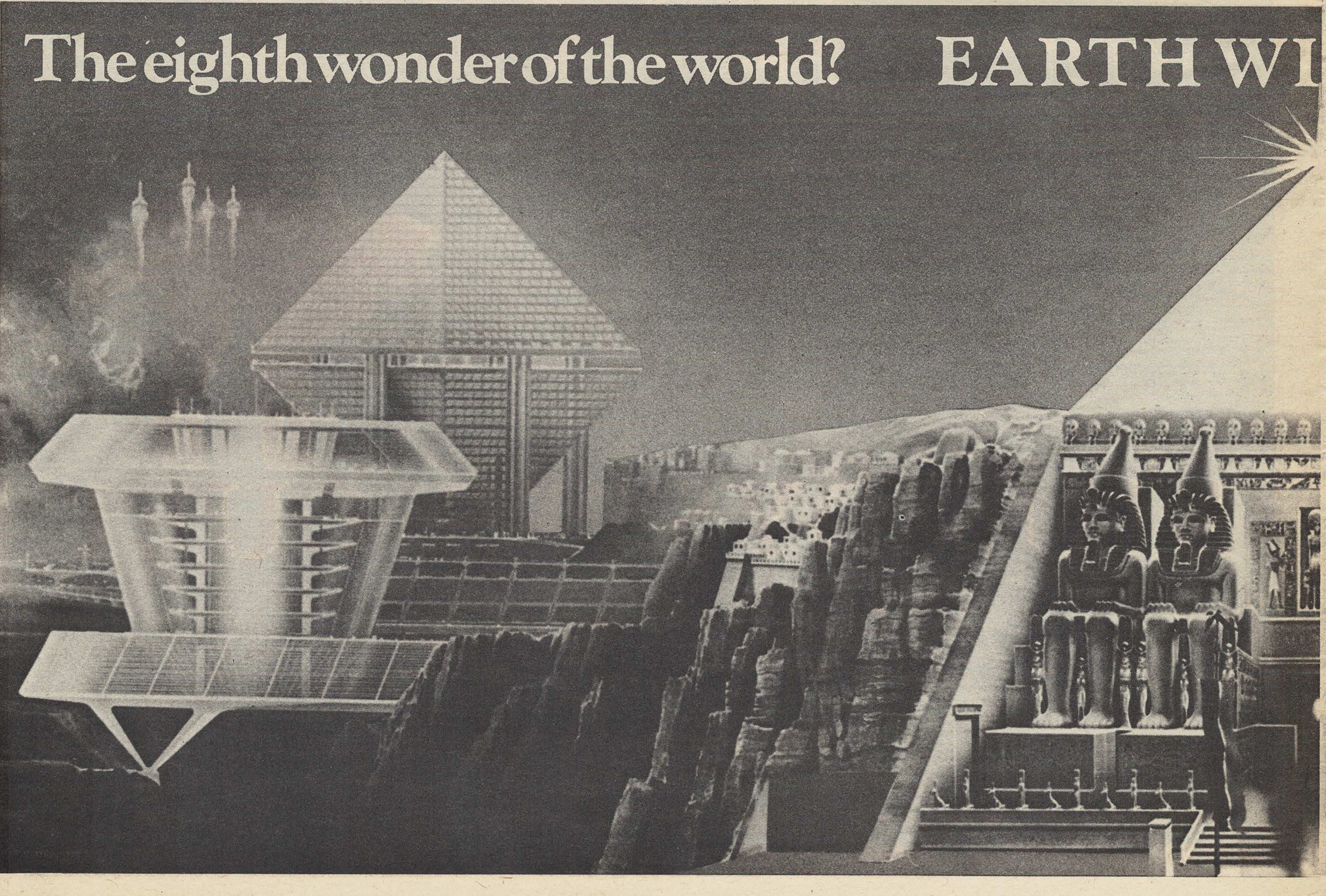
When I met you
You were just sixteen
Pulling the wings off of flies
When an old lady got hit by a truck
I saw the wicked gleam in your eyes
Your sadistic suits my masochistic
And there's a whip in my valise
Who taught you to torture?
(Who taught ya?)

Ask that of the future generation of S&M suicide pilots and they'll probably tell you about The Ants.

Or how about some tender interludes in the life of a stormtrooper? "Dirk Wears White Socks" is Adam's anthem to his favourite idol, Dirk Bogarde. Set against the decaying scenario of pre-war Berlin:

We'll go to a Berlin night club
All the acts are so risque
Many people have a motto:
Girl today, boy tomorrow . . .

As you've probably noticed by now, Adam's lyrics are not without a certain black humour — and it's this that I reckon to be their salvation. He injects enough humour into potentially bleak subject matter to


The eighth wonder of the world?
EARTH WI

turn it into a kind of high camp horror show — like Richard O'Brien and Allen Jones taken to the streets. Sick, morbid, but undeniably funny.

The rest of The Ants' set comprises songs with titles like "Plastic Surgery", "Light Up A Beacon On A Puerto Rican", "Hampstead" and "Juanito The Bandito". Adam claims he wrote most of The Ants' repertoire about two years ago, but a long period of illness prevented their being played up to now.

The only number not written by Adam is called "Lou". A song about Lou Reed, it's written and sung by the band's manager, Jordan (who first, of course, made her name when working in McLaren's Sex emporium).

Apart from sharing a stage for this one number, Jordan and The Ants will also share a movie screen when Derek Jarman's new film *Jubilee* is released sometime this February.

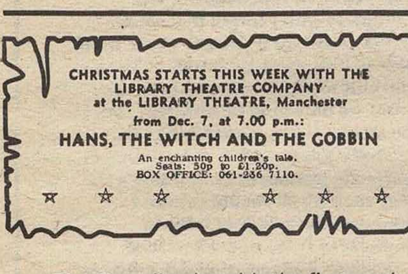
The movie will include The Ants along with a host of other bands. Jordan acts, and Adam has a small part which he himself describes as "a sort of little boy lost role". He ends up getting horribly murdered.

And what of Adam himself? What's he really like beneath that foundation cream of S&M brutality?

Well, just like a lot of people who act nasty in public, he's shy, sensitive (of course) and very protective towards girls. Yes, this *bete noir* is basically a good guy after all. Really. There is also in him, however, a trace of the madman — a conviction in what he's doing that makes me think that The Ants will not be trampled underfoot.

STEVE WALSH

THRILLS


CHRISTMAS STARTS THIS WEEK WITH THE
LIBRARY THEATRE COMPANY
at the LIBRARY THEATRE, Manchester
from Dec. 7, at 7.00 p.m.:
HANS, THE WITCH AND THE GOBBIN
An enchanting children's tale.
Seats: 50p to £1.20p.
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The Guardian heralds the first punk panto. Sent by M. Lilley of Staffordshire.

DOWN UNDER COMES UP

THE COLONIES MAY HAVE KICKED OFF as a form of outdoor relief for the aristocracy and a dumping ground for magwitch, but these days the jazz flow, at least, is all the other way.

Chris McGregor and his Blue Notes and composer Mike Gibbs, for instance, left South Africa and have built up a solid reputation in the Old World.

The subjects of this piece, Dave Macrae and his Maori wife, Joy Yates, got fed up waiting for Auckland's solitary jazz trio to move over, and split for Los Angeles. A keyboard virtuoso, Macrae worked with drummer Buddy Rich's big band for a year — which put him on the podium with Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie and Elvin Jones.

"I came over here into a fairly nebulous situation," he explained, "until Robert Wyatt arrived with his fresh and funny ideas for a new group, Matching Mole." By the end of 1974 he'd stockpiled so many compositions that it seemed a waste not to set up his own band.

Pacific Eardrum has been through several personnel changes since then, but retains its Antipodean majority — "we were all having a hard time establishing ourselves in a new country."

Ex-folk guitarist and singer Isaac Guillory was born on a US navy base in Cuba — nobody's colony now — and saxophonist Jim Cuomo hails from the States. Ex-Brand X and Rod Argent drummer Jeff Seopardie comes from Rock, a primitive colony of Jazz.

Their collective track record is startling: Everly Brothers, Small Faces, Alan Price, B B King, Alexis Korner, Chuck Berry, Del Shannon, John Mayall, Nucleus, Maynard Ferguson, Buddy Rich, Gyroscope, Mike Westbrook, Neil Ardley, Matching Mole, Billy Preston, Cat Stevens . . .

"I've always been one for eclecticism," declares the leader, whose interest in popular music dates from Tamla Motown. "That stuck — a lot of that. If you wanna play a lot, you hafta formulate something you enjoy and that people can relate to."

PACIFIC EARDRUM

One of the numbers on Pacific Eardrum's debut album for Charisma, "Smoke Signal", bears a distinct ethnic trace. "I'm often asked why I don't sing Maori music," says Joy Yates. "My answer has always been that what is known as Maori culture is *not*, and is in fact very commercial. It's very sad. The speed of integration has meant the authentic culture has almost disappeared."

Born on a farm in a small Maori village, Joy Yates began singing at the age of four. Her mother played Dixieland piano, and her great-grandfather, Chief Homehek, was an early opponent of British rule, creeping out at night to chop down the flagpole — and once visited England to study the enemy.

Punters jaded with the authentic sound of commercial calculation should check them out. Down Under's comin' up.

BRIAN CASE

THRILLS

THE AGE OF ROBOTS

SCIENCE FICTION VISIONS of a future where robots handle the menial tasks of life could very soon become a reality.

One pioneer in the field of domestic robotics, designer Tony Reichelt, recently brought a domestic android called Quasar over to Britain for demonstrations.

Weighing 13 stone, Quasar is battery-operated, with a bubble for a head and two long arms. It can serve dinner, mop the floor, look after the baby, walk the dog and has a 250 word vocabulary should you get lonely. It can act as a highly sophisticated guard dog and, in the event of a blackout, can provide enough electricity to run a 60-watt bulb for more than 30 hours.

Quasar can be programmed to have any personality the customer wants, and would be serviced by a team of robot doctors who'd make housecalls.

Tony Reichelt's firm is confident they have a hit on their hands, and plan to be producing 125 a day within two years.

Quasar isn't the only android in the pipeline, however. Reichelt has already built another called Sentry One, a seven foot tall mechanical guard which can transmit subsonic sound waves and a dazzling light beam to ward off intruders. The US Air Force are interested in the idea of using it to guard nuclear establishments or strategic factories.

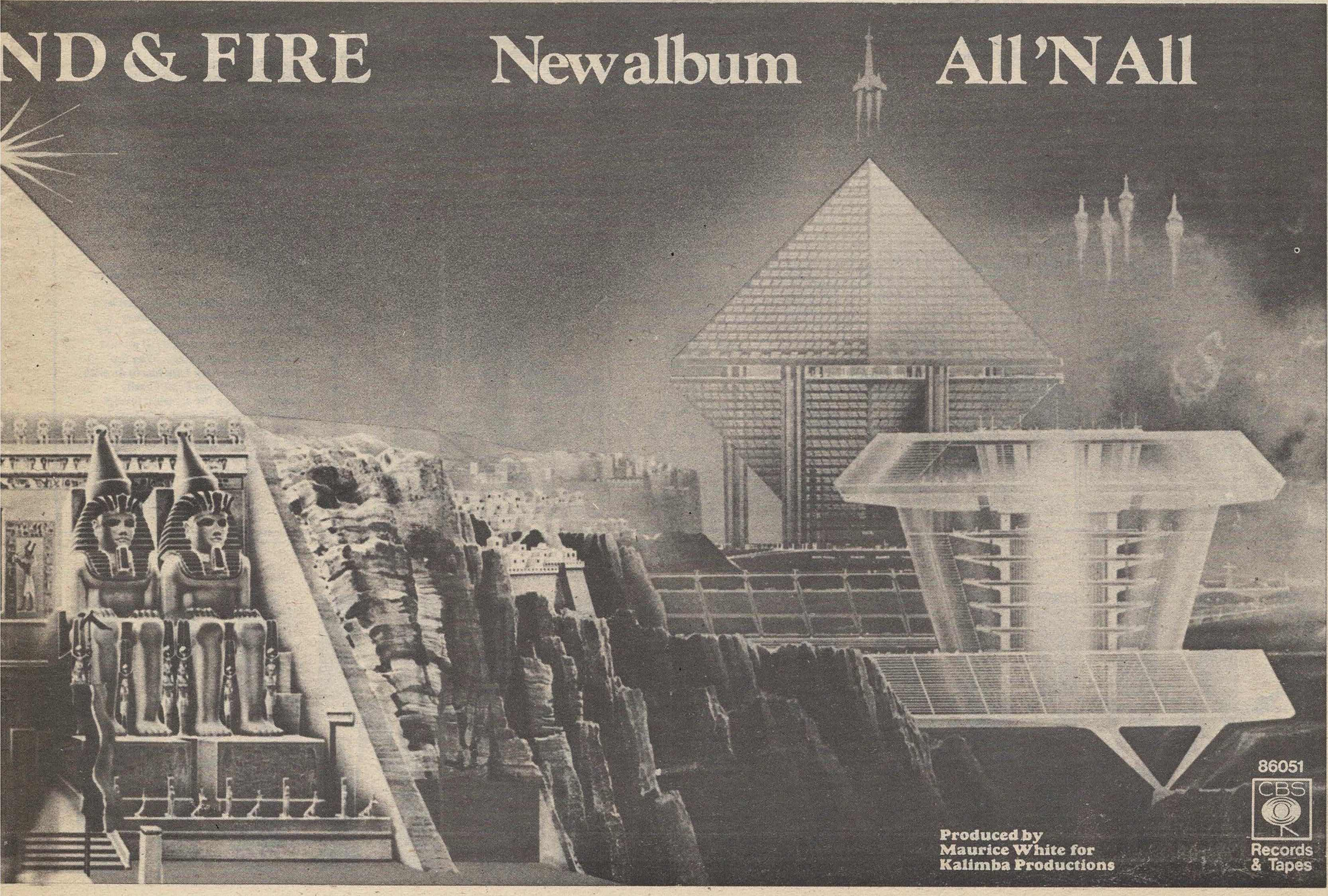
Sentry One can detect intruders either by movement or body heat, and can chase after them at 20 mph. Plans are now on the drawing board for Sentry Two, a bigger and more fiersome model, which would weigh half a ton, have even more deadly weapons, and run up to 30 mph.

In America this robot invasion has already begun. In Florida psychiatrists are using paramedic robots to communicate with introverted children, and at the University of Maryland they have already conducted tests with android teachers. Reichelt believes we'll soon see robot divers and robot spacemen too.

And now I must leave you to go and get my batteries recharged. It's a dog's life being an android at the *NME*.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS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New album
All 'N All
86051
CBS Records & Tapes
Produced by Maurice White for Kalimba Productions

PERE UBU — WEIRD CITY ROBOMEN

THEY SAY ENVIRONMENT determines character, and when it comes to American music, they're probably right.

After all, California — notorious for its ever-warm, lush climate and the fact that its citizens reputedly don't know the meanings of the verbs to walk or to work — produces an appropriately opulent and indolent music.

New York, which claims to be the sleaziest part of the U.S., but at the same time considers itself the *only* cultured part of the country, combines these things into what the *Village Voice* recently saw fit to term Avant-Punk.

Detroit is world-renowned for two kinds of metal monster: American cars and Ted Nugent. And so on.

If environment really does determine musical styles, then Cleveland, Ohio, must be a very weird place indeed.

Over the past year a steady flow of Cleveland vinyl esoterica has made its way to Britain. The garage explosion seems to have taken special hold in that town and prompted all sorts of social outcasts and other vermin to congregate, form bands, and seek ways of captivating the more curious punter.

The Electric Eels, for instance, considered early pioneers of the Cleveland school, went out in a blaze of unrecorded glory when they snarled their equipment cables using an electric lawn mower on stage.

Other local miscreants number the infamous Devo from nearby Akron, The Gooses, Mirrors, Quadron, The Human Switchboard, Tiny Huey and The Bizarros. All these bands have two things in common. Their ideas of what constitutes rock are unlike any other, and they all pale in comparison with the scene's acknowledged prime movers, the astounding Pere Ubu.

Since their inception some 2½ years ago, Pere Ubu have released four singles on their own Hearthan label. These singles have sold in total over 10,000 copies — which would not be so remarkable were it not for the nature of Pere Ubu's sound.

Elements of the Velvets, Can, Beefheart, Peter Hamill and other equally eclectic reference points combine with an alien quality which the band attribute to the influence of Cleveland's environs.

Their first single, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was a six-minute epic based on wartime propaganda about a suicide bombing mission in which the music evoked both the mood and noise levels inside the planes.

Over the transatlantic phone Pere Ubu's founder and vocalist David Thomas told me he wrote the song because he was touched by the heroism involved in the story.

Their second single, "Final Solution", was about social problems and, erh, diseases. I didn't like to ask about that. . .

David Thomas used to be a writer on a local teen paper called *The Scene* (where he first used his slightly better-known handle, Crocus Behemoth). Along with another rock-crit, the late Peter Laughner, he formed the now semi-legendary Rocket From The Tombs.

"Rocket From The Tombs really have no relationship to Pere Ubu other than the fact that I was in them," asserts Thomas. "That was around '74, and it was a Stooges/Troggs/Velvets type band. Also in them were Gene O'Conner (Cheetah Chrome) and John Madansky (Johnny Blitz) from The Dead Boys. But" — he adds hastily — "I had nothing to do with them.

"We broke up around September '74 because of personality clashes — which should be obvious — between Dead Boys music and Pere Ubu music. I decided to form a band to record a single, which was 'Tokyo'. We practised for two weeks then recorded it.

"Initially we just put the band together for that, but when it came out we decided to play out to promote it and it sounded pretty good, so we decided to continue the band."

See how simple these things are?

After a year spent playing regularly at the Pirate's Cove (a small club in Cleveland's Flats area) they recorded "Final Solution", which, through its inclusion on the first "Max's Kansas City" album and its unholy, altogether unique sound, gathered much attention from America's media hawks.

Pix: Top, CROCUS BEHEMOTH by JIM JARMUSCH courtesy of New York Rocker magazine; right, ALLEN RAVENSTINE by MIKE MELLER courtesy of Back Door Man magazine.

But personnel problems dogged immediate progress. Peter Laughner died a victim to the drugs-as-glamour culture, and their other guitarist, Tim Wright, left through "incompatibility with forward motion".

In the winter of last year, though, the line-up stabilised for their third single, "Street Waves", as Tom Herman (previously bass, switched to guitar), Scott Krause (drums), Tony Maimone (bass), David Thomas (voice, musette) and Alan Ravenstine (synthesizer, railroad spike).

"He is at the core of Ubu, I suppose," says Thomas. "He's a very unusual synthesizer player. He's very purist with it, and he doesn't even have a keyboard — instead he has a touch tone dial. He doesn't want to combine anything *musical* with the synthesizer, because he feels — and rightly so, I think — that it's a new instrument and should be treated as such."

Which is a very good way of looking at Pere Ubu as a whole. They use conventional rock forms but seem to give them a new language by re-devising the way sound is used within those forms — which puts them in a category with Eno, the dub musicians and Weather Report, though they sound unlike any of them.

Their last two singles, "Street Waves" and the recent "The Modern Dance", reveal an ever-increasing sophistication and when you hear Pere Ubu — a contract with Mercury and an imminent debut album assure this — you will be mystified and either compelled or repelled, but you definitely won't forget that sound.

"It's hard for us to talk about what that is," complains Thomas. "We put the unit together with the idea that what we do would be different, but I don't know why it sounds like that. Nobody knows, other than it sounds perfectly normal to us that that's the way rock'n'roll should sound. I suppose, though, that it has something to do with Cleveland.

"There's this relationship between machines and flesh in Cleveland that is very strange. It's a strong juxtaposition. Cleveland is a giant, blown-out factory town. There's the Flats with all this incredible industry, steel mills going flat out all day and all night, and it's just a half-mile away from where all the people live.

"This gives them the feeling that there's no future for somebody here, and all the musicians seem to be in love with that fact. In Cleveland nobody's going to pay any attention to you. The bands all know there's no future in a commercial sense for them, so they all say we're going to do what we goddam want.

"I have a fascination for Cleveland. I never want to leave it, no matter what happens to us. It's a very big thing. All the connections between why the band is called Pere Ubu and the kind of music we do. . .

"All I can say is whatever you feel from the music is what it feels like to be here."

By the way, why *is* the band called Pere Ubu?

"Ubu was a character created by a Frenchman named Alfred Jarry around the turn of the century. Ubu was a grotesque synthesis of all that was ugly in human flesh. Why the band is called Pere Ubu has to do with a number of things I can't easily explain, but on the simplest level it has to do with the thing that I am in a lot of ways a grotesque character, and the band has a grotesque character.

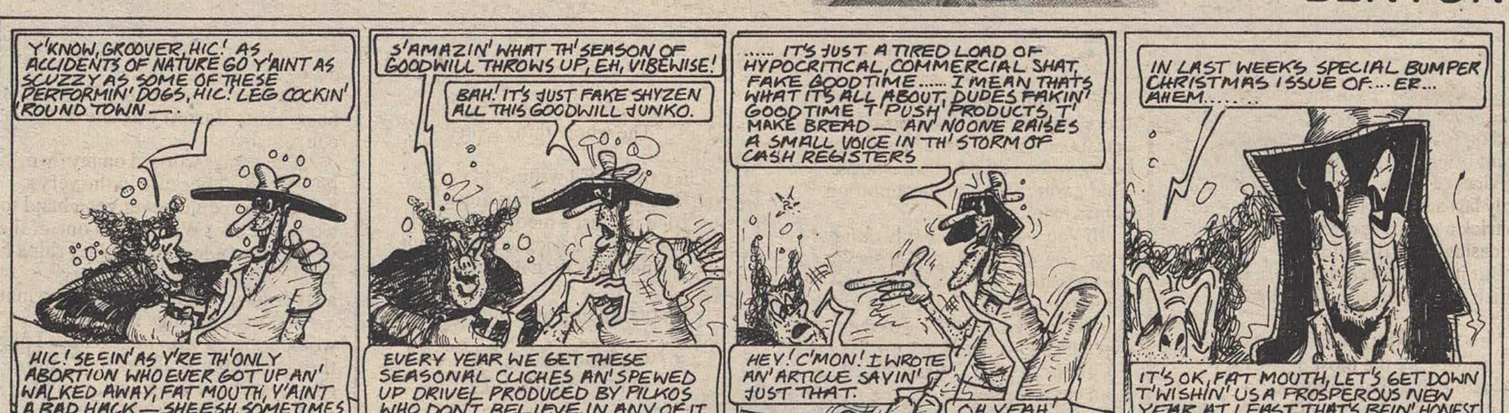
"What we are is not pretty."

PAUL RAMBALI

THE END

The Lone Groover

BENYON


Y'KNOW, GROOVER, HIC! AS ACCIDENTS OF NATURE GO Y'AINT AS SCUZZY AS SOME OF THESE PERFORMIN' DOGS, HIC! LEG COCKIN' 'ROUND TOWN—.
HIC! SEEIN' AS Y'RE TH'ONLY ABORTION WHO EVER GOT UP AN' WALKED AWAY, FAT MOUTH, Y'AINT A BAD HACK — SHEESH, SOMETIMES I CAN EVEN STAND YOR HALITOSIS THIS CLOSE.
S'AMAZIN' WHAT TH' SEASON OF GOODWILL THROWS UP, EH, VIBEWISE!
BAH! IT'S JUST FAKE SHYZEN ALL THIS GOODWILL JUNKO.
EVERY YEAR WE GET THESE SEASONAL CLICHES AN' SPEWED UP DRIVEL PRODUCED BY PILKOS WHO DONT BELIEVE IN ANY OF IT. SPECIAL T.V. SPECIAL RADIO, SPECIAL RECORDS, SPECIAL THIS, SPECIAL BLOODY THAT.........
..... IT'S JUST A TIRED LOAD OF HYPOCRITICAL, COMMERCIAL SHAT, FAKE GOODTIME...... I MEAN THATS WHAT ITS ALL ABOUT, DUDES FAKIN' GOODTIME T' PUSH PRODUCTS, T' MAKE BREAD — AN' NOONE RAISES A SMALL VOICE IN TH' STORM OF CASH REGISTERS
HEY! C'MON! I WROTE AN' ARTICLE SAYIN' JUST THAT.
OH YEAH! WHEN?
IN LAST WEEKS SPECIAL BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF.... ER... AHEM......
IT'S OK, FAT MOUTH, LET'S GET DOWN T'WISHIN' US A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, AT LEAST THAT'S BEIN' HONEST — EVEN THOUGH HONESTY WILL MAKE FULFILLIN' THAT PARTICULAR WISH IMPOSSIBLE....... HA. HIC.

DAZZLING WHITE MUSIC

BEWARE OF THE UNDERDOG

JOHN OTWAY to be precise. The madman who's been falling around on your TV screen. The background story is interesting. TONY STEWART reports.

EVEN IF John Otway was to produce a certificate from an eminent psychiatrist testifying to his complete sanity there are very few people who would believe it.

Anyone who's seen this gangling person on the telly recently will naturally assume he's bonkers. He has a habit of careering around the studio thrashing the daylights out of his dicky little acoustic guitar, hollering wildly into a mike, and frequently toppling off speaker cabinets, painfully cracking his nuts a severe blow.

Of late he's usually sung the hit, "Really Free", and if the restraining hand of his stoic playmate, one Wild Willy Barrett, didn't occasionally find its way onto his protruding shoulder-blade, then Otway's idea of an encore would be a full-frontal lobotomy.

It will probably always remain one of the world's great mysteries why Barrett, an old, golden-haired hippy who tucks his head over in concentration and drills his fingers through a home-made electric guitar or multifarious stringed instruments, should have the moniker he does, when obviously it's Otway who *really* deserves it.

He is a walking disaster area, and neither a serious nor accomplished musician.

He and Barrett have variously been described as brilliant, boring, hilarious, crass, Pythonesque and talentless. After playing together off and on for seven years, and at one point briefly acquiring the production services of Pete Townshend, it was only last summer that they were able to trick a major record company into releasing their first album.

But it is the success of the single which is an interestingly bizarre event.

Firstly, Otway has the distinction of easily being the most musically incapable in a chart comprising many people who've made a life-long profession out of their own incapacities.

Secondly, and perhaps most importantly, "Really Free", with all its ludicrous inanity, came out at a time when rock people were solemn, serious and *concerned.*

Whereas other mortals might proudly proclaim they're in this business to further the course of rock'n'roll, boldly articulate the grievances of a generation, or just contribute their tuppence worth of talent, Otway has no such pretensions.

He is happily exploiting his own eccentricity.

"I've always believed you should always make the best of what you've got. If you're different, you make the best of it," he states flatly.

"I'm not really *building* myself up as an eccentric, because in a sense I am one. The eccentric came first and I just had to get used to the idea, or I was *forced* to get used to the idea that I was different.

"Everything's basically come from there, and there is, I suppose, a certain amount of bitterness in my background: I'll get the bastards. That's where a lot of the ambition comes from.

"If you were really badly done to when you were young, it gives you a burning ambition to actually do something with your life. Yet kids who have it easy tend *not* to make much of themselves later on."

Otway, needless to say, had it far from easy as a kid.

AT LEAST for interviews Otway leaves his crazed stage persona in the closet. Somehow it's difficult even to imagine that this is the same 25-year-old reprobate who'll somersault over an amp as often as he'll croak a lyric.

Tall and awkward, he wears a loosely fitting, dishevelled black suit. He's polite, reserved and only a little batty. Like many other comedians when they're away from the stage, he isn't intentionally funny.

Also, it's hard to believe that this intelligent, self-assured and amiable bloke was once the victim of school bullies, the source of others' cruel amusement, and, as he describes it, a childhood misfit.

Ahhhhhhhh.

But when he recounts his pranks, his flair for exhibitionism, you can't help but marvel that he came through it all physically if not mentally unscathed.

"What I do is definitely to seek attention. I used to do it in the playground when I was ten. I used to do very dangerous stunts on bridges, drive bikes into walls, and drink ink.

"I was horrible as a kid. Everybody who knew me then hated me.

"I didn't really have any friends. I used to get beaten up all the time. I've got horrific memories of being chased across the playground by about 50 kids all wanting to beat the shit out of me.

"All I basically did was work out a way of capitalising on it. In fact you're one up because you're getting all the attention.

"And what I now do on stage works," he adds, bluntly. "It's going to make me a lot of money and that's why I do it."

The experiences of his school days — discovering he was a unique person — led him to make the lofty decision that he would chance his arm in the music biz. He was still only ten.

"It was by far the most attractive thing," he recalls, "round about the time of The Beatles, Gerry and The Pacemakers and Freddie and The Dreamers. They were the kind of people I was seeing then. I mean, they got all the press, all the exposure, and I'm sure that influences you at that age.

"It wasn't any good being a film star, because *they* didn't make the front pages.

"I *had* to be the centre of attention, and that was *the* thing to do.

"I can't think of any other business where you're a better centre of attention."

But 'ang abaht, Otway. What about musical integrity, parading your emotions in song and that, well, significant stuff?

With the question asked, John stares at me in disbelief, a sneer threatening to twist his mouth. Instead he sniggers.

"I can't even tune the guitar," he reveals. "The whole thing's very theatrical.

"I like the stuff I write, I'm very proud of that. But as far as music's concerned it's just a medium to work with. And it's far easier to branch out from this business than it is from any other.

"I'm not building up a music thing . . ."

Yeah, we'd noticed.

". . . I'm just building up a character.

"I adore people like Liberace because they've built their character up so well: that's really an art. And people like Tom Jones I've got great admiration for.

"He's *great!*

"I've also got a lot of admiration for The Sex Pistols. Often I've really thought they've blown it, but they've always managed to steer themselves away from the disasters and use them so well. It's a most amazing publicity excercise. It always seems to be working totally on a knife edge."

Otway explains that his own eccentricity manifests itself in a variety of ways. Simply, he just seems to attract attention for being the character he is, and if, for example, he was to walk into a pub with a group of people, *he* would be the one people remembered.

"I used to hate it," he says. "That's where a lot of the ambition came from. But once you've learnt to master the art of using it . . . it's beneficial.

"Out of that, and nothing else, I'm in the position I am in now: living comfortably and enjoying life to the full. It's taken a lot of work, but it's all paid off, and it looks as if it's going to pay even greater dividends."

How come then, you can't resist asking, if he has this *uniqueness* it's taken him and Willy so long to have a hit even though they've previously released four singles.

"Because," he answers readily, "it's not necessarily regarded as a good hallmark.

"I remember we went to Island Records ten times, and about the fifth time somebody walked in with the tape and said, 'I've got this tape of a guy you might think is a bit *strange . . .*' And the guy stood up and said, 'If it's Otway, take it out!'

"Track turned down the last album and said it was rubbish. We had to put it out on our own label. But it had a reasonable turnover. We did 3,000 in a week — which was enough to make Polydor step in.

"I've taken exceptional gambles with great faith in my ability to succeed, and ended up in amazing debt.

"We were about five or six thousand quid down. Neither me nor Barrett had a job, and we just kept borrowing money because we both believed it would all pay off."

This faith dates back to the early 70s when Wild Willy and Otway first got together. They both come from Aylesbury, which explains a lot because it's a town infamous for the peculiar people it has bred.

"I'd like to be arrogant," John interjects," "and say that's almost down to me, I'm sure."

Mind you, he also suggests that his liaison with Barrett was one of convenience.

"I've always worked on my own," he explains, "because in the very early days I could never get a band to work with me. Willie's just one of the very few people who would. I think he just thought it was a lot more adventurous, and saw something in it.

"But your average musician wouldn't work with me because I play the wrong chords all the time, and can't even tune the guitar. I don't *even* know when it's out of tune.

"I really believe that the whole thing's a show and as long as you're entertaining the audience it doesn't matter what's going on onstage. I adore applause and I'd basically do anything in order to get it.

"Oh, I *do* love music," he quickly establishes. "I'm not knocking it. It's done me, hahaha, a lot of good. When I was a kid I'd really get upset if I missed *Pick Of The Pops,* for instance.

"I've always said I want to be a pop star, and not a rock star. I haven't got a lot of time for rock'n'roll, because I don't really like it. I was *always* in the minority because I liked Cliff Richard and Gary Glitter."

He was also in a minority believing the world was ready for his type of music, even with such an accomplished multi-instrumentalist as Barrett by his side. Yet at the beginning their own conviction was not that devout, and just after

■ *Continues over page*

OTWAY 'N' BARRETT

■ *From previous page*

recording a batch of demos they parted company.

Otway held the master tapes, and he privately pressed and distributed 500 copies of a single called "Misty Mountain". Although one found it's way to the ear of Townshend, which resulted in him producing four tracks by them, the single they released on Track, "Murder Man", sold a grand total of 50 copies.

Reflecting on this, Otway politely comments: "It's very difficult to assess the effect Townshend had.

"The advantage of his name in terms of prestige has been, at any one time, small. But overall it's made a good difference. The music *almost* got Pete Townshend's stamp of approval, therefore it was worth listening to. And that applied right across the board, from the journalist and record company to the audiences.

"But his involvement was always a way-in, although we did take a step down after that. I really thought it would be easier going. In fact it wasn't, because I ended up doing two years on the dustbins."

Yes, Mr Otway was a dustbin man — while Willy went off to contribute to Transatlantic's "Guitar Album" compilation and secure from that a short-lived solo contract. They managed to stay out of each other's way until two years ago, when they released "Louisa On A Horse".

Since then they've played clubs, failed to form a backing band because other musicians *did* find Otway too trying on stage, and so they contented themselves with the duo work. Last year they invested £1,600 in recording the album, which was promptly rejected by Track.

The set is the musical history to this story and comprises both the old and new material. But it isn't the production hotch-potch you might expect, and it's also remarkable because our subject wrote most of the songs and even manages to sing some of them in key.

But stylistically it's diverse, happily going from folk, through ballads, humour, a little parody and rock'n'roll.

Although it's a competent and entertaining work, it's only one dimension of their abilities. Otway is aware that their success depends very much on his character, and this is best reflected in "Really Free" — which is partly an explanation of why the single made it.

NOW, AFTER a brief rest from each other's insanity at the end of last year when Otway toured with Scratch, the duo are together again. They'll gig through until spring and then decide whether to temporarily split again and investigate the other options now open.

A hit single, Otway explains, opens a lot of doors, and he may even write a book or make movies.

But if you're under the impression that onstage he is presenting only a glimpse of what happens inside the cuckoo's nest, then you're wrong. He might frequently deny it, but the psychological scars inflicted during his childhood are deep, and now he's blowing a very loud and vulgar raspberry at those who regarded him as a social outcast.

Without wishing to sound pompous, he hopes that his triumphs will encourage others who're now in a similar position to do the same.

"When I was at primary school," he remebers, "*they* wanted to send me to a special school because *they* thought I was mad.

"There are a lot of people like me now, and teachers still treat them badly.

"You've got to go out there and prove you can go from a very underdog position and literally make a fortune.

"So, in a sense I've got a conscience, and I think I stand for something: I stand for every poor little bastard who has to suffer what I did.

"I don't feel bitter about it, but I am a bit angry. The poor old underdog has got to have his heroes, hasn't he?"

Otway could now be one of them.

SINGLES

REVIEWED THIS WEEK

By MAX BELL

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

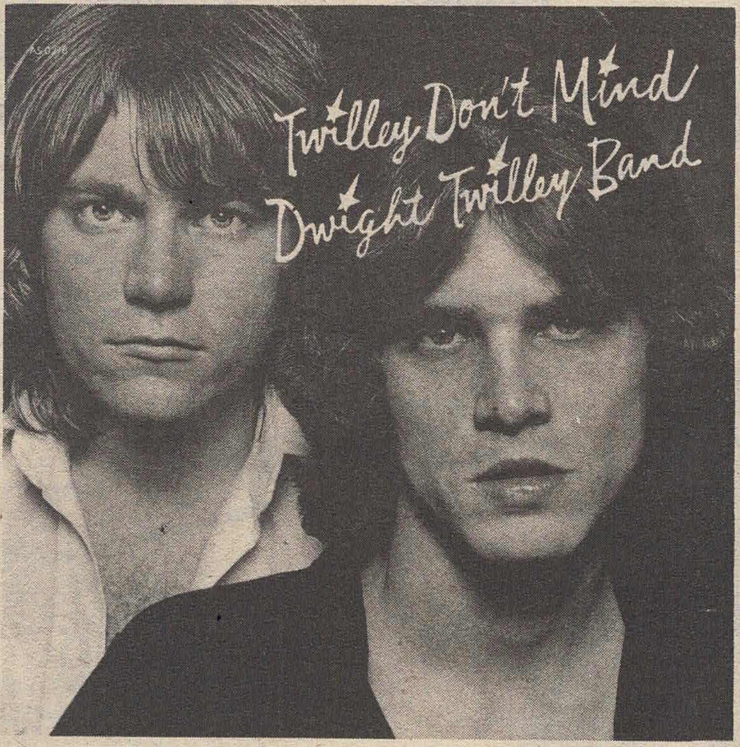
DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND: Twilley Don't Mind (Arista-Import). By a long chalk. While the muse seems to have escaped most of the other contenders in the pile this week, the Twilley disc goes from strength to strength. The reviewers were a might snooty about the boy's album of the same name but being an ornery critter I disagree and assure you that Dwight's fan club can safely invest their Crimble record tokens with glee.

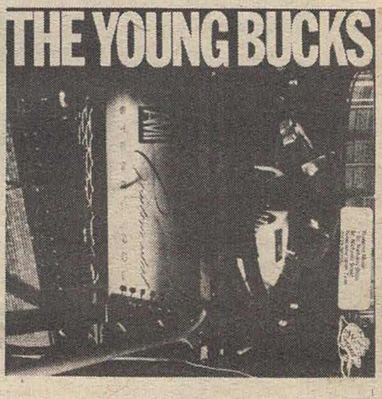
Dig the raucous guitar sound, thrashing drums and whooping bass.

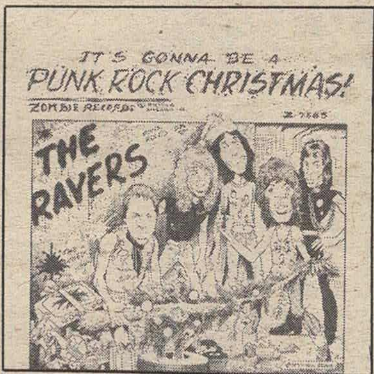
Thrill to the subtlety of tight horns jingling next to pretty boy's snoozy yelp.

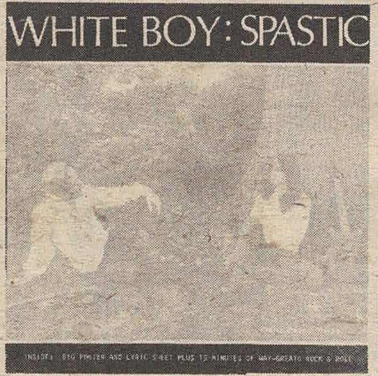
Flip to "Rock And Roll 47" for a similar dose.

Wholesale dementia with tunes, hooks, smart riffs and the message of the airways. Twilley don't mind and Dwight's alright. Go to it!!






IT'S GONNA BE A PUNK ROCK CHRISTMAS!
ZOMBIE RECORDS
THE RAVERS



BLUE OYSTER CULT: Goin' Through The Motions (CBS). This is about as close as the Cult have got to contributing to the gross national product. An unusual ditty penned by Eric "Rock King of the Finger Lakes" Bloom and Ian Hunter, it features a singalong chorus and hotel room lyrics. Apparently the last song to gain entrance to the monumental "Spectres", it needed the multi-mix talents of Memphis Sam Pearlman and Murray Krugman to rig it into shape. Points to watch; a short but hypnotic bridge where Bloom scales his vocal finesse with true power and grace, Bert Bouchard's thinking man's Spector drum scat and Buck Dharma's silver wolf solo. Over the edge is Allen Lanier's "Searchin' For Celine", a fragile and icy voyage to the end of the night with ambiance of pit fiends, hellfire and all those other things that make the Cult the best at their trip. On the other hand who wants the single when they could (must) have the album? Right.

WHITE BOY: Spastic EP (Doodley Sqat Records). Possibly the strangest concept in rock and roll today. White Boy are a two-man team, father and son so legend do say. On vocalese we have Mr Ott, a man who by sheer virtue of antic disposition and refusal to comprehend the exigiencies of age (he's pa in the routine, checking in at 35) makes Iggy Pop seem like a churchwarden. Son/guitarist Jake Whipp (as in Whippersnapper) is a mere sprog of 19. Fall-guy to pop's warped dynamism? Not a bit of it. Whipp is no slouch at retreading old Hendrix licks through the fuzz boxes of middle America. On this mini-LP you can appreciate the death and rebirth of modern technology via the channels of custom block buster idiocy like "I'm So Straight", "Electronic Suicide", "Little Idiots" and "Just An Old Fart". By day these guys are perfectly normal, but by night . . . I dare you to even think of buying this record.

THE RAVERS: It's Gonna Be A Punk Rock Christmas! (Zombie-Ariola). Who are these creeps? Predictably, it's a bunch of studio chaps who happen to have erred on a tardy idea. Yes folks, a Christmas roll call of all your heroes done in 'cor blimey guv'nor, strike a light, Jack the Ripper strikes again' voice. What a gas. These fools have no appreciation of ballistics and the hell of it is they have nil sense of humour.

THE GERMS: Forming (What Records?) Didn't exactly bust a gut on this one either, although having a bassist called Lorna Doom is moderately funny. Sounds like it was recorded underwater. Still, you get a lyric sheet and a health warning and a live side two. The flip is reminiscent of the Velvets' "Live at Kansa City" except that they forgot to record the guitar, bass and drums. There are a lot of words here that the O.E.D. never heard of but it might be easier to nip round the local and tell the barman to eff-off. Actually, at one point the singer chappy harangued me for buying the record. I didn't and you don't have to either.

CHAINSAW: See-Saw EP (Romantik). Aaah, a Belgian punk foursome. I must admit to a secret penchant for bands whose command of the English language is, ow-yew-zay, negligible but who carry on regardless. For example, only a fool or a frog would agree to be known as Jerry Wanker and perform in a group who massacre Lou Reed's "What Goes On". I'm sorry, they might have invented the Common Market but the Sprouts can't cut it in the rock and roll department. Un-deux-trois-quatre. Next.

THE DILS: I Hate The Rich (What Records?). Agit-prop San Diego style. Originally managed by Kim Fowley (them and everybody else), The Dils have a reputation for being one of America's original and only fist-clenched brigade. The message is familiar enough but the playing is suburban gorilla and who wants to listen to some scumbag miles away berating you about nothing? Hate-Ashbury?

THE YOUNG BUCKS: Get Your Feet Back On The Ground (Blueport). A lack of development in the vocals but plenty of potential in other areas for this Newcastle band. In terms of making use of all the instrumental possibilities open to the material — shades of Them and even Captain Beefheart — The Young Bucks come out of this experience with A's for effort and dedication. Good keyboards and drums throughout and some enterprising sax on the flip. Very promising.

THE MIRRORS: Cure For Cancer (Lightning). Two bands called The Mirrors this week but this one is Welsh. Aside from the title (seems to me they're kicking in a bit of morbidity for the wrong reason), these boyos can really move uh-huh-huh. shades of rockabilly in Andy Smith's cool and frenetic guitar runs which are probably even better when heard alive. Idiosyncrasies include the plummy singing and meatloaf rhythm section. Should appeal to Pirates and Feelgoods fans.

THE MIRRORS: Shirley (Hearthan). Inordinately long and boring art-rock guff reeking with chintzy piano and lacey lyrics. A genuine non-event.

RE-ISSUE OF THE WEEK

THE YARDBIRDS: For Your Love (Charly). An enterprising slice of nostalgia. This features the end of Yardbirds Mark I, Clapton model. "For Your Love," by Graham Gouldman, was their first universal hit and nearly 13 years later you can appreciate why this band is so integrally influential. In those days Eric was only on the shortlist for the Holy Ghost's gig although Jim McCarty was pretty good as well. What transitions, what economy. Includes the original back-up, "Got To Hurry", which is nuthin' remarkable but shows that some white men have a feeling for de blooze.

THE MODERN LOVERS: The Morning Of Our Lives (Beserkley). It occurs to me that young Richman has lost a few marbles on the sunny road to stardom except that everybody is so anxious to slap the geezer on the back that they can't tell shit from Chanel. Once I could appreciate the cut of his jib but this, and yet another "Roadrunner" (live), is plain pissing in the wind. Bring back Greg Kihn.

DOLLY PARTON: Here You Come Again (RCA). Despite the roll-call of famous side-men and the superlatives laden on Ms. Parton's latest crossover hit (I guarantee it will be a chart smash here) this Mann-Weill dirge makes me feel distincly ill. Not even the brain-softening process of the season could drag me down the middle of this road. Not as much fun as last year's *Billboard*.

CHEECH & CHONG: Bloat On (Epic). I thought they were dead.

IVOR BIRD: Over The Wall We Go (RSO). Written by none other than the young David Bowie (in 1967). I'm sure he's trying hard to forget this 'orrible piece of cockney cloth cap. Only of interest to sadists, masochists and potential blackmailers. Did you really write this David?

GENO WASHINGTON: Proud Mary (DJM). I though Easter was the time for crucifixions. The Ram Jam man transports us unwillingly back to the swinging 60s with an unpleasant discofied rendition of John Fogerty's classic. An experience to be missed at all costs. If you don't appreciate the goods keep your paws off mate.

1977
TEAZERS
AWARDS

■ The Victor Ludorum Gold Cup and Gymnastics Shield to **Barrie Masters** of **Eddie and The Hot Rods.**

■ The 495th Vasco De Gama Touring Prize (once again) to **Rory Gallagher** (this presentation to be made at Peking Winter Gardens next Friday).

■ The second Quintessence Golden Chapati Award shared jointly by **Steve Hillage** and **Todd Rundgren.**

■ The first annual Barbara Cartland The Path Of True Love Never Runs Smooth Award to **Rat Scabies** and **Joan Jett.**

■ A Special Teazers Golden Bottle to **Jimmy Pursey** of **Sham 69.**

■ The second annual Tammy Wynette Stand By Your Man Award to **Cher Bono Allman.**

■ The first annual Tammy Wynette D.I.V.O.R.C.E. Award to **Cher Bono Allman.**

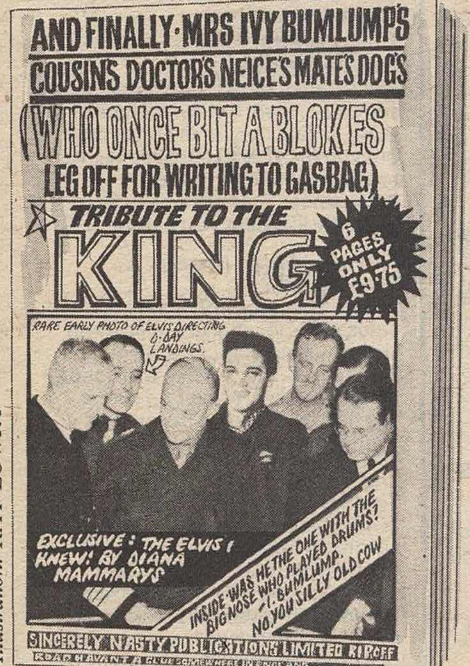
■ The third annual Mick Farren Drunk and Disorderly Award to **Rod Stewart.** Runners-up: **Frankie Miller, Eric Clapton, John McVie.**

■ The first annual Head and Shoulders Shampoo Award to **Tom Petty.**

■ The first annual Golden Vic Throat Lozenge and Al Clark Meet Bernie Rhodes Award jointly to **Al Clark** and **Bernie Rhodes.**

■ The third annual Art Garfunkel Wild Man Of Rock Award to **Peter Frampton.**

■ The first annual Cecil Sharp House Native Folk Poetry Award to **Ian Dury** for doing for Billericay, Plaistow, Shoeburyness and Burnham-on-Crouch etc what **Chuck Berry** did for Memphis, Tennessee, and environs.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INSIDE 'WAS HE THE ONE WITH THE BIG NOSE WHO PLAYED DRUMS?' -I. BUMLUMP. NO YOU SILLY OLD COW
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Illustration: RAY LOWRY

■ Most Raked Over Remains Award to **Elvis Presley.**

Deceased
Elvis Presley
Marc Bolan
Bing Crosby
Ronnie Van Zant and Steve and Cathy Gaines
Waldo de los Rios
Roland Kirk
Groucho Marx
Charlie Chaplin
Johnnie Spence
Kursaal Flyers
'O' Band
Moon
Slik
Ace
S.A.H.B.
Streetwalkers
Howard Hawks
New Victoria
Tony Barrow Publicity
Beach Boys tour
Knebworth/Longleat open-air events
Gryphon
Cockney Rebel
Curved Air
Kokomo
Roxy Music???
The original Roxy Club

Retired hurt
Patti Smith
Alex Harvey

■ The Joe Brown (above) Memorial Barnet shared by **Billy Idol** (inset), **Paul Simenon, Nick Lowe, Sid Vicious, Johnny Fingers.**

■ The third annual Dr Barnardo's Award (previous winners: I. Hunter, B. Dylan, R. McGuinn) to **Phil Rambow** for trying to find a good home for Mick Ronson.

■ The first annual Levis Last You A Lifetime Award to **The Ramones.**

■ The first annual Dr. Christian Baarnard Resusitation Award to **The Pirates.**

■ Footballer Of The Year (Again): **Trevor Brooking**

■ The first annual Miss Piggy It's Showing At The Roots Dearie Award to **Billy Idol.**

■ The third annual Press officer of the year award for services above and beyond the call of duty to Virgin Records' **Al Clark**.

■ The first annual Friends Of The Earth Unfair To Trees brickbat to **Mick Farren.** Runners-up: **Edward Heath, Roy Carr.**

■ The third annual Country Joe McDonald I Fought The System And The System Won Award to **Denis Lemon** of *Gay News*.

■ The first annual Pete Townshend "I'm A Face" Brighton Pier 1965 Award to **Paul Weller.**

■ The first annual Steve Harley Mighty Mouth Award (formerly the Marc Bolan Silver Saliva) to **Modest Bob Geldof.**

Last Year's Things

The Runaways
12-inch singles
Gobbing
England losing matches
Ripped T-shirts
Predicting a psychedelic revival
Poverty
Death
1977
Queen
The Queen
Ritz magazine
Digital watches
Unemployment
50 Golden Greats albums
The Fonz
The Muppet Show
Disco
Hair Transplants
Derek & Clive
Roots
James Dean Musicals
Elvis Presley Musicals

Next Year's Things
Beat groups
New Wave psychedelia
Rich survivors
Managers
New rock venues
Rock movies
Videodiscs
Unemployment
Howard Devoto's Magazine
K-Tel punk albums
Pavement pizzas
Girl groups
Soul music
Bruce Springsteen
Shock resignations in high places
Hair on Elton John's scalp
2nd British Invasion of U.S.
Rockabilly
"Pistols To Split" rumours
Bigger and better bodyguards
Radar Records
Prostitution
Sex On TV *(forget it — seen the size of our TV? — Ed)*
Robots
Dave Clark Five
Rudolf Hess

■ The first annual Errol Flynn Is It True What They Say? Award to **Jean Jacques Burnel.**

■ The first annual Oscar Wilde Smart Ass O'Leary Memorial Award to **Phil Lynott** for his "Any chicks out there with a bit of Irish in 'em?" — "Any of you want a bit more?"

■ The first annual Jane Birkin Heavy Breathing For Fun And Profit Award to **Donna Summer.**

■ The first annual I Didn't Get Where I Am Today By Winning Awards Award to **Leonard Rossiter** for *The Rise And Fall of Reginald Perrin.*

■ The first annual R Zimmerman Somerset House award to **John Lydon (J. Rotten), John Beverley (S. Vicious), John Mellor (Joe Strummer), Declan McManus (E. Costello), William Broad (Billy Idol),** and **Ray Burns (Cpt. Sensible).**

■ The first annual Would You Make Faces At A Girl In Braces Award to **Poly Styrene.**

■ The first annual Would You Make Passes At A Short Person In Glasses Award to **Elvis Costello** for being the hippest thing in horn-rims since Hank B. Marvin.

■ The first Winston Smith What's That Funny Clicking On The Line? Award to **Phil Manzanera, Ian MacDonald, Bernard Rhodes, Malcolm McLaren, Duncan Campbell** and **Crispin Aubrey.**

■ The third annual Faces "Overture And Beginners" Thanks-For-The-Live-Album-But-You-Shouldn't- Have-Bothered Award to the **Stones** for "Love You Live".

■ The first annual Shirley Temple Unless-Ye-Be-As-Little Children Award to **Jonathan Richman.**

■ The first annual Florence Nightingale/Joan Baez concerned human being award and commemorative shield to **Tom Robinson.**

■ The third annual Mary Whitehouse Seal of Good Housekeeping Award to *The Sunday People* for the example they set to our pop kids.

■ The second annual Bermuda Triangle Sunk Without Trace award to **Rough Diamond.**

■ Special Denis Healey Dinner Salvers to **Rod Stewart** (asking £4.50 for "Footloose And Fancy Free") and to **Lol Creme** and **Kevin Godley** (almost 12 bleedin' quid for "Consequences").

■ Commemorative Cans Of Arid Extra Dry and a set of AA Road Maps to all who brought us the very wonderful **Stiffs Greatest Stiffs** Road Show.

■ A Specially Minted Jubilee Crown and an Inscribed Tankard from Anthea Redfern individually to **Johnny, Steve, Paul, Sid** and **Malcolm.**

Quotes Of

(Jan 8 NME)
Sir John Read, EMI Chairman
"The Sex Pistols have acquired a reputation for aggressive behaviour which they have certainly demonstrated in public. There is no excuse for this. . . "

(Jan 15 NME)
Malcolm McLaren
"It's been very nice. We've come away to Holland and someone's decided behind our back to 'mutually terminate' the contract. Legally we're still on EMI Records."

The band might have looked a little bit extraordinary, they may have spat at each other. Big deal. And someone may have appeared a little drunk. But they weren't flying the plane, they don't need to be that sober."

(Jan 22 NME)
Alex Harvey
"I wish I had the bread to take 'em on. . .I liked 'em immediately, The Sex Pistols. I liked the whole thing. . .I love 'em and I'd like to see them do what *this* band have done on several occasions — that is, face eight thousand people throwing things at them. . ."

(Jan 22 apprx *Evening Standard)*
Joe Cocker
"I've had managers who've asked me what I want. Is it a Cadillac? A house like Elvis? I've always said I want the money in my hand. I've never got it."

(Jan 29 NME)
Jesse Hector, The Gorillas
"I'm very special. Very soon kids are going to rely on me the way they once did on Jagger, Townshend and Hendrix."

(Jan 29 NME)
Robert Plant
"I came down here (London's Roxy Club) last Thursday with Jimmy Page to check out The Damned. I was impressed by them, thought they were really good, especially Rat Scabies, the drummer. He's really got it . . . All the talk about Old Farts and Young Farts is nonsense, age doesn't matter, and anyway, Scabies is no chicken."

(Jan 29 apprx — A letter to the Evening Standard)
Pete Townshend
"Mud slinging and bitterness, especially tinged with the kind of jealousy and indirect hatred displayed by the punk rock group whose name I cannot remember at the moment, might appear to be livening up a tired music scene, but in reality they are helping to put it formally to sleep. I wish Johnny Rotten luck. If he can write a decent song and sing it well he will be successful."

(Jan 29 NME)
Steve Jones
"I know how he (Townshend) feels. Sometimes I feel that I'm too old and I wish that I was back at school."

(Feb 5 NME)
Patti Smith
"We're one hundred per cent behind The Sex Pistols, The Clash, *all* those kids . . . but they gotta work really hard! They've gotta *always* maintain that original energy if it's all gonna last."

"I know more than three chords now! I know four and a half."

(Feb 5 *apprx* Daily Express)
Peter Green's father
"The magistrate made the right decision (to commit Green to a mental home). Peter definitely needs help. He must have given away tens of thousands. He would help the whole world if he had the money. He lives in an Alice-In-Wonderland world of his own."

(Feb 5 NME)
Ray Davies
"I like the (punk) music, but already . . . it's a business. It's like what John Osbourne said years ago, all the things he rebelled against and now he's part of it all. All those things we heard in the '60s about the working classes . . . It's just that in the end you become part of everything you hate, basically, if you mean it. Because if you become successful, you're using the same machinery to do it. I think if you really want to do it, you have to create a new form. Unless you decide that all the money you make you'll give away."

(Feb 5 NME)
Mick Jagger
"Actually I saw The Sex Pistols at the 100 Club and I thought they were pretty good. Well, not *good* really, but . . . they could be."

(Feb 12 NME)
Todd Rundgren
"I was driving along in my car one day and this deep voice boomed out of the radio, 'Rundgren, your next album will be called "Ra".'"

(Feb 19 NME)
Ronnie Van Zant
"The judge said to me, 'Boy, yew tried to kill that guy, didn't ya?' An' ah said that ah did an' that ah didn't regret it. An' he said to me that he understood the way ah reacted but he'd put me in jail if he saw me in court over the next few years . . . God, ah couldn't bear to be put away."

(Mar 5 NME)
John Entwistle
"I suppose, of all the stablished bands that the punks are having a right old go at, we're the least susceptible because we've done it *all* before and they bloody well know it. We did it when we first started. We knocked *everything* and everybody hated us. I think they still do."

(Jan 29 NME)
Tom Robinson
"Once I'm pigeon-holed and filed away as a faggot who sings faggot songs, I'm not a threat anymore. But I don't want to be known as a fag. I want to be known as a singer."

(Mar 10 Rolling Stone)
Ian Anderson
"Just once I would like to persuade an audience not to wear any article of blue denim. If they could only see themselves in a pair of brown coruroys like mine instead of this awful, boring blue denim."

(Mar 12 NME)
Peter Gabriel
"I didn't go for the (Sex Pistol's) music much, but I enjoyed Rotten. I was interested at that point because other people who I was with, not musicians, but personal friends, hated them with a venom I hadn't seen for a long time. I thought anyone who can produce that reaction must be interesting."

(Mar 12 NME)
Graham Parker
"My mum gets annoyed when I talk about drugs or say 'fuck' in interviews."

(Mar 19 NME)
Malcolm McLaren
"It's not a punk rock version of the National Anthem, but the boys' own genuine tribute to the Queen."

"I think bands like The Damned and The Clash and The Stranglers have been taken over by the industry. The Damned are into the custard pie, paper bag through to *Magpie* and being the nice new wave band . . . a little bit of horror rock, a little bit of fun and games and they'll work very well on TV."

"We always knew Glen (Matlock) was into The Beatles and at first we lived with it. I felt he would be better off with another group because he had his own problems and his attitudes, rather than staying with people who didn't want to accept them. The Pistols are heavily into chaos and not music. They didn't want to get involved in harmonising. . ."

(Mar 19 NME)
Glen Matlock
"It was a mutual agreement. I wanted to leave and they wanted me out. In the beginning it was just mates playing rock 'n' roll and then later all the business came in and spoiled it . . . (it was) like playing with The Monkees."

(Mar 19 NME)
Marc Bolan
"The Damned I like a lot. I was introduced to them because one of them had the good taste to wear a Marc Bolan T-shirt."

(Mar 19 NME)
Mick Jagger
"It was fun onstage last night, but all these girls were grabbing my balls. Once they started they didn't stop. It was great up to a point, then it got very difficult to sing."

(Mar 19 NME)
Charlie Watts (of Margaret Trudeau):
"I wouldn't want *my* wife associating with us."

(Mar 19 NME)
Tom Robinson
"The Clash are the writing on *their* wall."

(Mar 26 NME)
Malcolm McLaren
"It's true we've received £125,000 this year for doing very little work — but it's not satisfying to us. We want to get back into action."

(Mar 26 NME)
Bruce Springsteen
"I was always the kind of guy who liked to walk around and slip back into the shadows. What you dig is the respect for doing what you do, not the attention. Attention, without respect, is jive."

(Mar 26 NME)
Tom Verlaine
"Like The Ramones . . . one of those guys — his name's Dee Dee — actually came down to audition for The Neon Boys . . . and the guy did not know a 'G' chord from 'A'! We had two songs back then with just three straightforward chords apiece, right? And he couldn't figure out where the hell they were! I mean, how can people call me hard to work with?"

(Apr 2 NME)
Mick Jones
"All the new wave groups sound like drones and I ain't seen a good new group for six months. Their sound just ain't exciting."

(Apr 9 NME)
Phil Lynott
"From the outset the idea behind Thin Lizzy has been to take these principals of the 60s into the '70s and give the kids a band and songs they can relate to."

(Apr 9 NME)
Wilko Johnson
"I was put in a position where I either had to accept something or get out . . . it became pretty plain that the other three didn't want to work with me. Nobody works on an album and then immediately quits the band. It was an argument over a matter or principal."

(Apr 9 NME)
Debbie Harry
"Blondie reflects the video-conscious society because we're so attuned to it — so we're a product of instant media. We can relate to its images and reflect them so much better than anything else you can think of."

(Apr 9 *apprx.* Daily Express)
Carl Palmer
"I study gold prices — though it's not such a good time to buy right now."

(Apr 9 *approx.* Evening Standard)
Angie Bowie
"David has been robbed blind. There were millions but other people got them, not us. It's the usual story with pop musicians."

(Mar 5 NME)
Ted Nugent
"The public are fed-up with bullshit. They want the real thing and I'm qualified to give it to 'em better than anybody else around. Rock 'n' roll isn't a mind expander, it's a pants expander."

(Apr 16 NME)
Ray Davies
"I remember the first time I saw the Stones. The band leader said . . . 'Don't watch 'em. They're a skiffle group'."

(May 5 Rolling Stone)
Roger Taylor (Queen)
"We are spoilt brats."

(May 7 *Approx.* Sniffin' Glue)
Paul Weller
"I don't dig hippies, but they achieved something in the '60s. They brought about a little more liberal thinking. We're all standing and saying how bored we are and all this shit. But why don't we go and start an action group, help the community? How many people can you see getting off their arses? Not fucking many."

(May 7 NME)
Paul Weller
"I don't see any point in going against your own country. If there's such a thing in this world as democracy, then we've got it. All this change the world thing is becoming a bit too trendy. I realise that we're not going to change anything unless it's on a nationwide scale. We'll be voting conservative at the next election."

(May 15 Melody Maker)
Hugh Cornwell
"It has always been a male-dominated society and it still is. And the majority of women accept that. They don't want to change it."

(May 21 NME)
Johnny Ramone
"The only reason that The Ramones came into existence was simply because American radio has become so low energy. At least England managed to move into the '70s with singles bands like T. Rex and Slade."

(May 27 Islington Gazette)
Mrs. Eileen Lydon (a.k.a. Ma Rotten)
"It's true I've brought up my children to be plain speaking. OK, so Johnny will sometimes say things straight from the shoulder, but he's not the violent type at all . . . Groups like Johnny's help society by bringing kids in off the street. A friend of ours thinks the Pistols are doing more good for the country than Jim Callaghan."

June 2 Rolling Stone)
David Crosby
"My whole 'Wooden Ships' wanting-to-sail-forever fantasy was bullshit."

(June 2 Rolling Stone)
Steve Stills
"I've been getting away with murder. I think back on my solo albums and there's some good stuff here and there. But it's mostly garbage."
"I've always been a cheap drunk."

(June 2 Rolling Stone)
Graham Nash
"I have to maintain the ability to be able to step outside and realise that all this doesn't mean shit to a palm tree."

(June 4 NME)
Lee Brilleaux
"Occasionally, particularly on stage, I still get this little flutter inside, like, I turn around suddenly and think, God, where's Wilko? I miss him a lot. Even though I would say . . . that the atmosphere is a lot healthier now without him around."

(June 4 Melody Maker)
Johnny Rotten
"There's no one who can follow us. The rest of those fucking bands like The Clash, The Damned and The Stranglers are just doing what every other band has done. It's the same big fat hippy trip."

(June 4 Melody Maker)
Steve Jones (Pistols)
"I don't see how anyone could describe us as a political band. I don't even know the name of the Prime Minister."

(June 11 NME)
Wayne County
"I'd rather be a girl. When I make some money I can have the rest of the operation."

(June 18 NME)
Freddie Mercury
"The kind of public who come to see us . . . *want* a showbiz type of thing. In fact they're the ones who put you on a pedestal. They want to see you rush off in the limousines. They get a buzz. We certainly like being excessive . . ."

(June 25 Melody Maker)
Elvis Costello
"I hate anything with extended solos or bands that are concerned with any kind of musical virtuosity. I get bored. That's why I write short songs. You can't cover up songs like that by dragging in banks of synthesisers and choirs of angels."

(June 25 NME)
Tina Weymouth (T. Heads)
"Only Rat Scabies has caused a scene. He appeared backstage at the Greyhound in Croydon and tried to get one of us to fight him. When we showed ourselves to be totally disinterested in that course of action, he contented himself with spitting on the floor and walking out. I felt rather sorry for him."

The Year

(July 2 NME)
Demis Roussos
"The landlady does not know Elvis Presley, she knows *me.*"

(July 9 NME)
Bernard Brook-Partridge (GLC member)
"I think The Sex listols are absolutely bloody revolting . . . I felt unclean for 48 hours after I saw them."

(July 14 Rolling Stone)
Mary Lou Green (Hairdresser to ELP)
"You know why they want their hair cut that way? Because they don't want to look like fags."

(July 16 NME)
Lindsay Kemp
"I include David (Bowie) on my list with Picasso, Cocteau and the circus. When I heard his voice I had to find him . . . It wasn't just because I wanted to screw him, although I must say that *was* at the *back* of my mind . . ."

(Aug 27 Melody Maker)
Johnny Rotten
"Elvis was dead before he died and his gut was so big it cast a shadow over rock'n'roll in the last few years. Our music is what's important now."

(July 16 Capital Radio)
Johnny Rotten
"A lot of it (punk) is real rubbish, I mean *real* rubbish, pathetic, and just giving it a terrible name. A lot of bands are ruining it. They're either getting too much into the star trip or they're going the exact opposite way. Neither way is really honest . If you know what you're really doing you can completely ignore the whole damn thing which is what we've always done."

"(I) remember *Ready Steady Go* when I was really small and that was great fun. I had a plastic Beatles wig. That's what started me buying records — I felt a part of it. But in recent years over the 70s I haven't felt a part of anything in particular."

(July 30 NME)
Paul Weller
"It's all fucking rock'n'roll. We get Teds grooving at our gigs, Johnny Rotten loves Shakin' Stevens and The Sunsets . . . it's all music, it's all Eddie Cochran. WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!

"To me it's ignorance. Ignorance on the part of the punks who feel they've got to fight Teds and ignorance on the part of the Teds who feel they've got to fight punks. Fighting each other down the King's Road every Saturday . . . is all bullshit. Bullshit that the media has encouraged . . ."

"I could tell you things that Rotten and Strummer have said to me that would show their major aims are just to be stars and make lots of money. But I ain't gonna, because I'm not into all the bitching between bands. That's just making everything worse than it already is . . ."

(July 30 NME)
Nick Lowe
"I could write for Peters and Lee. Christ, I could write any song to order. If The Clash want new songs or The Jam, say, I could churn 'em out. That's what I'm good at."

"(Bad Company) are about as exciting as a rotting sack of spuds."

(Aug 6 NME)
Tommy Ramone
"Dey say we're STOOPID. Whadda dey *want?* Fer us to use *flugel* horns 'n' strings, or sumting?"

(Aug 6 NME)
Sid Vicious
"I hate the name Sid, it's a right poxy name, it's really vile. I stayed in for about two weeks because everyone kept calling me Sid, but they just wouldn't stop. Rotten started. He's 'orrible like that, he's always picking on me . . ."

"The Clash only wrote those songs in the first place 'cause of me and 'im (Rotten) moaning about living in a poxy squat in Hampstead. It was probably them coming up there and seeing the squalour we were living in that encouraged them to write all that shit."

(Aug 6 NME)
Johnny Rotten
"I can remember going to those concerts and seeing all those hippies being far out and together, maaaaaaaaan, *despising* me because I was about twenty years younger than they were and having short hair. That's when I saw through their bullshit. A lot of punks are like that as well, which makes me really *sick.*"

(Aug 13 NME)
Rat Scabies
"I was well pleased when I got pulled by a Runaway. But she was a lousy lay."

(Aug 20 NME)
Tom Robinson (on his group's signing to EMI)
"The (EMI) record division was like a naughty dog who'd got a nice juicy bone with The Sex Pistols, but their master made them drop it. Now they've got another and they're growling."

(Aug 20 NME)
Wayne Kramer
"I'm a jailhouse guitarist and I want out — I want to be an outside quitarist."

(Aug 27 Melody Maker)
John Cale
"I thought Elvis died when I recorded 'Heartbreak Hotel'."

(Aug 27 NME)
Elvis Costello
"I'm absolutely despicably boring."

(Aug 19)
Evening Standard leader column
"Presley's death, like his life, is inevitably attended by much that is ersatz and professionally staged — an extravaganza of kitsch of every variety. But there is no mistaking the real shock, bereavement and desolation on thousands of those faces pressed against the gates of his house and queueing sadly for the memorial services. Will they cry like that for Johnny Rotten?"

(Aug 27 NME)
Bill Nelson
"We may not want to grow old, but unless teenage suicide becomes the very next craze, we're all going to be faced with the scorn of tomorrow's generation. Me? I've got enough music in me for a thousand years yet, and that's *all* I care about."

(Aug 27 NME)
Tony James (Generation X)
"We played that Leicester college gig. We felt like pop stars! It was like packed out, 700 people, colour TV in the dressing room . . . I thought 'ello, we've arrived. Then we got bottled after three numbers. We hadn't arrived."

(Sept 3 NME)
Paul Simonon
"I don't understand what people are talking about when they say Clash is a political band. I didn't know 'oo the Prime Minister was until a couple of weeks ago!"

(Sept 3 NME)
Bernard Rhodes (Clash manager)
"I get really annoyed when people say things like, 'Their (The Clash) songs aren't going to take me to the barricades'. That's not it at all. They're not meant to. They're just meant to keep the spirit bubbling, to keep fostering that emotion. England is a very creative place. Very accessible to new ideas."

(Sept 17 NME)
Iggy Pop
"I only met my son recently, though he's nine now. Before then I wasn't good enough. I didn't need a junkie, a pill addict, or a slobbering quaalude IDIOT hanging around him."

(Sept 3 NME)
Joan Jett
"I turned the pathetic asshole down when he popped the question . . . No thanks, Rat. . . Besides I don't get all hot and bothered over two and a quarter inch erections anyway."

(Sept 10 NME)
Cherie Currie
"They hated my guts, the stupid bitches. They wanted me out . . . but they were afraid that if I was out of the band they wouldn't know how to survive."

(Sept 10 *apprx* Daily Express)
Roger Daltrey
"My ears have been damaged. It's impossible to play with a band like The Who for 15 years without the high sound levels taking their toll."

(Sept 17 NME)
Knox (The Vibrators)
"We just want to smash America apart and I know we'll do it."

(Sept 17 Melody Maker)
Pete Townshend
"In my imagination I invented punk rock a thousand times."

(Sept 17 NME)
Tony De Meur (The Fabulous Poodles)
"I don't belong to any political groups. I have my own views but I don't push them. That can get dead boring. You can end up like The Clash. This year's Peter, Paul and Mary."

(Sept 17 NME)
Tom Robinson
"The Beatles led us all up one big blind alley of cleverness, sophistication and respectability and it took ten years of bland brilliance before reggae and punk blasted the whole thing wide open — youth music, rebel music again. At last."

(Sept 24 Melody Maker)
Iggy Pop
"For just five minutes can't you treat me like an animal?"

(Sept 24 NME)
Randy Newman
"I kind of hate the way The Sex Pistols remove all musical standards. That *'No future in England's dream'* is not bad. But it's kind of demagogue. If you look at it hard, what do they mean? Fascist regime? What's England got to do with fascism? Why get worked up about the God-damn Queen anyway?"

Oct *apprx* (Creem)
Rod Stewart
"I thought everybody in rock 'n' roll had illegitimate children."

(Oct 1 NME)
Bob Geldof
"I wrote to China and they sent me every single piece of Mao Tse-Tung literature and two hundred Little Red books. I started distributing them during Religious Instruction while everyone was reading their catechism. This *Totally* freaked everybody out, and about a week later I got a visit from the Special Branch in Ireland. They . . . told me I was filed in Dublin Castle as a subversive from now on."

(Oct 1 NME)
Keith Moon
"If any of them punk rockers goes anywhere near my drum kit I shall kick 'em square in the knackers! I got 15 years in this bloody business and what the hell do these bastards know?"

(Oct 4 London Evening Standard)
Jon Anderson
"I know people in the new wave describe us as the old guard. I would if I were their age. But I was on the dole for a long time as well."

(Oct 4 Daily Mail)
Pete Townshend
"They're here, the punks, with their big gobs and sharp pencils. Good luck."

(Oct 5 Grauniad)
C. P. Lee (Albertos)
"We were worried by the punks six months ago and thought, 'Here's something with a bit of integrity turning up.' But they've gone the same way as everybody in the rock business."

(Oct 6 Rolling Stone)
Paul McCartney
"The hard nuts of the music business, the critics, are gonna hate me because I'm not writing about *acne.*"

(Oct 8 NME)
Hugh Cornwell
"We're up there singing 'No More Heroes' and in front of us are thousands of kids going crazy. It's almost as if we we're perpetuating the very myth we set out to destroy."

(Oct 8 NME)
Jean-Jacques Burnel
"The trouble with women is that their bodies decline so quickly . . . by the time they're 40 they're soft and flabby, whereas you see handsome men at 40 . . . All the girls who come to see us are dogs but shit-bands are always walking around with incredible nubiles."

(Oct 8 NME)
Lee Brilleaux
"I can remember a couple of years ago when we were in the position a lot of new wave bands are in now, and I wouldn't want to go back. It was fun at the time to have cult popularity, but soon you realise that as soon as you reach a wider audience that cult will drop you like a ton of bricks.

"I don't want to spend the rest of my life being admired by a few people in London and Paris. It's flattering, but also a bit degrading, that snobbishness. "That's just the way the rock business works. I find it rather funny. Fortunately we're not gettung flak from being old farts 'cause we're not that rich."

(Oct 8 NME)
Howard Devoto (Magazine)
"I try my hardest to feel weird about as much as possible, but I like fried egg as much as the next man."

(Oct 9 Sunday Times)
Leo Sayer
"I love the punks. I used to be a mod so I know where they're at."

(Oct 15 Melody Maker)
Mick Jagger
"I don't think anyone in rock and roll is important. We're all full of shit."

(Oct 15 NME)
Mick Jagger
"If you don't go for as much money as you can possibly get, then I reckon you're just *stoopid*!"
"I've never really liked what goes for white rock 'n' roll ... I just can't dance to it ... Don't you think The Stranglers are the worst thing you've ever heard? Christ, I do. They're hideous, rubbishy ... so bloody stupid. Fuckin' nauseatin', they are."

(Oct 29 NME)
Rat Scabies
"Don't call me Rat. I'm Chris Miller. I'm sick of this monster I've created."

(Oct 15 NME)
Linda Ronstadt
"I love sex as much as I love music. I can't expect to fall in love with every guy I go to bed with. I keep saying I wish I had as much bed as I get in the newspapers. Then I'd be very busy."

(Oct 20 Rolling Stone)
Sid Vicious
"I didn't like fucking then and I still don't. It's dull."

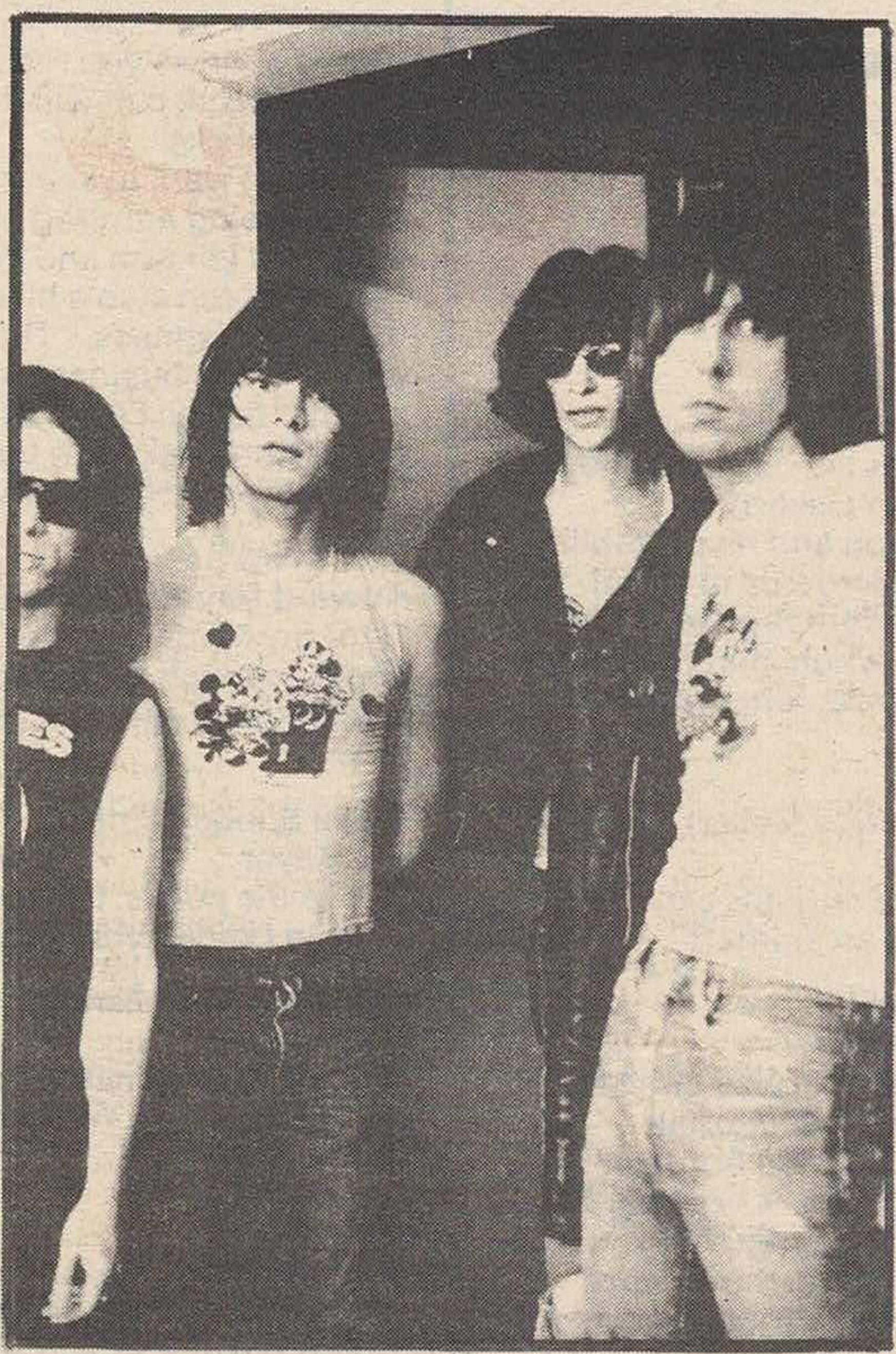
(Oct 20 Rolling Stone)
Johnny Rotten
"I despise the name Johnny Rotten. I don't talk to anyone who calls me that."

(Oct 20 Rolling Stone)
Johnny Rotten
"Love is two minutes and 50 seconds of squelching noises."

(Oct 20 Rolling Stone)
Johnny Rotten
"I'm an atrocious liar."

■ *Continues p.24*

ONE TWO



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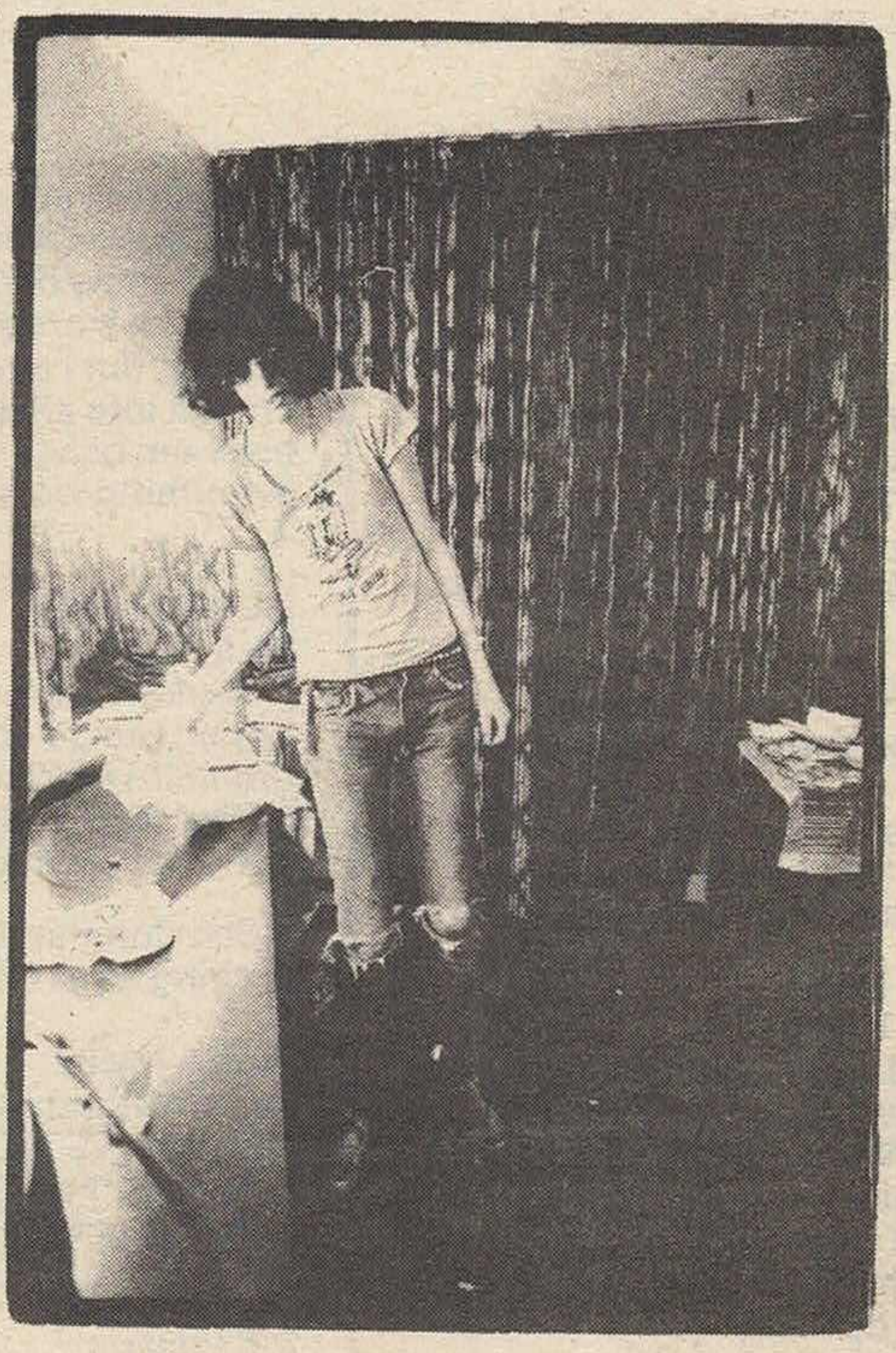

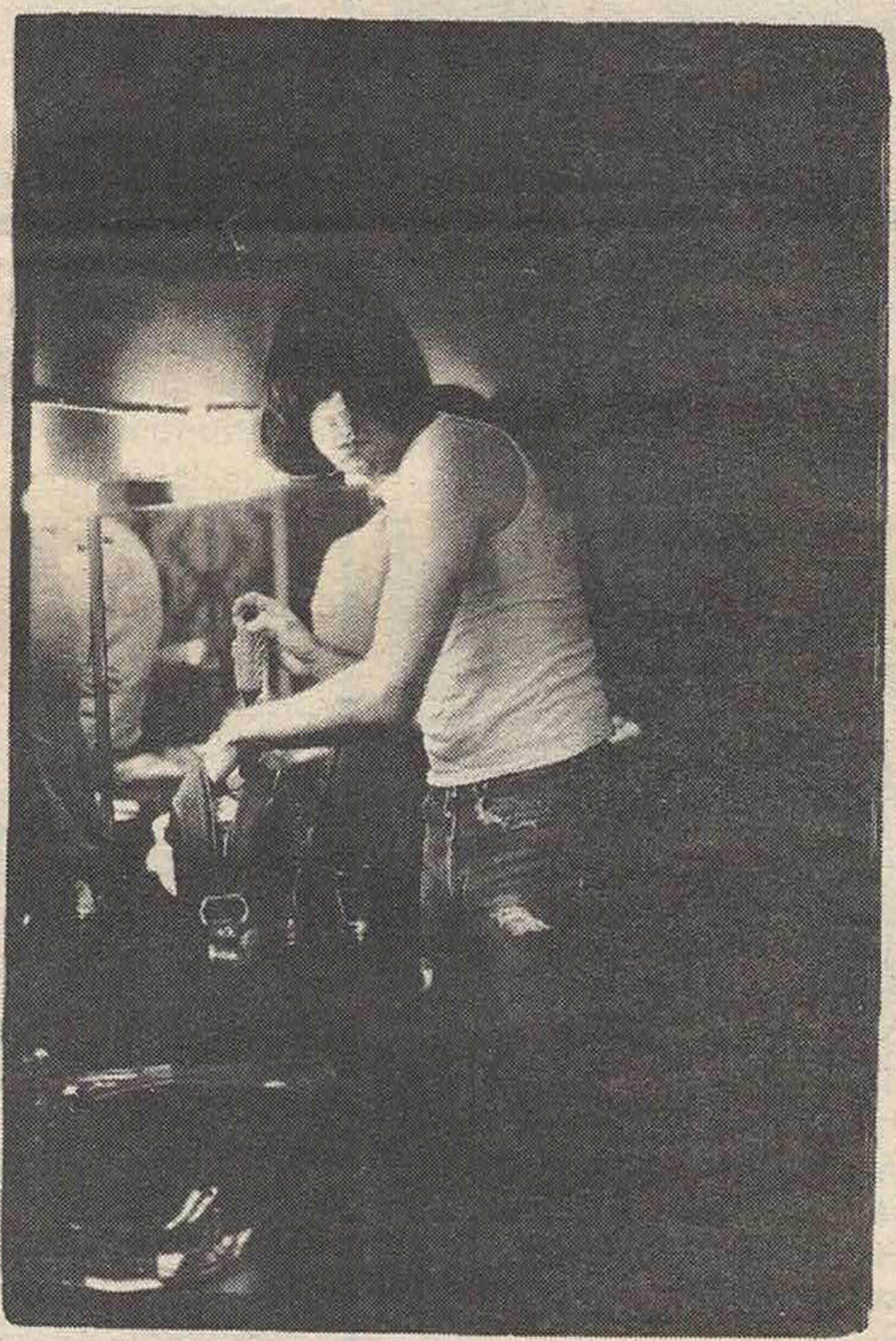

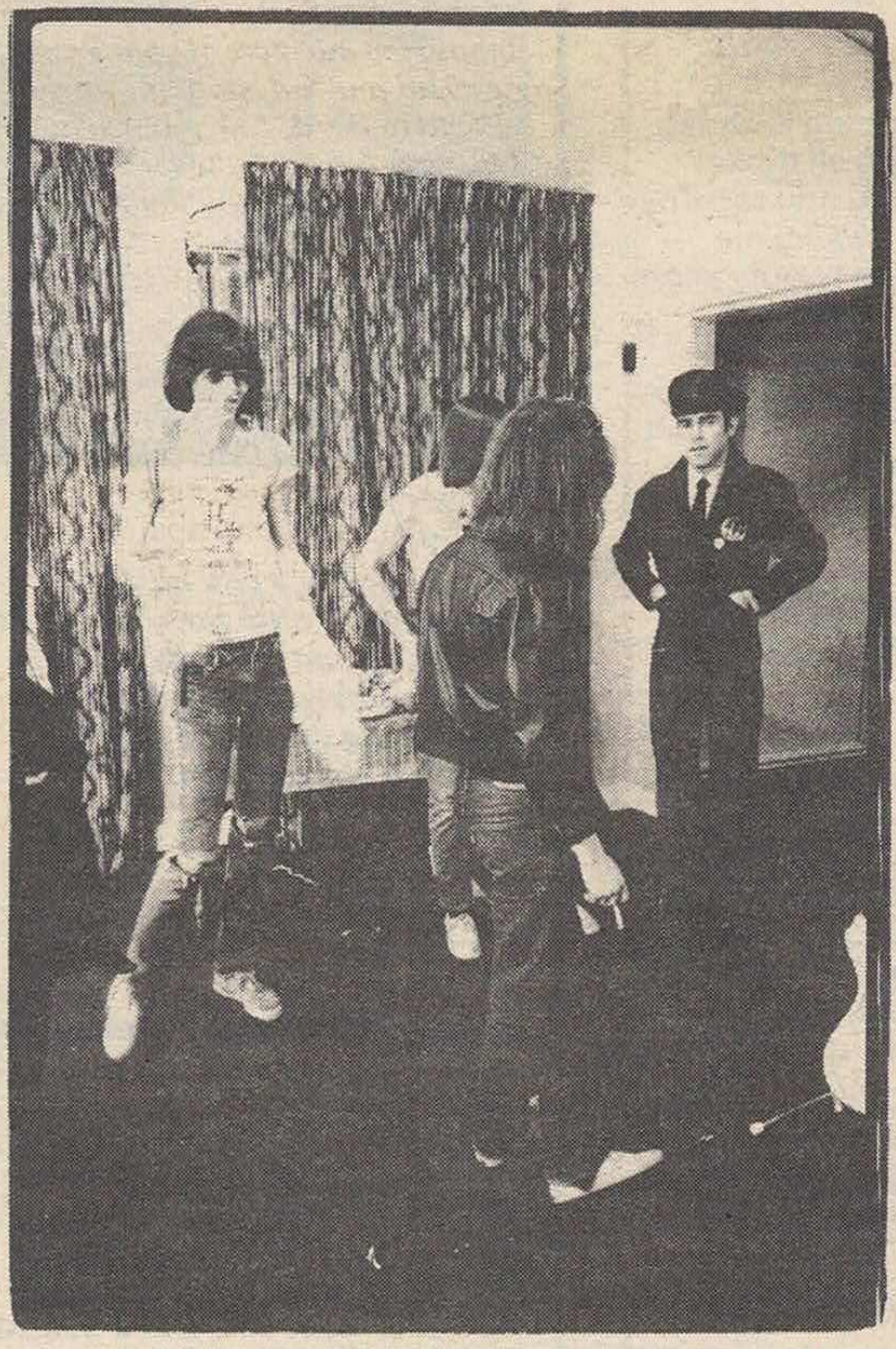

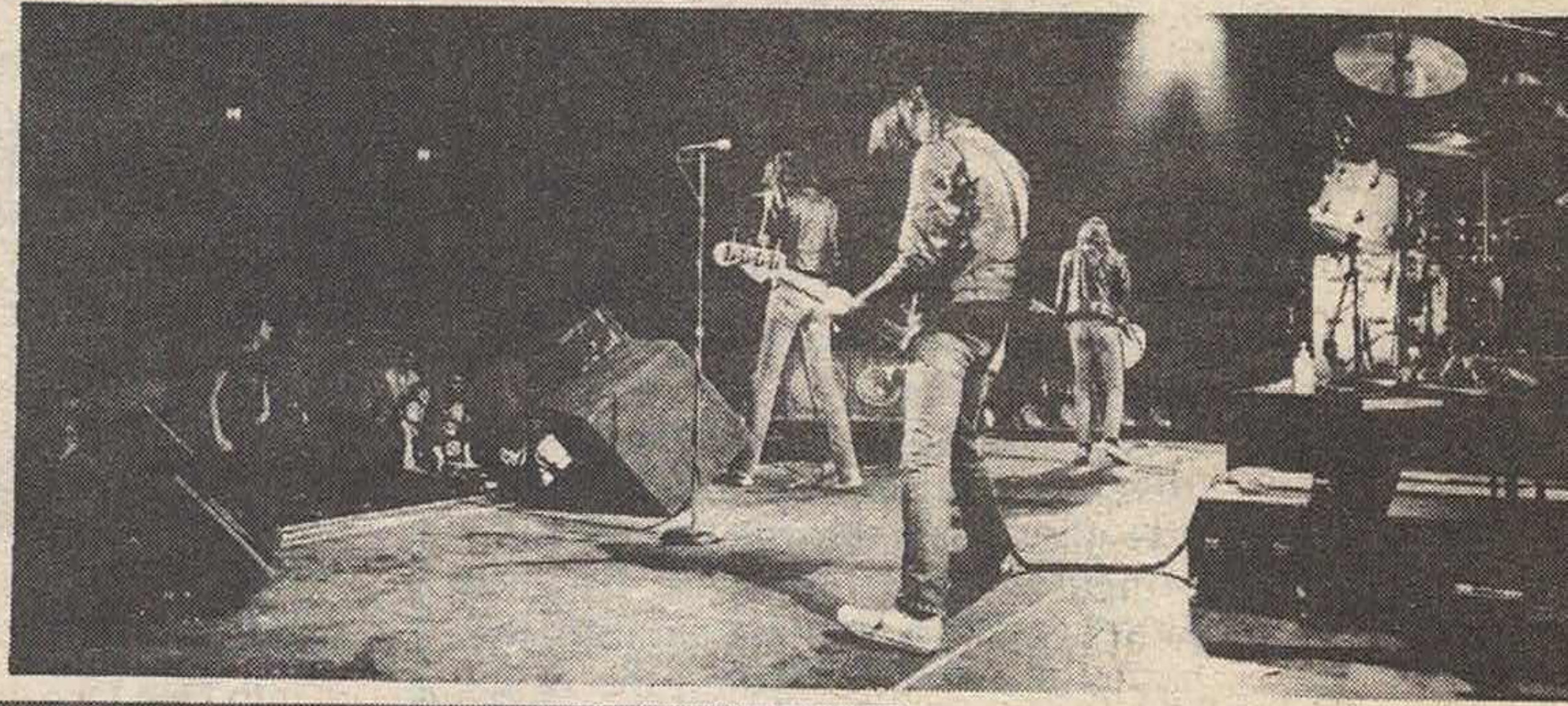

ALL PICS ABOVE: PENNIE SMITH

Tony Parsons can't take no more . . .

GIVE ME YOUR cretins! Your pinheads and geeks! Your misfits, your Mansons, your chain-saw murder freaks! Give me your runts and your brats and Sheena neo-punkies! Your gook-killing Calleys, your *TV Eye* and junkies! Give me your Uncle Sam, give me your Son Of Sam! Give me your peanuts and give me your napalm!

Give me your ghettos, your cults and your busted! Your tired, your wired, your commercially viable maladjusted! Give me your girlfriends, your boyfriends and whores! Your track-marks, your butt-scars, your *Star Wars* and gun laws! Give me Teenage Lobotomy for your sons and your lovers! Give me cheap street chic and give me your brothers!

"UUURRRGHHHEEERAH!" chokes late-twenties lobotomy Dee Dee Ramone sitting squished between his stage brudders Tommy and Johnny Ramone on the back seat of the limousine.

"UUURRRGHHHEEERAH!" the blank bassist reiterates, his gleaming void-oid pigeyes shining with shock - horror - confusion under the lank fringe of his lobot-mop-top coiffure. On the verge of total panic, his ham-fist mitts clutch desperately at the gaping mouth above his sagging jaw.

Dee Dee's brudders regard his sudden attack with mild interest without offering assistance or even enquiring what has caused this, uh, *funny turn.* Total detachment; they could be watching *Kojak* or a mugging . . . oh, it's a wunnerful town, awright . . .

"UUURRRGHHHEEERAHH!"

Something drops out of Dee Dee's mouth and he catches it, unclenching his fist slowly to reveal . . . one of his teeth. Not a false tooth, a capped tooth or any other kind of man-made tooth, but a genuine God-given, chipped-enamel, full-grown meat tooth with rotted black roots that have got fresh particles of food, blood and pinko gum-flesh still sticking to them.

Dee Dee stares at the tooth in awe. Maybe a minute passes before his brain apparently receives the information perceived by his keen, street-wise, perceptive vision.

"Uh, one of ma tooths fell out," he gasps.

If diddy D.D. had caught a falling Perry Como he couldn't be more full of the milk of simple-minded humble gratitude than he is at this moment. His deriding brudders cackle with mocking mirth.

"Sick, sick, sick," quips the moon-featured round-shouldered brudder Tommy. "Sick, Dee Dee, that's really sick."

As a parting shot he adds, "Sick."

"Ohmagard!" smirks the acne-blitzed, shaded, short-arse

PIC LEFT: HOWARD BARLOW

THE CRETIN HOP

cheap skin thin as a pin, drumming brudder Tommy. "Ohmagard, Deedee! Ohmagard!"

"Uh-hah-uh-hah-uh-hah!" chuckles brudder Joey (a name the English reserve for Budgies), precariously constructed with the altitude of an albino Harlem Globetrotter and the mouthful-of-beach-sand physique of a decrepit stick insect, crippled with infirmities, enfeebled with carbon monoxide lungs of the Inner City.

"Uh-hah-uh-hah-uh-hah, Dee Dee!" His face, almost hidden by his ridiculous permed Woodstock barnet, is Kotzwinkle's Horse Badorties incarnate; it would look more at home with a bale of hay than a cheeseburger. "Uh-hah-uh-hah-uh-hah!"

Joey is amused. One of Dee Dee's teeth have just fell out. The brudders are all amused. They are laughing at Dee Dee. Dee Dee is looking at his tooth.

"I'll put it under my pillow," asserts Dee Dee forcefully, and, poor bastard, he ain't joking.

The gaff, you understand, is *blown.* The Ramones, like so many Americans, are as stupid as they look.

NEVER HAS such genuine d-u-m-b-ness conned so many. The Most Perfect Pop Group In The World, etcetera, were even purported in the portentous NME 77 round-up to be purveyors of *"more intelligence at work in their songs than anyone else (including Steely Dan)."*

I don't know who wrote that, it could have been Charlie Murray, *(Sussed! — CSM)* but the statement is indicative of the way a band's image is moulded out of the private visions, images and fantasies of us rock-hacks. BUT IT'S GOT TO STOP! Dark forces are abroad, my friend, your Marxist Trilby has infiltrated the Ramonic limo (you didn't really believe they had no cash, did you?) as the slow-minded quartet try to cover up the reason Dee Dee's pearly-whites are dropping from his mouth like pennies from heaven.

"Old age, Dee Dee," Johnny mutters grimly. "Dat's why . . ."

"Uh, yeah," agrees pox-chops Tommy.

". . . uh-huh," Joey nods eventually.

I don't mention that I'm suss to the reason Dee Dee's losing his molars; the brudder (they're not really, just pretend and all Forest Hills) was a long-term self-confessed heroin career man who has thankfully, and I quote, "all cleaned up now."

It was Dee Dee who did the groundwork for "Chinese Rocks", the song Johnny Thunders also helped create.

"Somebody called me on the phone/They said, "Hey, is Dee Dee home?/You wanna take a walk?/You wanna go an' cop?/Wanna go get some Chinese Rocks?" '

When Dee Dee had all his things in hock, everything in the pawn-shop, the plaster coming off the wall and his girlfriend crying in the shower stall, he was paying for his habit by cruising New York's 53rd & 3rd, the city's sidewalk for male hustlers.

"You'd be walking down the street and run into Dee Dee with some old guy and he'd get embarrassed and say, 'Hey, you guys, have you met my uncle?'," Johnny Thunders told me the first time I interviewed him.

There was much friction last spring when The Ramones were threatening law-suits because Thunders' Heartbreakers had recorded "Chinese Rocks" for their first single, a song The Ramones claim as their own while declining to include it in their own repertoire, because, says brudder Johnny, "you've got to draw the line somewhere."

Actually the reason they don't do it, as Thunders claims, is probably that The Ramones are aware that while mass-murder, macho-misogyny and other Teen Rebellion buzzsaw drone pap may be as commercial as their inoffensive little dance songs like "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker", "Let's Dance", "Do You Wanna Dance?" and "Oh Oh I Love Her So", crooning about h-e-r-o-i-n is going to put them even further away from achieving mass popularity than they are now. They will refute any suggestion that they are putting anybody on, or that it's all a joke, or that they're just cacophonic cartoon characters.

"We were the first, the udders copied us," snarls Johnny.

"We wanna put der kidz in an udder dimension," growls Tommy.

They feel that the way the press have written about The Ramones is because the writers couldn't stand to admit to themselves that the band DO NOT consider themselves to be "Tom And Jerry", not even "Fritz The Cat", but Babble-on Rednecks with genuine resentment, bitterness and raging dreams of revenge and violence.

"They feel *safe* if they think we don't mean it, man . . ."

They hate, uh, Commies and wanted to go out to Vietnam to "kill Chinks."

They got turned down. Whether they lacked in the physical or mental qualifications that Uncle Sham required of his My Lai War Hero Patriots, they don't say, although *my* Ramones albums say it was because of the latter deficiency. But that didn't stop the lame-brain 4F brudders wishing and hoping, as "53rd & 3rd" on the first album reveals once you've got over the notion that this is the rock equivalent of *Woody Woodpecker* and opened your conceding wallet-strings to something closer to an aural *Taxi Driver.* It's the only Ramones song where Dee Dee R. get to sing an entire pathetic, lilting verse of envisioned nemesis.

"If you think you can/Well, come on, man/I was a Green Beret in Vietnam/Hey, no more of your Fairy Stories/53rd and 3rd, standing on the street/53rd and 3rd, I'm trying to turn a trick/53rd and 3rd, you're the one they never pick/53rd and 3rd, don't it make you feel sick?/Then I took out my razor blade/Now the cops are after me/But I proved I'm no sissy . . ."

FRAGILE EGOS as easily cracked as painted egg-shells, The Ramones anticipate insults to their manhood at every other second. They're a happy family over in broken-home Divorce Monthly Amerika, them Mom and Daddy (Seymour and Linda Stein of good ol' *punk-label* Sire Records), painfully aware of their own intellectual paucity and gleaning warmth and security from their contrived unity. And "Daddy likes MEN!" jokes Joey Ramone.

Guess I'll have to break the news that they got no mind to lose. They know it themselves, of course, and the realisation makes them both hostile to outsiders and results in a subsequent theme of trying to laugh off their pea-size-brains that runs constantly through their, um, *work* amidst the celebration of the only nation to have reached a state of decadence without passing through a state of civilisation.

Technicolour sick, cinematic Amerika and the bloated gross obesity of its inhabitants, obsessed with the secondary gratification of life and we all know what kind of rocket you wanna drop on Russia *maaaaaaaaac.* The Ramones make Z. Z. Top look like The Tom Robinson Band.

You guessed it; The Brudders Ramone don't like blacks . . . or women. They claim that none of them are married.

"Marriage is worse than dying. If ya split up the *woman* gets half of everything. Why stay with *one* for 50 years? We — heh-heh-heh — advise against marriage . . ."

In fact, the thirtyish Joey Ramone has been married for years. And Dee Dee hasn't been overstruck on the fairer sex since the time a year back when his girl came home early to discover him two timing her and set about her man with a broken bottle.

I was just going to ask if maybe Dee Dee would permit the lovely ace photographer Pennie Smith to snap a pic of the legendary scars for a possible *NME* colour centre-spread pin-up, when the scheming brudders started hatching a plan so as to avoid having to come on after The Rezillos at the second of their brace of dates at the Finsbury Park Rainbow.

See, the brudders may be a bit slow on the uptake, but even they realised by the last date of their tour that the magic charm of The Rezillos had consistently stolen the Ramonic thunder on this tour. The Ramones' patented headbanging sounded ridiculously jaded, with the novelty charm of their early days long gone . .

After three albums the initial implosion of mycology-rock (the study of fungi) has worn thin as a pin.

"Let's get Generation X to play *after* The Rezillos and before *us,"* suggests brudder Johnny. "Generation X are *so fuckin' bad,* man . . ."

"Yeah, they can play second on the bill," agrees Tommy. "Not The Rezillos . . ."

"Yeah, we wanna Jurnerashun Hex to play under us!" shouts Dee Dee, fondling his tooth. The brudders are not in the mood to have the last date of the tour spoiled by the superior talents of the *Scotch* weirdos. No way, man. These London dates are being recorded for the brudders' fourth album.

"How'z der audience tape?" Johnny asks the sound-man who's getting it all down on tape. "Is it okay, huh?"

"Great, it's great, we got almost everything we needed down last night . . ."

"Hey, was there some heavy bondage going on down there, huh?"

"Yeah, you lick her tat-too?"

"Did you use the chains on her, huh?"

Boys Club relish, kids. What a bunch of wankers.

"We should do 'Commando' and 'Havana Affair' again," brudder Johnny tells brudder Dee Dee.

"Ah, hey, dese pretty difficult to play . . . but dese the same!" Dee Dee blurts in astonished wonder.

"Yeah, they practically der same song," brudder J. seconds the motion with a chortle, but then his face gets deadly serious. "But they *are* difficult to play . . ."

"Hey, how many hours to go before we go home?" asks Tommy R.

"Eighteen hours." It's taken five minutes to work out.

"They keep ticking away dere . . ."

"Let's make it as short as possible tonight, huh?" urges Johnny.

"Yeah, get it over as soon as we can," nods Tommy.

"Keep it short," Joey sways, his Village Idiot head scraping the top of the limo.

"Get it over with quick," Dee Dee parrots.

Hey, lads, good to see ya enjoying yourselves in England!

They laugh at me and the limo pulls up outside the stage door round the back of the Rainbow. Billy Idol and Tony James of Generation X stand about sulking as the Ramones stride onto the stage for a minimalism sound-check.

Tony! Billy! CHEER UP! You're second on the bill tonight (The Ramones think you suck).

THE SHOW stinks. The audience love it. The power of auto-suggestion. Hell, I don't have to pay to watch this stuff, I can't blame you for a policy of compulsory enjoyment after you've forked out good money you had to perspire to earn. And — I admit — for about the first ten minutes of the show the spectacle of four pompous urban redneck morons making themselves look complete arseholes amused me to the point of side-splitting hilarity. But larf?, I nearly puked up when the brudders offensive tactics of rushing the show so they can piss-off back to America as soon as possible was an insult to everybody in the mezzanine (yes, *everyone* was there; where the hell else have they got to go?).

Joey standing starting-block jock stance, missing lines, singing in offhand couldn't-giveashit-man monotone, half heartedly holding the "Gabba Gabba Hey" sign at shoulder height and dropping it before "Pinhead" was even over while deliriously enthusiastic kids punched the air with limitless enthusiasm and pig-brain security guards leapt upon anyone straying from the vicinity of the eighteen-square-inches dancing area alloted them.

Tommy Ramone is in all probability one of the most laid-back drummers in showbiz, gently swishing his sticks across the skins and probably wishing he was back at the Holiday Inn in Marble Arch.

Johnny and Dee Dee wear cornball Minnie Mouse print tee-shirts. Dee Dee has the habit of knocking over his mike-stand. Bum notes abound (sorry, Dee Dee) and during the middle of one song Johnny absent-mindedly slips into the simplistic chord progression of *an udder song.*

BEFORE DANNY FIELDS was the manager of The Ramones he assisted MC5, Iggy Pop and Jim Morrison in their vocations, as well as some time as a rock-journalist. He's the man who drove Osterberg out to the sea when he sliced open his torso with a carving knife and wanted to get some salt water in his wounds. A short, fat, blow-dried business-man, Fields does the brudders' tinking for them and both regards them as Primitive Geniuses while being totally aware of the strictly cult status of The Ramones.

"The Ramones are *nowhere near* getting a hit single in America," he concedes.

"The Ramones are nowhere near any kind of mass-acceptance . . . punk-rock is still very much a minority thing, the kids are still all buying Kiss, Frampton and Fleetwood Mac. When Johnny Rotten was on the cover of *Rolling Stone* it sold less copies than it has done for *years.* Slogans mean nothing in America. That's why Malcom McLaren giving the New York Dolls a communist image was so ludicrous — everyone just dismissed it, but if they'd actually *meant* it they would have been in bigger trouble."

Fields reckons that there is *no* working class in America.

"When the Pistols play there, you won't find any dirt farmers or miners or poor kids going to their shows; it'll be kids whose parents make 50,000 dollars a year, kids who can *afford* to be rock fans . . . the richest kids, the hippest kids. The bands who'll do best in America are the cross-over bands . . . personally I like Television, although The Ramones *don't* like Television." Fields grits his teeth sternly. "I've *told* The Ramones," he hisses, clenching an impatient parental fist.

Dee Dee Ramone says he doesn't mind people spitting at him when The Ramones are on stage. Actually, this information is incorrect. Dee Dee gets very mad when a stream of gob hits him, he goes bleedin' berserk. Dee Dee does not appear to remember this fact.

"Nah, I don't mind it . . . it looks like snot . . . I mind it when it's in my eye because then 'I CAN'T SEE!" Dee Dee chuckles pleasantly. "When it's on my hand it makes my plectrum slippery to hold!"

This piece has been a rocket straight back atcha, yankee!!!!

QUOTES OF THE YEAR

■ *From page 21*

(Oct 20 Rolling Stone)
Bernard Brooke-Partridge (GLC member)
"The Sex Pistols are scum trying to make a fast buck, which they are entitled to do under the law. I am entitled to try and stop them. We'll see who wins."

(Oct 22 Melody Maker)
Nick Lowe
"I'm so bored with the safety-pin brigade. They've got fuck all style apart from the Pistols. I'm not interested in being part of any fashion."

(Oct 29 NME)
Ross McManus (Elvis Costello's father)
"Elvis has got three more little brothers, I'm not sure whether they're going to be altar boys or punk rockers."

(Nov 5 NME)
Jake Riviera
"Mickey (Gallagher of The Blockheads) used to play for Peter Frampton and he co-wrote 'Show Me The Way', which sold millions, right? So what's he doing grovelling for peanuts on a Stiff tour?"

(Nov 5 Melody Maker)
Fee Waybill (The Tubes)
"I'll do anything for our audience. I'll kiss their ass if they'll only buy our albums. Then when we've sold a million, I'll shit over everyone."

(Nov 5 NME)
Pete Townshend
"When I met two of The Sex Pistols recently I was appropriately in a raging explosive mood, but I recognised their hungry, triumph pursuant expressions and began to preach . . .

". . . I was the ageing daddy of Punk Rock in '73. I was bearing a Standard I could barely hold up anymore. My cheeks were stuffed, not with cotton wool in the Brando-Mafioso image, but with scores of uppers I had taken with a sneer and failed to swallow."

"A good friend of mine in New York gave me some advice when I tried to explain that I felt the problems in The Who were mainly about me and Roger, not the myriad of managerial and contractual problems that seemed so manifestly cancerous. I was counselled quite simply: 'Let Roger win'."

(Nov 5 NME)
Al Clark (Virgin Records PR, talking about Capital Radio ban of Sex Pistols' "Holidays In The Sun")
"It's quite puzzling, if an analogy had been made with Belsen and holiday camps by a witty media commentator it would be considered terribly pertinent. It's like Willie Hamilton being considered an interestingly controversial character because he knocks royalty, whereas the Pistols are considered animals."

(Nov 5 NME)
Eric Clapton
"I wouldn't have felt the urge to press on without the tips and encouragement that Bert's (Bert Weedon) book (*Play In A Day* guitar handbook) gives you. I've never met a player of any consequence who doesn't say the same thing."

(Nov 12 Melody Maker)
Jimmy Page
"The new wave is the most important thing that's happened since Jimi Hendrix."

(Nov 12 Daily Mirror)
Bert Weedon
"I cringe at all these punk rock guitarists. But really they do me good in the long run. Essentially, people want to hear the guitar played well."

(Nov 19 NME)
Rod Stewart
"There are no fucking safety pins falling off me. I'm my own man and I follow what I want and do what I like. When people don't like me then I'll say, 'Thank you very much, it's been a very good time,' and I'll bow out."

(Nov 19 Sunday Times)
Malcolm McLaren
"You could say we (the Pistols and me) hate each other's guts. Christ, if people bought the records for the music, this thing would have died a death long ago."

(Nov 19 NME)
Wilko Johnson
"I didn't know how to go about getting a group together, 'cause I'd never done it before. I spent six months being isolated and not knowing what to do . . . It has been really boring. I had the occasional nervous breakdown just to break the monotony."

(Nov 26 NME)
Eno
"For me, Roxy lost it somewhere around the middle of 1973."

(Nov 26 NME)
Thump Thomson (Darts)
"We're a new wave New Seekers teaching the world to be sick."

(Nov 26 NME)
Steve Hillage
"Eventually men will be able to travel by thought. But even then they'll choose to walk on occasions, simply because it's so pleasant."

"I'd say *my* music was New Wave. It's very much part of the later 70s."

(Nov 26 NME)
John Dowie
"People should realise that premature ejaculation is as trivial as a pimple or dandruff, and that just because you've had a limb off doesn't mean you're not normal."

(Nov 26 NME)
Vivienne Westwood (on Pistols Jubilee boat incident)
"I don't get angry at the police anymore. I know they behave like that to people like us."

(Nov 26 NME)
The Clash (a spokesperson)
"When The Clash played Manchester's Elizabethan Ballroom last week, the venue was late opening, the crowd got impatient and the doors were smashed in. Several people were injured and £600 worth of damage was caused. Obviously this doesn't help the band's image. The nature of the Rainbow gigs is highly experimental, the eyes of The Establishment will be on us, and we need the audience's co-operation.

(Nov 26 NME)
Rick Saucedo (Elvis impersonator)
"The audience reaction has easily trippled since Elvis died. People are crying and emotions are flying. I'll get rich if I don't get killed first. I drew 13,000 people to Lesourdsville Lake in Cincinatti on September 2. It was the largest crowd in their history. We had 17 armed police with clubs and riot ropes trying to restrain the crowd."

(Nov 26 NME)
Malcolm McLaren
"We'll play abroad. All over the Continent but not in the places that people usually expect a band to play, like Germany — we'll be keeping right away from those gaffs and playing Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia. We're very big in those places, there's a lot of enthusiasm for The Sex Pistols there. It'll be great for one of those countries to become *the* centre of rock."

"Where so many of the punk bands screwed up is that they allowed themselves to be assimilated into the system too, too easily — they gave up what they had initially for too little, just the same old shit."

"What I'd like to do is to pick some place on the map that no-one has ever heard of before — somewhere in Alabama near the Mexican border — and do a gig *there*. Even if they hate it, at least it's helping to decentralise and get away from every band playing New York and LA just because everybody else plays those shitholes."

(Nov 26 NME)
Paul Weller (The Jam)
"I think our new album is one of the best pop/rock elpees to come out in the last ten years. I think it's brilliant."

"The Pistols' elpee is the same stuff they were playing in clubs two years ago. It's like 'The Carpenters' Greatest Hits!' The Pistols are becoming what they set out against.
"I'm just another gullible youth. I'm into idols."

(Dec 3 NME)
Mick Jones (The Clash)
"I hate the Rainbow. I think the way they treat the kids there is disgusting. There's no way I'm gonna play there."

(December 3 NME)
Bernard Rhodes (Clash manager)
"I don't respect journalists and I don't care about students."

(Dec 3 NME)
John Mortimer (QC defending Pistols in Bollocks Trial)
"One wonders why a word which has been dignified by writers from the Middle Ages in the translation of the Bible to the works of George Orwell and Dylan Thomas, and which you may find in the dictionary, should be singled out as criminal because it is on a record sleeve by The Sex Pistols. It was because it was The Sex Pistols and not Donald Duck or Katherine Ferrier that this prosection has been brought. One wonders what the world is to think about a judicial system which has to spend its time to consider a word used to describe a load of nonsence."

(Dec 3 NME)
Rat Scabies
"The Adverts are bigger than The Damned now. All the praise that the new Damned album has got is for my songwriting. The Dead Boys are supporting them and the're going crazy. They can't understand why so few people are coming to the gigs.

(Dec 3 NME)
Pete Shelley (Buzzcocks)
"If someone out there can gob right into your mouth . . . well, it's the nearest thing you can get to a French kiss from 30 yards."

(Dec 3 NME)
Jimmy Page
"There's no question of Zeppelin splitting up. I know Robert wants to work again."

(Dec 3 NME)
Ozzy Osbourne
"Black Sabbath were in our own way what the punk groups are now: a people's band. I'm into the new wave because you don't have to be a brain surgeon to listen to it."

"I've been approached by several sharks and crooks in the business and some of the deals I've been offered went out with Al Capone."

(Dec 10 NME)
John Jackson (Sex Pistols agent)
"We are involved in extensive negotiations with all the major city councils. So far we've had a lot of refusals, and I do mean a lot. There's a great lack of co-operation on the part of many city authorities, but we have found some councils who've shown a degree of understanding and — with their help — we're hoping to get clearances to set up a fully co-ordinated tour."

(Dec 10 NME)
Burning Spear
"My business or the world's it can't stop. And Jamaica's business or the world's music system it can't stop neither. For if Jamaica stop no-one goin' go get no new music. It just goin' all the way now. Jamaica music just a boy, can't stop boy right now."

(Dec 10 NME)
Sid Vicious (talking about Keef)
"I wouldn't piss on him if he was on fire."

(Dec 10 NME)
The Pleasers
"The material just started vomiting out of us. We were waking up in the morning puking good songs."

(Dec 10 NME)
Derek And Clive
"Derek and Clive are normal Christian wankers with firmly-held beliefs. They represent all that is best about mankind: the primal search for the numero uno wank."

(Dec 10 NME)
Becky Yancey (Elvis's secretary)
"A lot of people don't realise that Elvis was normal."

(Dec 10 NME)
Rat Scabies (talking about debut with his apres-Damned band)
"It was an absolute disaster. The audience hated it, I hated it, the band hated it . . . I suppose in a way it was quite a good gig."

(Dec 10 NME)
Frank Marino (Mahogany Rush)
"God, I did easily 1,500 trips of acid. And I got very sick . . . I was in the hospital, fucked up . . . I felt like I was turning into a tree or a log, like mahogany, and whenever I felt like that I used to tell my brother I was having a 'mahogany rush'."

(Dec 12 Hollywood)
Woody Allen
"Sex between a man and a woman can be wonderful, provided you get between the right man and the right woman."

(Dec 17 NME)
Colin Newman (Wire)
"Writing songs is like having a shit. It's a function, a bodily function."

(Dec 17 NME)
Deke Leonard
"There's no one lower than Nick Lowe. I always thought Brinsley Schwarz were about as exciting as a bowl of vegetables. When they started they wanted to be Crosby, Stills and Nash and then they wanted to be The Band and then they did reggae and then they did heaven knows what."

(Dec 17 NME)
Gloria Jones
"I don't think Marc is unhappy. The only thing that's happening up there is Marc is telling Elvis how to sing and Jimi how to play."

(Dec 17 NME)
Sid Vicious
"As far as I'm concerned I'm just the bassist for the greatest rock band ever — in the whole universe. Touring and playing is what we should have always been about. All that film crap of Malcolm's was just stupid shit that could have really blown it for us.

"I've been just so-o depressed about this band, you wouldn't believe. We were just wanking off, that's all, when we should have been doing what we're supposed to be all along, which is being the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the universe."

(Dec 17 NME)
Mick Jones (The Clash)
"Sometimes I feel like I'm losing interest in sex entirely."

(Dec 17 NME)
Roland Kirke
"When I die I want them to play 'The Black And Crazy Blues'. I want to be cremated, put in a bag of pot and I want beautiful people to smoke me and hope they get something out of me."

(Dec 17 NME)
Tom Robinson
"EMI asked me to apologise to each and every one of you for sacking The Sex Pistols."

(Dec 17 NME)
Rod Stewart
"Britt and I are the best of friends now. Perhaps she is still the one . . ."

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Clint and Nick and Bobby run the gauntlet —a few servive...

Bobby Deerfield (A)

Directed by Sydney Pollack
Starring Al Pacino and Marthe Keller
(Columbia-Warner)

LIVES REDEEMED by love often resemble laxative adverts: each sluggish and miserly antecedent balanced by a post-jollop jollity and general flush. Sydney Pollack's movie falls into this schematic in the last third as the costive racing champion, Al Pacino, colours in his grey past. Kicking up his heels in bars, inventing non-functional fantasies, hobnobbing with a gardener whose weathered features and horny thumb clearly know a thing or two about proper drainage, Pacino, who has spent most of the film behind sunglasses, joins humanity.

The pivotal scene, probably unplayable, has Pacino risking ridicule by a halting impersonation of Mae West, his lugubrious, limpid, comic face straining after the stridency of that Grand Horizontal. An interesting actor — more than that in the underrated *Dog Day Afternoon* — he is increasing cast in near-somnambulist roles which miss the comic Keaton victim in his quietness. Maybe his resemblance to Dustin Hoffman panics him into unsuitable parts.

Structurally, the script is too neat, trotting out the various frigidities of the hero and then tidily reversing them. He ignores the family snapshots; he adores the family snapshots. As if aware of the saccharine drift of the genre — Jane Wyman, Sirk, *Love Story* — screenwriter Alvin Sargent injects some tart oddities into the dying heroine's dialogue: "Have you thought that the racing car is an extension of the penis?" asks Marthe Keller. Her father's collapse on the beach crushes an infant, she explains to the baffled Deerfield in one of her flights of fancy.

Throughout, the coquetry with mysterious reverberations — the magician's eerie performance, the fairytale gathering of hot-air balloons, the enigmatic death of Deerfield's team mate — is merely pressed into service for the plot. It's a *QED* in which little lingers. On this showing, Pollack, aiming somewhere around *Lilith, Charlie Bubbles* and *The Gypsy Moths,* has ended up kicking for touch.

Brian Case

The Deep (A)

Starring Robert Shaw and Jacqueline Bissett.
Directed by Peter Yates.
(Columbia).

THE DEEP is formula filmaking as High Art, guaranteed to empty wallets and minds. There is no humanity in this underwater adventure, only professionalism.

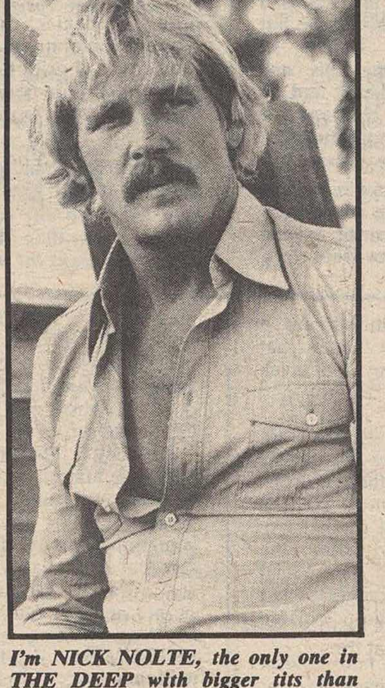
Peter Benchley's sub-*Jaws* epic of innocents with aqualungs stumbling on a forgotten hoard of morphine capsules benefits from its screen treatment, gaining a pace which the printed page plot lacked. Director Peter Yates swaps the car chases of *Bullitt* for tension-filled underwater excapades with giant conger eels, and voodoo and Bermudan heavies thrown in for effect.

Robert Shaw plays Romer Treece the maverick diver, with a touch of psychosis that makes his performance enjoyable, if not memorable. Jacqueline Bissett and Nick Nolte meantime satisfy the meat market fans by displaying desirable torsos and little else.

The innovatory use of underwater sound techniques sporadically capture the right full fathom five feel. Elsewhere, though, the movie more closely resembles a saline drip.

Appropriately, Donna Summer provides the film's theme song. Infinitely consumable, *The Deep* is shallow.

Dick Tracy



I'm NICK NOLTE, the only one in THE DEEP with bigger tits than Jackie Bissett.

The Pack (AA)

Directed by Robert Clouse

Blue Sunshine (X)

Directed by Jeff Lieberman
(Columbia-Warner)

TWO LOW-BUDGET fright genre prices, one a minor trumph of wit and style, the other a major triumph of banal storyline and execution.

The Pack concerns a gan of rabid dogs terrorizing an isolaed holiday island, and draws a vague moral about the encroachment of uncaring civilisation on nature. Civilisation gets its come-uppance though by having the vacationing bankers amongst the first to die from snarling canine jaws.

The characters, like the moral, are of the cardboard cut-out variety. For the finale they wheel hickneck, All-American Marine Biologist Jerry into place in front of a houseful of burning dogs. He says to his son "Go get the crackers out of the glove compartment in the car," and makes pals with the one remaining hound. A wonderfully inane moment, as if they brought Walt Disney's animal kingdom studio in to finish the film.

Inane moments about in *Blue Sunshine* too, but here they are deliberate and, like the tension and neatly cliched plot, played tight clever, never too obvious.

Basically, what happens is that some people go simultaneously bald and bizarrely homicidal manic. The hero, Zipkin, is accused of being such a person and, on the lam with only his girlfriend to believe him, sets out to discover the real culprit and prove his innocence. Without giving too much away, let's say it knocks another nail into the coffin of the summer of love.

If you take it the way it's intended — not too seriously — you should enjoy it. And if writer/director Jeff Lieberman ever finds a bogey man common to everyone's closet and takes it slightly more seriously, he could make the next *Jaws*.

Paul Rambali

The Gauntlet (X)

Directed by Clint Eastwood
Starring Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke
(Columbia-Warner)

AT 47, CLINT Eastwood still looks good in a torn T-shirt and with his stock repertoire of facial tics, squints, grins and grimaces supporting a hard-boiled (or is it half-baked) philistine philosophy which falls somewhere between rugged individualism and survival of the fittest, he remains a Genuine Hero.

Odd, because his aura of arrant sexism and arrogant authoritarionism falls way short of any moralistic principles and contrasts sharply with his individual liberty schtick. But the Eastwood screen persona — not substantially different from his off-screen one — has become increasingly *grata* to a huge international audience (though excluding, one would've thought, many women) who see him as a Regular Guy in control of the situation.

Which is one of the reasons his latest movie comes as a pleasant surprise, since the character he plays — a laconic (of course), stoical (natch) policeman from Phoenix — bears scant relation to Dirty Harry and The Man With No Name beyond being able to point a gun straight and pull the trigger.

For starters, this cop is, er, a bit thick and, in a preposterous plot which portrays the combined police forces of Arizona and Nevada as venal and/or stupid, in no way in charge of his own destiny until, predictably, the slambang finale.

Eastwood's cop is a loser (he slovenly drops a bottle of Jack Daniels from his car as he reports for duty after an all-night drinking session, dishevelled and unshaven), just putting in his 20 years and waiting for retirement. He's a disposable, dumbass cop ("A faded number on a rusty badge," as someone puts it, somewhat bathetically), sent to Las Vegas to escort a 'two-bit hooker' (Sondra Locke, lovely performance) back to Phoenix for trial. Routine case, routine assignment — or so he's told.

In fact, the Mob (you know, those faceless hoods who've bought the Police Department) are out to make sure neither of them get further than the Vegas strip. Ms Locke, you see, knows Too Much.

Some hope, especially when Eastwood sobers up and is goaded into prideful reaction by his spunky companion, leading to several spectacular set-pieces and unlikely confrontations with cracker cops, Manson-like hog-choppers and, best of all, a bent PD commissioner whose axiomatic remark ("Shit, they're cops, the bastards are paid to shoot, not think") sums up the ambiguous tone of the entire exercise.

Eastwood the actor puts in a maudlin, impassioned plea urging respect for the cop on the beat while Eastwood the director shows them as a bunch of dildo-toting flunkies.

Still, the direction keeps *The Gauntlet* moving so swiftly that you don't question the dubious morality of the piece until you've gone home wondering how come you can hear what Clint says when his lips don't move.

Like all his movies, *The Gauntlet* looks good enough to frame and is expertly cut for maximum motion. Movies should *move,* right? It may not be as impressive a work as *The Outlaw Josey Wales* (the plot's just too daft) but even Clint's human, for Chrissakes. I think.

Monty Smith

Yeah? So how come I got the gun?

SONDRA LOCKE acts spunky in THE GAUNTLET.

THE SILVEREST SCREENS OF SEVENTY 7 7 SEVEN

Silver Screen Top Ten '77

(in alphabetical order)

Annie Hall
(Directed by Woody Allen)
Carrie
(Brian De Palma)
Communion
(Alfred Sole)
The Devil's Playground
(Fred Schepisi)
F For Fake
(Orson Welles)
Fellini's Casanova
(Federico Fellini)
Kings Of The Road
(Wim Wenders)
Padre Padrone
(Paolo and Vittorio Taviani)
Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins
(Dick Richards)
The Squeeze
(Michael Apted)

Box Office Top Ten '77

(in financial order)

The Spy Who Loved Me
(Directed by Lewis Gilbert)
A Star Is Born
(Frank Pierson)
The Pink Panther Strikes Again
(Blake Edwards)
A Bridge Too Far
(Richard Attenborough)
Sinbad And The Eye Of The Tiger
(Sam Wanamaker)
The Omen
(Richard Donner)
King Kong
(John Guillermin)
Airport '77
(Jerry Jameson)
101 Dalmatians
(Walt Disney)
The Enforcer
(James Fargo)

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ALB

Snaps of Suicide are scarce but we're assured this NYC scene presents them in an ongoing situation. And so, at a guess and a pinch, from left to right on the bench: unknown; Bangs; Alan and Alexander.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

DEATH BY DISTRACTION

Suicide hail from Noo Yawk, were featured on the first Max's Kansas City album. Recently they submitted their last will and testament to LESTER BANGS. This is his considered opinion of same. So who are we (or you) to argue?

SUICIDE
Suicide (Red Star Import)

WHEN DYLAN said "Your bedroom window is made outa bricks" he had no idea what he was talking about. As usual.

Lucky for him all of us were here to tell him what he meant. Looking at it straight ahead it's obvious A J Weberman was one of the first punk rock pundits. Being one of the first literate and voluble humans to dig that other folks just could not put into printable words just exactly what the Prophet was saying. Everything he (the Prof) said came true, but you gotta listen to those who dig deep to get it now.

That's where I, and Suicide, come in. What Dylan meant was that we all wanted to sleep forever, ergo the 70s. Betcha wondered when I'd get around to talking about them things.

Yes, we can sleep and boogie too, in fact we don't want no intrusions. Sleeping is as important as eating or fucking or the rest of those nigh-forgotten basics, but sleep got a bad press for a while there.

Finally though, as we now understand, what new wave rock'n'roll really means, we can deal with sleep on its own terms. Which have become our terms. Which means that power to the people finally amounts to not having to deal with any of this "light" bullshit ever, if we don't want.

The sun, no thanks buster, like some hustler with a pocketful he says on Times Square, forget it, and there was a record that prophesied this but I'm not gonna say what it was . . .

Because there's a new record where all them prophecies come true. No, it's not by Debbie Boone. It's by Suicide. (You see, there *is* a choice.) Suicide are The Seeds of the Seventies. They sound like 'em for one thing, even more than The Stranglers, but the real deal is in their cuttle bone simplicity. Some buyers with five bucks in their pockets may baulk at an album with only two players on it, namely Alan (vocals) and Marty ("Instrument" — I swear to god that's what and all it says.)

But it's so obvious that Suicide have stripped The Seeds out of postdue glory. They do pretty much the same (post-midnite mutterings with bubblegum-catchy organ accom) with less (as I said) and those who complain that it all sounds the same have just not matriculated from "Up In Her Room". Either that or they're so dumb they don't realize that Elton John joined The Eagles long ago and John McLaughlin is one of The Olympic Runners.

Monotony is where it's at more than ever these days, and this record is such fine monotony that it shows up the rest of the wallpaper music around for what it is (polka dot, which is the most collegiately hippiesque, common and boring wallpaper motif except, of course, for black, which is so obvious it *still* somehow in spite of the efforts of punk rockers at large and things like Lisa Robinson '"Eleganza" columns, as I would say still does indeed manage to transcend boredom, which of course makes it ((black)) the ((only)) colourscheme which ((still)) makes it; and black as black is black is what and all we've got here).

This record fits right in there with things (hits) like "Put It Where You Want It" by The Crusaders and "Outasite" by Billy Preston; it's that good. Besides which it doesn't all sound the same at all, as witness the New Orleans keyboard riffs which break up Marty's trance.

Definitively these guys have been around for a long time, you know; they're no punk rock bandwagon hoppers. First time I heard of them was a Q&A interview in *Changes* magazine long about '70 or '71. I never forgot what they said either: "Q: 'What is your message to the youth of America?' A: 'Shoot up, man, just shoot up."

Rocket men before Elton John, Suicide have stuck to their guns and held out against all temptations serpent-tonguing them in the direction of convenient commercial sell-out leading them through thin and thinner to a time when I for one consumer (cause unlike most critics or my habits I actually bought this album but that's not why I love it) welcome shit like this and thank the lord that it and oh say the Richard Hell and the Voidoids album can actually be released and mass distributed.

Meaning that such records in the context of the music business as it has forever existed and especially now does deep all hatches battened, that, that, that, oh that, that these records are *anomalies*, in the same way in a way as "White Light/White Heat" or "Raw Power". Which is (pay closer attention to this part-no offence, but I read all this stuff with one lobe and a sliver of cornea myself) not to say that this is anywhere near as good as those were, just that it's . . . oh, *historically significant*, if you care to fill your nostrils and dental cavities with such dogshit as that, or just OUT OF IT GARBAGE if you think otherwise like all sensible slobs do.

There is a masterpiece here: "Frankie Teardrop", ten minutes long, which oughta shut down all them crapstoked typmanic nodules panting to pleat of "minimalism" (art I mean Art as concocted by Artistes has nought to do with it).

I think the best album to come out of the whole new wave is Richard Hell's "Blank Generation", but Bob Quine, lead guitar in that group, told me this: "Yeah we're all right, but we're not *perfect.*" Bob thinks Suicide's debut is perfect, and he has better taste than I do, so good he doesn't even like Lou Reed's like "Metal Machine Music".

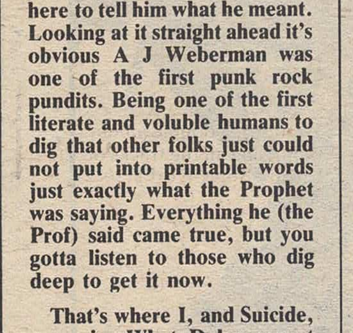
His fave and mine is "Frankie Teardrop", mainly because it contains the best screams ever heard on any rock'n'roll record. Better than Morrison's after *"We want the world and we want it now"*. Better than Patti Smith when she OD's on hash. Better even that Iggy in "LA Blues", and that's saying a lot.

This song is also very funny, in much the same way that Dylan's "Ballad Of Hollis Brown" and the *New York Post's* recent "SAM SLEEPS" headline were, and I don't have to tell you how hard good laffs are to come by these days. Finally, if you need any more convincing, this group is managed by and this record was put out through the good graces of Marty Thau, the man who brought you The New York Dolls, and I don't have to tell you what all he did for them.

Suicide. They have endured, six or seven or eight or however many years since The Velvet Underground first inspired ten thousand little moron Bands on The Lower East Side. Suicide have survived granola-rock, Grand Funk and glitter, paying their dues every track of the way, and now they have come chickening home to claim what they would have been awfully nervy to try claiming in the first place.

Honestly, I don't think they can survive this level of success. Which is even more reason why you should buy this album *today*, and hold onto it *tight*. It may not come droning on white vinyl, but it's a definitive limited edition anyway.

Lester Bangs



GIL SCOTT-HERON & BRIAN JACKSON
Bridges (Arista)

DID THEY really get what they wanted? They being black Americans. Gil Scott-Heron doesn't think so. He thinks that what they got came only on official paper when it should have come from the heart. With his partner Brian Jackson he's still writing songs about it.

He started in the late '60s as a novelist and rap poet, but soon moved to music as a more immediate method of imparting his message. Over the years he has refined his medium from the spirited, free-rolling jazz verse of his early Flying Dutchman albums to a sophisticated midnight soul sound, but the commitment remains the same.

In simple terms, Gil Scott-Heron wants freedom for his brothers and sisters all over the world. He is probably alone amongst U.S. black musicians for retaining a social conscience, most others having lost it as quickly as — in the wake of the '60s expanding political awareness — they found it.

"Bridges" is no different in that respect. The themes that thread the album are black spiritual affinity, identity and emancipation.

These, you'll notice, are much the same as the themes in Rasta music, though Scott-Heron's treatment is not the simple chant and catchphrase variety. Coupled with the current vogue for social commitment, this suggests that his, by now, should be a name to drop.

However, over here at least this has not been the case, probably because his chosen medium — soul music — remains for Britain almost a white man's province. Which brings us to another point: how does the white man relate to Gil Scott-Heron?

He doesn't. Gil Scott-Heron addresses himself mainly to his fellows, and unlike Winston Rodney or Marley his communication level isn't the sort that can be easily felt by all and sundry. He relies on poetry and hot funk rhythms, his music resting somewhere between The Last Poets and Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On".

If anything, it's his poetry that tends to let him down. A mawkish preaching tone sometimes creeps in to detrimental effect, but on "Bridges" these moments are to a minimum.

For the most part he keeps it succinct, telling and funky, turning in two charging work-outs of the "Johannesburg" and "The Bottle" type in "Hello Sunday" and "Under The Hammer" and turning out easily his best album since '74's "Winter In America".

Gil Scott-Heron isn't waiting for no Black Star liner, he's out there building it.

Paul Rambali

UMS

HARVEST HERITAGE 20 GREATS
(Harvest)
40 NUMBER ONE HITS
(K-TEL)

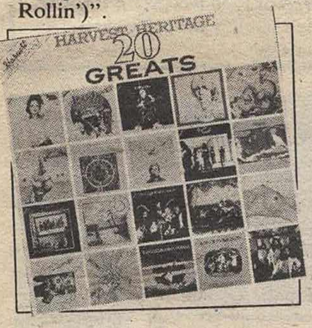
DID YOU believe in rock and roll, '70s kid? Only eight of these "Harvest Heritage" songs can be blamed on the lame old black dog '60s — stuff the rest in *your* closet.

Amongst the nondescript "sounds" herein are The Gods, by name though not by nature (to judge from press piccy) or by art (to judge from their contribution "Real Love Guaranteed").

Syd Barrett plays an acid casualty on "Octopus", Babe Ruth make Moogmeat of "Private Number" ("Sacrilege!" snorts my fiance The Mod) and bland, blond Kevin Ayers' "Caribbean Moon" is as good as an expensive education allows it to be.

The Greatest Show On Earth's "Magic Woman Touch" sounds like The Brothers Gobb (aka The Bee Gees) and The Climax Blues Band sound like black Chaplins (v. good) imitating The Pirates (v. bad) with "Looking For My Baby".

There's primal Hip Easy Listening Heavy Metal from Deep Purple with "Hush", their kindly warning to headbangers everywhere — *"Hush/Hush/Thought I heard her calling my name now/Hush/Hush"* while the Edgar Broughton Band sound like pioneers of Piles Rock whilst revealing that distasteful hippie view of woman as breeding-machine and little else with "Momma's Reward (Keep Them Freaks A-Rollin')".



Tomorrow's "My White Bicycle" is *the* speed song — *"I'm not tired/And it's so late/Moving fast everything looks great."* Just the essence that The Sex Pistols adulterated in "No Feelings."

Awful though all but two of these 20 tracks are, they serve as an example to today's bright young white elephants. All of these people made albums (see the high-flown sleeve's excusing themselves on the front cover) and most of them grind nine to five nowadays.

Packaging, possums, packaging. Don't let Harvest fool you into thinking they've captured phantom "integrity" just because they don't use the dumb, clashing, crass cerise, red, yellow, green and turquoise explosion sleeve of "40 Number One Hits". I favour K-Tel, because they present pop/rock/roll as it is — cheap, exploitative and catchy.

The sleeve is no art, and rock is no art except for its own sake — the art of making money, making the charts, making girls, making mates jealous. Some art. It outdoes even the skinflicks.

Precious moments in "When Will I See You Again" (The Three Degrees), "Baby Come Back" (The Equals) and "Tears On My Pillow" (Johnny Nash). Also present are Chris Farlowe's "Out Of Time", Long John Baldry's "Let The Heartaches Begin", Dawn's "Tie A Yellow Ribbon" and David Cassidy with "Daydreamer".

Even if "Billy, Don't Be A Hero (Paper Lace) and "No Charge" (J.J. Barrie) move you only in the manner of Ex-Lax, songs such as "With A Girl Like You" (The Troggs), "Gonna Make You A Star" (David Essex) and "Can The Can" (Suzi) should bring a festive glaze to your eye (or both, if you've got two).

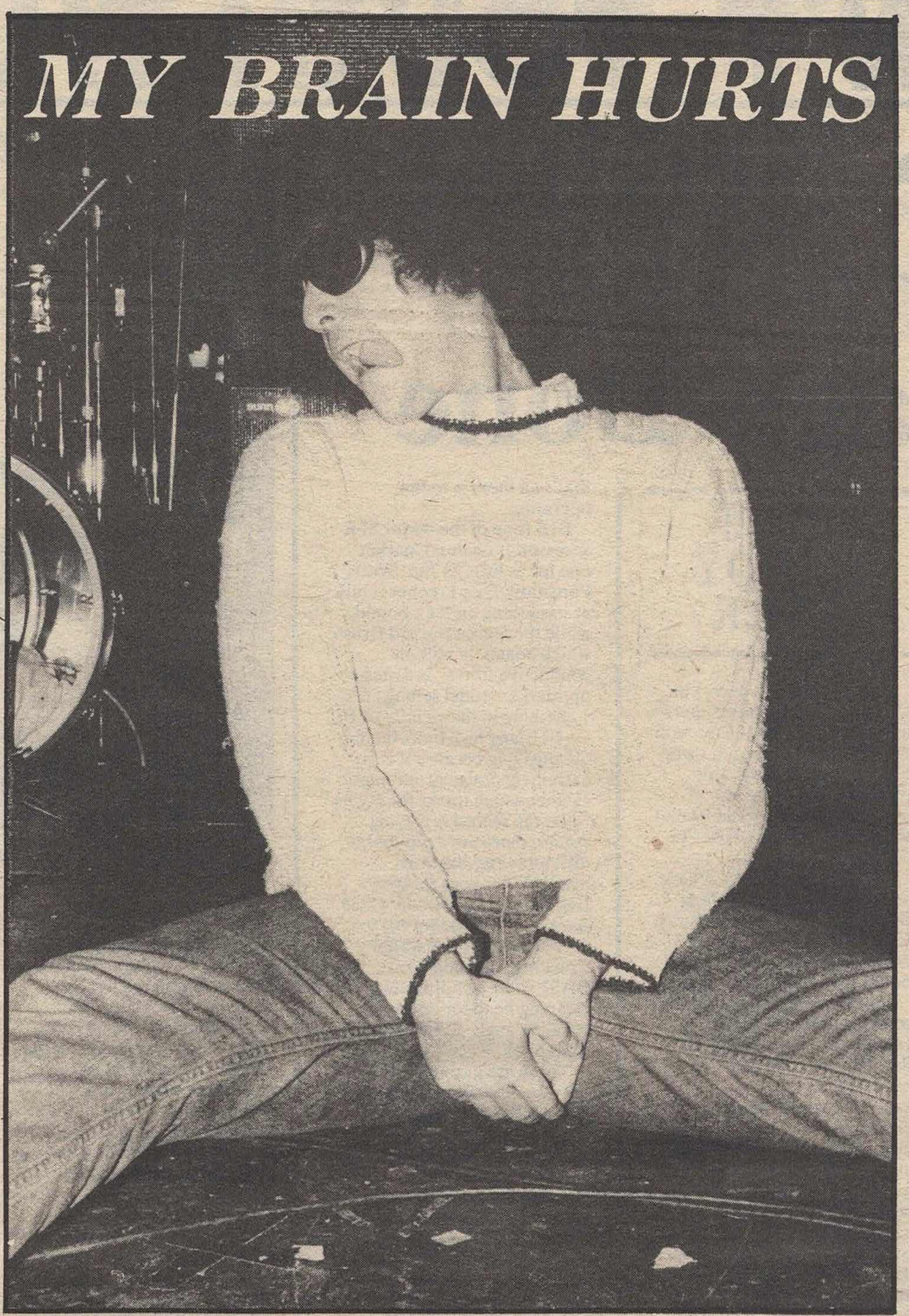
Gary Glitter, Alvin Stardust, The Monkees, Barry White, Mud. . . .there ain't one here that you won't know, therefore you'll love them all.

Here you have the definitive Commercial Success/Pretentious Flop samplers. *You* pay your money. Me, I gave them both away.

Julie Burchill

Manitobas to cross?

MY BRAIN HURTS



THE DICTATORS
Go Girl Crazy (Epic)

A BONA-FIDE classic. No doubt about it, "The Dictators Go Girl Crazy" — almost three years old but released here for the first time — ranks alongside the Apollo 12 moonshot and Richard Nixon as a great American disaster of our time. And for throwaway relevance aligned to low-rent social significance it remains unsurpassed by anything except the first six issues of *Howard The Duck.*

Anyone who has ever wondered why American kids chose to spend the major part of this decade in a quaalude and cholesterol stupor will find the answers here.

"Go Girl Crazy" is preoccupied with, and at the same time a vindication of, American garbage kultcher. It also contains more in-jokes per sentence than the average issue of *Snouds.*

Combining these things, Andy Shernoff's aural American Graffiti asks where were you in '75 and answers with an all-embracing *"huh?"*, plenty of Who-chord hard rock and a few Beach Boys steals.

Wrestling, McDonalds and all night fourteen channel television provide the scenario for The Dictators to explore the motivations of contemporary American youth. Their findings are best expressed in the closing "(I Live For) Cars and Girls", but along the way who except Richard Blum (aka The Handsomest Man In Rock 'N' Roll) could handle such inimitable one-liners as *"I drink Coca-Cola for breakfast"* or the immortal *"edjamacation ain't for me"?* And who could resist a song like "Teengenerate", which starts with the words *"who's that boy with the sandwich in his hand?"*?

After beginning with such a hot contender it was obvious The 'Tators were destined for great things. Soon after this album they were fixed up for a two year stint as houseband for the Miss Nude America contest.

If it relates to a bad report card, The Dictators will sing about it. The real title of this album is "Kill Your Parents".

Paul Rambali

Shoeless In Tennessee

BAREFOOT JERRY
Barefootin' (Monument Import)

HAVING PROVIDED the Mother Company, Columbia, with a string of near unimpeachable albums it came as no surprise to learn of Barefoot Jerry's unceremonious dismissal from same.

"Barefootin' " is the group's sixth venture into an area of country music which, by virtue of its welding the traditional elements of the genre to an electronic expertise not usually associated with the outlaw hicks, is several steps removed from any southern outfit.

Still following the path of proven humour, civilised doperisms and individual expertise the barefoot crowd give success, fad and maudlin Nashville rehash a well-aimed middle finger. It was no doubt part of Columbia's double think policy that resulted in their deigning to release the band's fourth disc in Europe. In the interim you might have missed the debut, "Grocery" and the classic "Watchin' TV".

Barefoot Jerry's country credentials are second to none.

Operating out of Madison, Tennessee and drawing their inspiration from the Smokies, America's most laidback mountains, their output has revolved around the presence of veteran stylists such as Wayne Moss, Charlie McCoy ("the Nashville Hit Man"), Mac Gayden and steel guitar virtuoso, Russ Hicks.

Along the way they've managed to alter their lineup without ever losing a grip on the lushly textured sound which is their custom built heritage. Mac Gayden has sought the solo lights recently and Dave Doran, Tarry Dearmore and Fred Newell are on vacation but the reappearance of guitarist Barry Chance and the multi-talented strings man Mike McBride easily make the nut.

Side one is a compromise for these guys. The songs are jagged, pointing references to their various styles from the psychedelic bluegrass to country funk (the smell and the rhythm), salacious hogweed romance and a nod at blue roots, Robert Parker in the title track and the risque Dixie blow out zap of Hicks.

Side two contains all the familiar elements that make Barefoot Jerry so warm and inviting a proposition. The focus switches to larger dollops of mainman Wayne Moss, the finest singer in the South and in the absence of Duane Allman, one of that area's most unique guitarists. His repertoire ranges from an American protest number, eschewing the cause of solar over nuclear energy (dedicated to the survivors of the world's largest nuclear power plant in Hartsville, Tennessee) to a geographical hoedown guide to the reefer states which puts in what the Pan Am travelogue leaves out.

The mood and drive of Moss's material is structured to a finale, a paen to the Smokies name of "Headin' For The Hills", which just about sums up the urban plight and puts the rural way of life in a romantic perspective. Wayne's delivery and the band raunch are allied to an overall dynamic sense of melody refined enough to stand comparison with the best groups on the planet — melodies, hooks and transitional chord breaks in abundance.

Six excellent records in a row which transcended any sense of formula makes Barefoot Jerry one of the few intelligent melting pots extant. To hear them is to love them.

Max Bell

IMPORTS

WILLIAM GUEST, Bubba Knight and Edward Patten — ever 'eard of 'em?

IF YOUR answer's in the negative then you're directed to say two dozen Hail Cliff Whites as a penance and wash your mouth out with soul soup. For Messrs G, K and P are none other than those famous relatives **The Pips** and now, after a mere 25 years, they've finally plucked up enough courage to make it on their own via "At Last — The Pips" (Casablanca) which most pundits rate as highly acceptable.

"Topaz" (CBS) would appear to something in the nature of a Rolling Thunder Revue reunion. For the band is led by Rob Stoner, bassist on that Dylan jaunt, while drummer Howie Wyeth and popular Hull laddie Mick Ronson, two other Rolling Thunder protagonists, aid and abet along with Aynsley Dunbar, tub-thumper to the stars and ex-Klooks Kleek pint-downer extraordinaire.

Transatlantic have commenced their British distribution of French Barclay releases with "Exile One" (90140), a fairly lack-lustre soul and reggae effort; **Tim Blake's** "Crystal Machine" (900545), a synthesiser special from the ex-Gongster that was recently mentioned in this column and "Paris By Night" (90-098), by Patrick Juvet, a ritzy disco job that has Jean-Michel Jarre, Sonny Burke, Ernie Watts, Jim Gordon, Lee Ritenour and other such names scuffling in the background; plus "Brel" (96010), which — as Scott Walker, Alex Harvey and Peter Straker will tell you — is the first album from **Jacques Brel** for many years and a release which has already sold over two million copies in tati-land. all of these barclay albums can now be ordered from your friendly neighbourhood record flogger by merely quoting the catalogue numbers provided.

The latest Jap arrivals include "Joan Baez — Live In Japan" (Vanguard), a concert recorded at the Kosie-Nenkin hall back in '67; and "The Blues World Of Eric Clapton" (London), a double album comprising all the tracks on the British "Blues World Of . .", plus "Stirs It Up", the single made with Otis Spann, and all of the home released Clapton-with-the-Bluesbreakers items except "Another Man" and "Parchman Farm". But the bad news is that these cuts only fill three of the four sides, the fourth being filled by a lecture on Clapton, John Mayall, Otis Spann and Champion Jack Dupree — in Japanese!

WRD, the importers who specialise in **Elvis** rareties, tell me that they're now flying in copies of "E-E-Exclusive — Final Edition, Memphis, Tennessee, February, 1961", an album containing a previously unreleased Presley press conference, two other WRD offerings being "Elvis Para Los Fans Espanoles" and "El Rock And Roll De Elvis", both Spanish releases.

The rest of the past week's arrivals have included **Amanda Lear's** "I Am A Photograph" (Chrysalis); **The Central Park Sheik's** "Honeysuckle Rose" (Flying Fish), which features Carla Bley in back-up capacity; **Roy C's** "More Sex And More Soul" (Mercury), an obvious follow-up to his previous "Sex And Soul"; drummer **Billy Hart's** "Enhance" (A & M); **Peter Brown's** "Do You Wanna Get Funky With Me" (Drive), yet another T.K. production; and finally (and unbelievably) **Rosebud's** "Discoballs" (Flarenasch) an album that presents such Pink Floyd favourites as "Arnold Layne", "Interstellar Overdrive" and "Have A Cigar", decked out in disco fashion!

Fred Dellar

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

The Needle And The Damage Done

HI-FI By ROY CARR

THE BEST method of keeping records clean is not to get them dirty. And I suppose I could leave it at that but . . .

The truth of the matter is that prevention is preferable to any known cure, so keep your fingers off the microgrooves. Always handle a record by the edges or use a fold-over velvet record handling pad (BASF, 60p) and don't (unless instructed by our reviewers) use records as beer mats and frisbees.

Considering the exceptionally high price of records, you'd expect people to treat them with respect, but of course that seems to be too much to ask. As a result of wide-spread negligence, a lucrative mini-industry given over exclusively to record care and vinyl sanitation has sprung up.

There may well be something in the region of three dozen various cleaning kits readily available, but the problem is that some manage to cause more harm than good: you often require another cleaner to remove the gunge deposited by the kit you originally used to clean your records!

However, if you persist in clogging up the grooves, here's a few items which, if used with care, could restore your discs to their former glory. But remember, nothing but nothing will remove scuffs and scratches from the surface of any record.

Speaking personally, I have reservations about cleaning fluids, because even the purest tend to leave some residue which, after a period of time, builds up into a solid layer.

I much prefer either one or a combination of the following: (A) the dust-off roller, (B) a dust bug, (C) anti-static reducers.

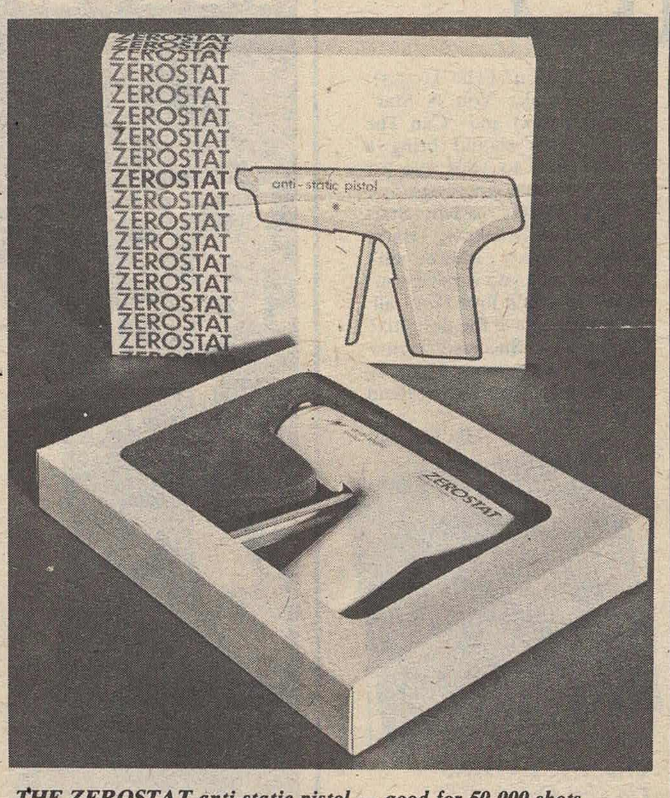
(A) The dust-off roller (with either a felt or plastic sponge cleaning pad) is both effective and simple to use and comes highly recommended. This is how it works: place a record on a rotating turntable, gently rest the roller on the surface of the record and, after it has absorbed any maverick dust, activate the stylus arm. And that's all there is to the operation.

BIB (one of the major hi-fi accessories dealers) market one for as little as 78p, Watts' Parostatik Disc Preener retails at something under a pound, while the Decca Record Brush which boasts "a million conductive fibres" is a more up-market model selling at something in the vicinity of £6.

(B) Many hi-fi buffs favour the dust bug because it is an extremely practical automatic cleaner which tracks the stylus while the record is playing. Again, there are a number of different dust bug arms available for your scrutiny: BIB market a selection which start at £1.36 (Model 50) to £3.97 (Model 101 Parallel Tracking Cleaning Arm). BASF offer an adjustable cleaning head for optimum tracking angle as part of their sales pitch. Price £3.24.

There are a couple of drawbacks that need to be taken into consideration. Unless a dust-bug arm is correctly positioned it can, if you're not careful, slow down the speed of almost any turntable. Dust-bugs also have tendancy to fall apart.

(C) One cleaning device which, despite retailing at £6.99, is rapidly gaining massive acceptance is Zerostat's anti-static pistol. No larger than a Derringer, this anti-static reducer contains a piezo-electric cell which produces a discharge of approximately 10,000 volts, applied to a corona discharge needle in the barrel to neutralise static charges of either polarity. Yet, despite the high voltage produced, the Zerostat is perfectly safe as it does not produce a lethal current.



THE ZEROSTAT anti-static pistol — good for 50,000 shots

So what does it do?

It enables the vinyl junkie to thoroughly clean a record. Static is a recurring problem because even careful use with a polishing cloth still attracts a certain degree of static. If a Zerostat anti-static pistol is used in conjunction with say BIB's Groov-Kleen dust bug, you should encounter little if any static. Please note, a dust bug must be used because the Zerostat doesn't remove dust, it neutralises the static that attracts debris, the dust-bug sweeps it clean.

BIB also market a similar device, a Groov-Stat at £5.98.

After reading this, I expect many of you will still smear your greasy dabs all over your albums and then bad-mouth the record manufacturer for pressing up such crappy product.

A friend of mine who owns a large record store recently confided that many of the records returned to him as being "defective" are not always substandard pressings but victims of a blunt stylus.

One afternoon, while I was in his store, a customer made a real big deal of returning his copy of P.Floyd's "Animals". On inspection, the disc proved to have the first three inches of grooves gouged out.

Asked if he'd checked his stylus the customer replied defiantly, "What's that?"

The needle.

"Why should I check it?"

Well then, when was the last time you changed the *needle*?

"Change it! Nobody ever said anything about changing the . . 'er, watcha call it?"

The stylus.

"Yeah . . stylus . ."

How long have you had your record player?

"Bout six years . . . there's nothing wrong with my record player, it's the bloody record that's faulty!"

I'm not fabricating that story to emphasise a point (no pun intended), because it isn't an isolated incident. More records are permanently ruined by being played with a blunt stylus than by any number of sticky fingers.

If you've got a diamond stylus and use it consistently it should be changed every 12-18 months. Should you have doubts about its condition, take the stylus along to a specialist.

Rough diamonds destroy records.

However, even a new stylus need servicing, so regularly brush it gently forward with a small clean camel-hair paint brush. If at any time, the stylus gets clogged, I suggest either BIB or BASF cleaning fluid or better still a drop of neat Vodka.

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*Each unit comes with its own exclusive specification graph.

NAD60 System: NAD60 Amp. 30 x 30 watts RMS (20–20K). Twin Marantz 5G Speakers, JVC JLA20 Turntable, Ortofon ff.15E Cartridge + plinth/cover. R.R.P. £341.62. Our price: £268.66. Amp. only: £99.95 (R.R.P. £145.12).

*3 years parts and labour guarantee for all NAD items.

NAD90 System: NAD90 Amp. 45 x 45 watts RMS (20–20K). Twin KLH317 Speakers, Technics SL23 Turntable, Ortofon ff.15E Cartridge + plinth/cover etc. R.R.P. £445.51. Our price: £359.90 Amp. only: £127.68 (R.R.P. £176.62).

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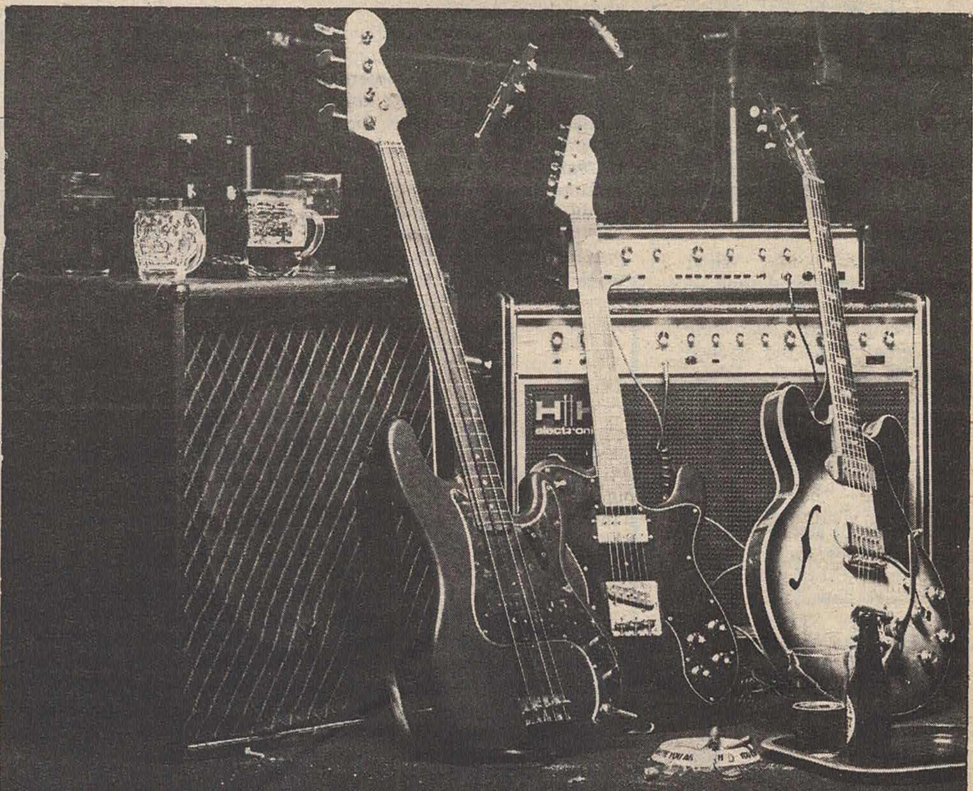

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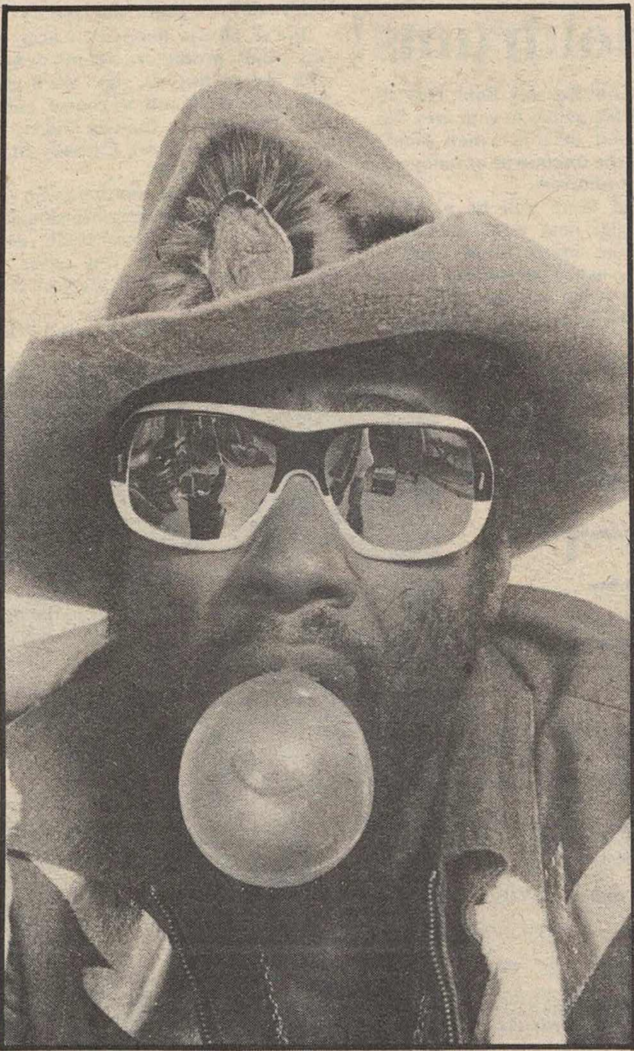
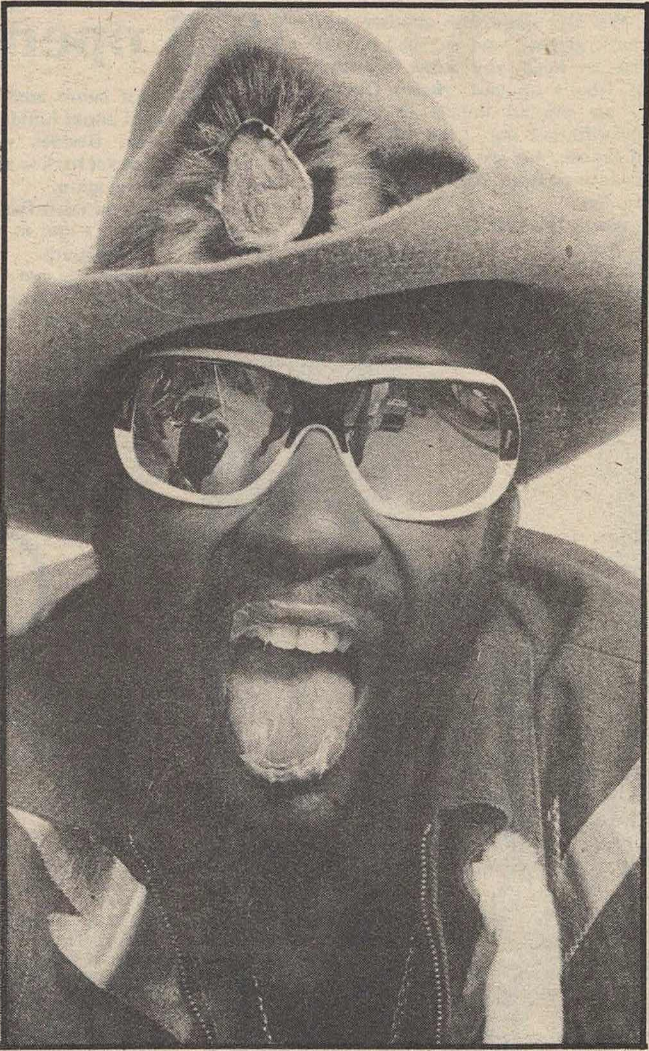


By ROY CARR

The scene: Maggotropolis, Hollywood. The target: the infamous Mr. GEORGE CLINTON, High Priest of a Black Unholy Trinity. Enter a reporter clutching a clove of garlic . . .

FUNKADELIC



George Clinton. Pix: NEAL PRESTON

The Creation of Dr Funkenstein

EVER since they first stuck up the place sign in the hills, Hollywood Babylon has attracted every dippy-brained religious sect and power-crazed cult imaginable.

The motto being: Today America — Tomorrow The World . . .

George Clinton alias Dr. Funkenstein alias The True Son Of DagooNa (The God Of Reefer) and half-a-dozen equally bizarre pseudonyms has long harboured this kind of vision of unilateral conquest.

However, don't misconstrue Clinton's predilection for name-game disguises as advance symptoms of schizophrenia. The way things are going, he might just achieve the America Today part of the campaign.

The United Maggots of Funkedelia is where George Clinton puts his plans for world dominence into operation, from a suite of offices situated along Sunset Strip between the notorious Whiskey A Go Go and an even more notorious All-Nude Burlesque House.

Maggotropolis — as he calls the joint — looks like a Real Estate office from the outside. Inside, it's wall-to-wall mayhem.

CLINTON (make a note of the name) is arguably the only person to have instilled a welcome breath of insanity into a Black American music scene on the brink of having both soul and lifeblood drained by the disco vampire.

He is mastermind and ringmaster behind the unholy trinity of Funkadelic, Parliament and the irrepressible Bootsy's Rubber Band — the result of his self-confessed *acid-awareness* having been vividly transformed into a three-ring electric circus of over-the-topness.

His becostumed cohorts have exerted the most profound(!) influence on Black American consciousness since James Brown, Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone.

Their work is a Bosch fantasy of unearthly delights that evokes flashes of almost everything from Alice Cooper and Ziggy Stardust, Pink Floyd and Kiss, Hendrix and Zappa, techno-flash and dry ice, ELP and LSD, Sly and *Star Wars*.

"Ah felt," drawls the gregarious Clinton in his best Superfly hip-speak, "that is was time for ah change."

His assumpton was correct and his vision evolved into what he laughingly terms Acid Doo-Wop!

For all his appearance Clinton is one El Shrewdo Dude. Aware that almost every innovation in rock has come as a direct result of white — no matter how apologetic and dedicated — ripping off black, Clinton has chosen the try and re-direct the heavy one-way traffic.

"For a long time," he jives, "I've been aware that with almost *everything* in America . . . black follows white, so ah just hung around taking notes and waited until it was time for me to make mah move."

According to him, young Black America no longer has any real empathy with its blues heritage. "Down music", is how he describes it. "Blues doesn't reflect pride. British kids know more about the blues than American kids of their own age. Anyway, blues became white kids' music."

He cites the Stones in the first instance and more recently The Average White Band and The Bee Gees as having attempted to turn both black and white kids back on to R&B and soul. This is something he approves of — but apparently the controllers of the American puse strings do not.

"The barriers might be down but the dollar bill is desperately trying to stop it. They're still trying to separate the black and white markets so that there'll be no need for cross-over advertising. It's not the music but the advertising revenue that's the key to radio. If a black station is playing the same kinda records as a white station the sponsors have gotta compete in both markets."

The way things stand, many million-selling black superstars are unknown outside the ghetto — "It's easy to sell a million albums to blacks without cross-over sales and without appearing in the charts."

However, Clinton isn't very complimentary about many black artists. As both performer and record producer his believes the only thing the majority have going for them is a good disco re-mix engineer.

This degeneration of black music, he says, coincided with the blanding-out of white American rock.

"The whole culture" — the husky voice escapes from inside a body swathed in embroidered denim and patch-work thigh boots — "decided to take a rest and that's when *we* popped outta the closet."

"The war in Vietnam was over and a lotta folk reckoned rock had nothing to get serious about".

Clinton decided to play the situation for laughs and his approach proved lethal. City after city across America capitulated as The Mothership — a large flying saucer that skimmed over the heads of the audience — disgorged the massed bands of Parliafunkadelicement onto the stage in wild abandon.

"Rock ain't finished", Clinton chuckles. "We just needed to change a few identities and call it sumpthin' else".

The Tubes, who had much the same idea, didn't put a name to their brand of outrage. But Clinton chose P-Funk (the P stands for Pure).

In sttempting to take One Giant Step Forward, The Mothership (with Clinton at the controls) first went back in time and salvaged all those special effects discarded by white supergroups in their flight to un-numbered Swiss bank accounts.

"Strobes, psychedelic lights, thunder-flashes and dry ice machines," Clinton points out, "are a big novelty amongst young black audiences".

So too, it seems, is a decent p.a. cystem. Volume, or to be precise, the sheer lack of it, had prevented black acts from breaking out of the clubs and theatres and into the large arenas.

"Vibes at big concerts have always been real bad. The only thing they mixed up was the singer, with the result that in a big hall a band sounded shitty. You'd never hear the bass and drums and guitar in, say, Sly Stone's band the way they should have sounded. Sure, they'd play good, but because they didn't sound anything like their records they'd catch hell from the audience.

"Except for The O'Jays and Earth, Wind & Fire, acts didn't bother to do anything about their sound. They reckoned that because they had a hit record the kids would scream and when they went on tour they couldn't understand why hardly anyone showed up.

"I learned about the benefits of a good sound system from seeing Alice Cooper and Led Zeppelin and touring with heavy white rock groups.

HARDWARE ain't the only thing the Mothership picked up on its travels. Unlike a Tubes soiree, their audience isn't comprised of white punks on dope but apparently of black freaks on acid.

This, it seems, is a relatively new phenomenon.

"If the kids could get their hand on good psychedelics," Clinton opines, "the whole vibe would be much the same as when white kids used to trip."

Apart from exerting an undeniable influence on Clinton and especially Bootsy Collins, Jimi Hendrix's elevation as a Black national hero has coincided with black mass acceptance of acid.

"Jimi was into acid and love power when a lotta black didn't understand where he was coming from. Now they understand as a result of the acid experience."

"He never made it with blacks until that particular rock era was over. Most blacks weren't aware of him until the 'Band Of Gypsies' album. He was always considered black by other musicians, but the guitar hero period was never popular with black audiences. They only wanted rhythm.

Also the *brothers* couldn't understand why he used a white bass player and drummer.

"But it wasn't until he became very popular that it became an issue and he was forced into the Black And Proud politics of the time.

"As black consciousness grew, Jimi Hendrix became a superstar. The only trouble was that he was dead. But that hasn't stopped black kids from displaying posters of Jimi alongside of Muhammad Ali and Martin Luther King."

Politics in rock-Americana have, for the time being, become passe. As a result,Clinton assumes reggae will remain a minority cult.

"As far as American blacks are concerned, reggae is the same as the blues. Whites appreciate it more than blacks — but of course that could change.

"Reggae is associated with bad times. Even Bob Marley, who I admire, is still considered far too political for many blacks to enjoy. American blacks have had more than enough of politics. That was the '60s scene. Today, everyone wants a good time.

"You gotta understand, things in Jamaica are different from America. •

"Even though what Marley says may be the truth, it's not the black American way to approach things. It's like preachers need another concept to get people back into church."

So too, it seems, does the black American music scene, which has been losing its audience to white rock acts.

"I suppose you could say Bootsy has taken over where Hendrix left off, Parliament are Alice Cooper, Funkadelic are poised as the black Led Zeppelin and The Horny Horns are Chicago with soul."

George Clinton's ambition is to take one stack-soled step beyond anything that's been done by any other artist.

"We'll clone 'em all!" he laughs so violently his hat almost falls off his head. "There's no reason why a black act can't be even bigger than Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

I hoped he wouldn't say that. Come in Eldridge, Eldridge and Eldridge!

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SCOTLAND: KILMARNOCK · AYR · GLASGOW · EDINBURGH

1978 opens — with gigs in the doldrums!

OFF WE GO again with another year of frantic gigging, and we shall do our utmost to keep you fully informed about what's on and where. During 1977, we printed details of around 20,000 different gigs from which you could choose, and we shall be trying to amass an even larger total in the coming 12 months.

As usual, the year gets off to a fairly bleak start. This is traditionally the most barren week of the year on the gig circuit — mainly because many venues still haven't re-opened after the holiday, while most bands and artists are more concerned about holiday hangovers than work! Besides which, the colleges, are not yet back in action after the Christmas vacation.

Main items of interest this week are the start of Osibisa's tour at Aylesbury (Saturday), Plymouth (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Swansea (Wednesday); Kevin Coyne playing a string of London dates with Zoot Money, Friday through Monday; Sham 69 on the road at Woking (Thursday), Braintree (Friday), Doncaster (Monday) and Birmingham Tuesday); and Motorhead topping a new British trek at Penzance (Thursday) and Birkenhead (Monday).

Mind you, we've managed to find quite a wide range of other varied gigs for your edification, including such delights as Hymie Blows It at Basildon, and Vesuvius at Burnley Bank Hall! If there are no big names in your area this week, why not take in a new band? Remember, the unknowns of today are the stars of tomorrow.

You'll find there will be a larger number of gigs next week, and in a fortnight's time things will be back to normal again, as the winter tour season gets into full swing and the major acts stir out of their lethargy and go back on the road throughout the country.

We're always pleased to hear from any bands, promoters, venues or agents who are putting on gigs. We'll gladly print the details and, of course, entry is free. Just write to the Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London, W1V 1PG.

And to everyone out there who relies on these pages, either professionally or as a member of the great NME readership, may we wish you peace and success in1978 and a happy year of gig-going.

DEREK JOHNSON

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

OSIBISA

Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: HEMLOCK
BASILDON Double Six: JERRY THE FERRET
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
CANTERBURY Art College: BUSTER CRABBE/MOONSHINE
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place (afternoon): ALVIN STARDUST
COVENTRY Mr George's: NO DICE
EXETER Groucho's: AVANT GARDENER
FARNWORTH Blighty's: LOVE AFFAIR (for three days)
GORLESTON Cap and Gown: RUBY JOE
LANCASTER No 12 Club: FAST DRIVER
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DEAR JOHN
LEICESTER Coalville Blooblo's: THE LURKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: YACHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NUTZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Charlie Chaplin: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STILETTO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KEVIN COYNE & ZOOT MONEY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LULU/MUD/BERNI FLINT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: BUSTER JAMES BAND
MACCLESFIELD Crumbles Club: TATUM
MANCHESTER J.C. Club: COLD COMFORT
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: SWEET SENSATION (for three days)
MONKTON COMBE Viaduct Hotel: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: MERGER
PENZANCE The Garden: MOTORHEAD
POYNTON Folk Centre: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
ROCHESTER Nags Head: HOTLINE
TREFOREST Non-Political Club: FLYING ACES
WOKING Central Halls: SHAM 69

Friday

BASILDON Double Six: STRUGGLE
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: THE ENID
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MATTHEWS BROTHERS
BRAINTREE College: SHAM 69
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: XL5/THE MOLESTERS/THE PLASTIX
CAMBRIDGE Alma Brewery: LUCRECIA BORGIA & THE EXECUTORS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place (afternoon): ALVIN STARDUST
CLIFTONVILLE High Cliffs: THE CRABS
COVENTRY Market Tavern: BULLET
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: DAWNWEAVER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: BOB DAVENPORT
KINGSTON College of Education: THE DEPRESSIONS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE & ZOOT MONEY
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: THE SEARCHERS/EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
LONDON Marquee Club: NO DICE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: HOTLINE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LULU/MUD/BERNI FLINT
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: THE STATISTICS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TRAPEZE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: THE STUKAS
NOTTINGHAM The Test Match: TATUM
REDDITCH Tracey's: SCENE STEALER
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: BUSTER JAMES BAND
SKEGNESS Sands Club: BLACK GORILLA
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: GYGAFO

Saturday

ASCOTT-UNDER-WYCHWOOD The Tiddy Hall: THE HARVESTERS/JACK HUDSON
AYLESBURY Friars: OSIBISA
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: SIMON K & THE MAJORS
BASILDON Double Six: SCENE STEALER
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: THERAPY
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BRIMINGTON The Tavern: WITCHFYNDE
BRISTOL Barton Hall Centre: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
CHELTENHAM Catholic Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place (afternoon): ALVIN STARDUST
CORBY Nags Head: BLACK GORILLA
COVENTRY Market Tavern: BULLET
CROYDON Swan & Sugarloaf: STEVE BOYCE BAND/DOPPELGANGER
DORCHESTER The Tavern: TATUM
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: THE REAL THING
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: BRUCE RUFFIN
HADDENHAM Village Hall: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS
HITCHIN College of Education: NO DICE
HORNCHURCH The Bull: J. J. JAMESON
IPSWICH Running Buck: FRACTURE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: DEAR JOHN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: S.A.L.T./THE BRAKES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: KRAKATOA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE & ZOOT MONEY
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SUNSTROKE
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: BILLY J. KRAMER/MERSEYBEATS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FLYING ACES
LONDON KENNINGTON Oval House: TRAITOR'S GATE & GUESTS
LONDON Marquee Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON PENGE Freemason's Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BARRON KNIGHTS/LULU/BERNI FLINT/MUD
WESTCLIFF Highcliff Hotel: HOTLINE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK White Rose Hotel: R.B.Q.

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: PAUL PENFIELD
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRACKNELL Cellar Club: SCENE STEALER
BURNLEY Bank Hall: VESUVIUS
CROYDON Greyhound: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
IPSWICH The Kingfisher: FRACTURE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FLYING ACES / STADIUM DOGS
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Marquee Club: KEVIN COYNE & ZOOT MONEY
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
OLDHAM Coliseum: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON / GEORGE CHISHOLM
POYNTON Folk Centre: ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD / JOE BEARD
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: THE HOLLIES
YEOVIL Duke of York: TATUM

KEVIN COYNE

Monday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: MOTORHEAD
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
DEWSBURY Mr. Pickwick's: THE LURKERS
DEWSBURY Turk's Head: DAWNWEAVER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SHAM 69
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
HULLBRIDGE Smugglers Den: THE TIME LORDS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEICESTER Bailey's: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TONIGHT / JIVE BUREAUX / PICKPOCKETS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE & ZOOT MONEY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE MONOTONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT / RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON Marquee Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHEAP STARS / RESISTANCE
PLYMOUTHFiesta Suite: OSIBISA
UCKFIELD Youth Club: STEEL PULSE
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: THE HOLLIES
WIGAN Riverside Club: THE FANTASTICS (for a week)

Tuesday

BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: THE CRABS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SHAM 69
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Cedar Club: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
CARDIFF Top Rank: OSIBISA
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: THE LURKERS
LEICESTER Bailey's: GONZALEZ
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MISTER SISTER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DIRE STRAIGHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVID LEWIS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: THE HOLLIES

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BRADFORD University: THE CRABS
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: FLYING SAUCERS
EDINBURGH Ranch House: COLD COMFORT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare: THE CHANTS
LEICESTER Bailey's: GONZALEZ
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: FALLEN ANGELS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEEL PULSE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FLYING ACES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: STEEL PULSE
LONDON W1 Speakeasy: THE CASUAL BAND
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
PENSNETT Memorial Hall: TRAPEZE
READING Brian's Club: NO DICE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SWANSEA Top Rank: OSIBISA
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: THE HOLLIES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE STUKAS

TELEVISION THIS WEEK

NOT A GREAT week on the box, after the heady excesses of the holiday period, but still one or two shows of interest — and, as usual, it's BBC-2 that comes up trumps.

"Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday features Jon Hiseman's relatively new Colosseum II, with Richard Digance also providing a spot — and, of course, the show provides its regular stereo link with Radio 1. Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test" is a showcase for John Martyn, who'll be performing live at London's Collegiate Theatre.

Still with BBC-2, Friday brings "The Helen Reddy Show", which should offer some compensation to her many devotees who've been waiting impatiently for her to visit Britain. This programme captures her Las Vegas cabaret act on film.

This weekend, ITV begins a new series called "An Audience With Jasper Carrott," which displays the wider talents of the guy who had a big chart hit with his "Funky Moped" single. Screening day and time varies according to region — but most areas, including London, are putting it out late-night on Friday.

Also on ITV, the networked "So It Goes" gives a break to new-wave outfit The Pleasers. The line-up is completed by Bonnie Tyler and Oscar. But remember that some regions are screening the series in a different order, so that you may not see this cast!

Finally, and as if you hadn't heard enough about it already, you may like to know that BBC-2's "Arena: Cineama" next Wednesday is devoted entirely to the latest film box-office phenomenon "Star Wars."

JIMMY PURSEY of SHAM 69 *in action at a recent gig.*

BRIAN B, PUPPET STAR, DID YOU GET DRUNK OVER CHRISTMAS TIME? LIVE PAGE GREETINGS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR
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NO DICE
Checkmate & Jerry Floyd

Sat. 7th Jan. (Adm. 75p)
CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
The Blitz Kids & Joe Lung

Sun. 8th Jan. (Adm. 75p)
DYNAMITE DAY
Featuring
Kevin Koyne & Zoot Money
Plus friends & Nick Leigh

Mon. 9th Jan. (Adm. 85p)
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 10th Jan. (Adm. 70p)
BETHNAL
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wed. 11th Jan. (Adm. £1)
THE PIRATES
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 12th Jan. (Adm. 65p)
ADAM AND THE ANTS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

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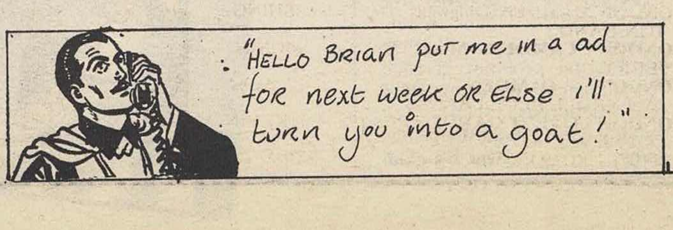
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ON THE TOWN

Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias

MARQUEE

THE STARS of stage, gramophone, maybe the big screen, and certainly other less savoury locations, return in SRO triumph to but one of their many earlier haunts.

That these boys have arrived is beyond question. But if proof is required one need look no further than the sheer volume and diversity of insults hurled at the band by their motley followers.

Confirmation of their status worthiness comes, of course, in the quickness of their parry. "If beauty is only skin deep you must have been born inside out" was especially sharp.

Success on the scale of a festival toilet queue (hence quotes of "this one will run and run") for *Sleak*, the snuff rock musical, has sewn up the gaps and lulls that once existed in Los Albertos' portable extravaganza and left them in fine, quick-fire comic form.

Not a listless gaze in sight as they scale new peaks of idiocy, plough new furrows of corn.

Much of it is sick, very sick, but also very funny.

Mrs Jackie Kennedy came on (literally) in nauseous pink garb to say how wonderful our country is and to say she didn't want to talk about John's death beyond a few pertinent details of ensuing laundry problems.

Despite requests from the band she didn't do "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Dress" or "He Bled It My Way" and instead settled for a country queen routine.

To call this sort of thing scathing satire would be stretching the imagination.

Some of it, however, is fairly barbed, piercing a few of rock's more inflated idioms and idiots with almost libellous send-up.

Sadly though, the targets here are often too easily hit.

For instance Norman Sleak parodies the dandruff and riff genre with interminable bars of "I'm Gonna Boogie Till I'm Sick", and of course that old scapegoat Lou Reed gets hauled out of his drug stupor for a quick lampoon.

But it's when this bunch are firing a broadside at all kinds of sociological phenomena, whether or not related to the wonderful world of rock music, that they're most efficacious.

Happily, this is what they spend most of their time doing.

They sing about canine movie stars and strange relationships in Beverly Hills on their new single "Old Trust".

They consider youthful problems — acne, premature ejaculation, being able to find work — on "Teenager In Shtuck".

C. P. Lee (a very funny man) adopts evangelist tones to explain what Jesus can do for your sex life and later challenges the wrath of the Almighty with "God Is Mad".

Silent tribute is paid to the man who discovered that if you flash a light and ring a bell a musician will start playing and if you do it again he will attempt cunnilingus, and the ghost of Ruben Sano smiles on.

All this and much more — the climax of *Sleak*, dizzying conceptual links, lots of scatalogical humour — constitutes an evening with the Albertos.

This particular evening was recorded for a probable live album, baffled Italians an' all.

Perhaps this time it'll solve the eternal problem of such bands, namely capturing their full humorous scope and making it last longer than a few spins.

Paul Rambali

Night of the epileptics

Elvis Costello
The Pop Group

THE NASHVILLE

CHRISTMAS Eve at The Nashville Rooms, a beery, boozy, affable crowd, everyone intent on getting drunk and having fun.

More hip revellers in the audience than rabid Elvis fans. I spent half an hour wondering why I wasn't at another gig down the road.

Suddenly there's a band on stage to shake all but the merriest out of Christmas contentment and seasonal good humour.

The Pop Group are hypnotic, different, frightening and irresistible.

The singer is a tall, painfully thin pillar of anguish, hands covering his eyes as he howls despair at the sedentary crowd.

Two diminutive guitarists prowl around his feet; the one with ginger hair and freckles croons catchy pop hooks as feedlines for the giant's desperation.

The other stares blankly into space until the climax of the set. Without warning he gyrates into a juddering, twitching solo.

The impact of The Pop Group is comparable to witnessing an epileptic fit or an unexpected fight. You want to turn away but the hideous fascination will not release your eyes.

Cold sweat.

Although we all cimb obediently onto the tables and chairs to play mountain-goats for Costello, the drop in tension is noticeable and depressing.

Fortunately, Elvis and The Attractions play an imaginative and immaculate set, packed with new songs as exciting as the standards.

"Radio Radio," for '70s cruising, and "The Beat" were outstanding, but by far the most unusual number was "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea."

An extension of the "Watching The Detectives" pop-dub style, the theme builds and the melodies linger over insistent rhythms and curiously Latin-flavoured organ injections.

This isn't big news. No-one seriously doubted the man had more great songs coming and you'll hear them soon enough.

"Mystery Dance" closed the show but The Attractions trundled on Nick Lowe for a "Heart Of The City" encore.

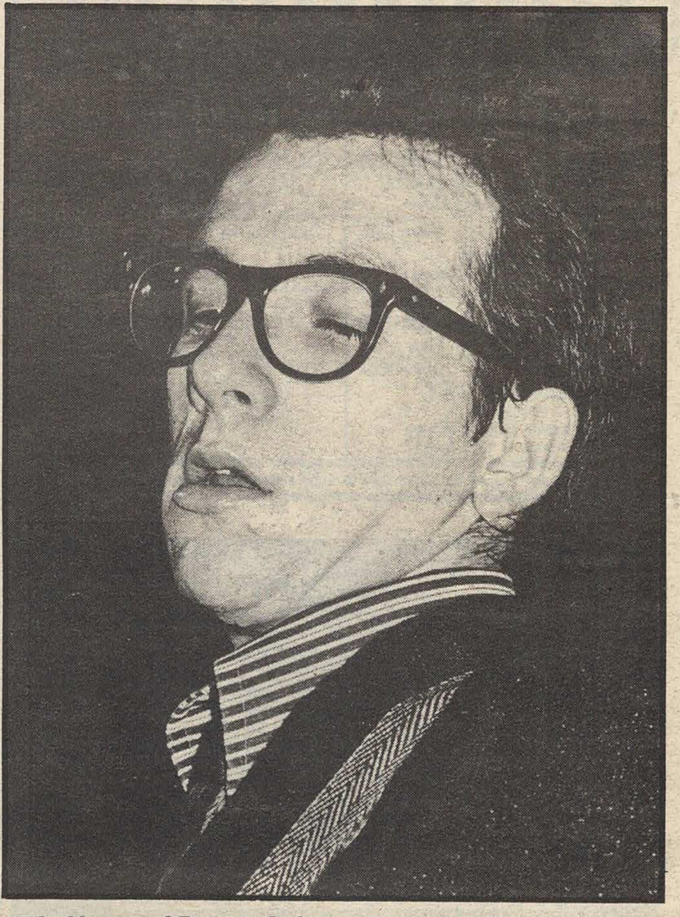
Then a rocker, "Pumping Up" and time to go home.

It was a faultless exhibition of musicianship and material but an imperfect show because Elvis Costello gets a bit boring to look at after 15 minutes.

He does his itchy fingers, snarling spider routine and that's about it.

I enjoyed it because I enjoy his music, but it's the raw emotion of The Pop Group, the nightmare Monkees of tomorrow, that's still nagging my memory.

Kim Davis



"Whaddya mean? Boring to look at . . ." ***Pic: GUS STEWART***

The preservation of Ray Davies

The Kinks

RAINBOW

THE WHOLE evening was a very odd affair, and at the end of it you weren't sure whether you'd just seen the last - but - one show by The Kinks.

Just before they performed "Alcohol," for instance, Ray Davies insisted that it'd be the last time they ever played it.

And then at the very end of the show, as the rest of his gang trooped off, Davies grabbed the mike and sang, "This could be the last time."

Well, there was another gig the following night, Christmas Eve, but then that was mainly for *The Old Grey Whistle Test* and arranged in such a hurry they were offering free tickets as you walked through the foyer on Friday.

Maybe I've been fooled by Davies' sense of humour, but there was also something very final about this Kinks concert.

Perhaps it was *just* a Christmas Special, a rare and memorable treat for the fans, but during the two hours they were on stage they played highlights of their 13-year history.

Aptly enough they began by recalling '64 with such numbers as "Beautiful Delilah" and "Louie Louie," went through most of their hits like "Waterloo Sunset," "Sunny Afternoon" and "All Day And All Of The Night," what Ray laughingly described as their "concept period" with pieces from "Arthur," "Schoolboys In Disgrace" and "Preservation," and eventually ended up in '77 by playing their last single, "Father Christmas," and "Sleepwalker," the title track of their last album.

Split into three sets, with Alan Freeman having the unfortunate task of facing the audience's barracking as he added a spoken narration between each section, it was easily one of The Kinks' most successful and entertaining shows.

Pure nostalgia would have probably carried the whole venture through to a triumphant conclusion, but musically it was invariably excellent with the nucleus of the band — Dave Davies (guitar), Mick Avory (drums), Andy Pyle (bass) and John Gosling (keyboards) — joined by the now regular three-piece brass section, two girl singers and percussionist Ray Cooper.

Although Davies was in a suitably festive mood, humorous and cynical, constantly commenting on his bisexual image or recalling that in days of old The Dave Clark Five would be topping the bill, his vocal and theatrical performance was excellent.

The depth of the show depended very much on him, and even though the excerpts from their "concept" works were brief, Davies still indulged his theatrical fantasies and appeared as Mr. Flash from "Preservation"; for "Victoria" from "Arthur Or The Decline And Fall Of The British Empire," the whole band dressed either as cavaliers or bishops.

But really, when you think about it, the show might only have been the end of one era, and as "Sleepwalker" indicates, Davies and The Kinks are going into another.

If their Rainbow concert is any guide they obviously still have both the talent and imagination to last another few years.

Tony Stewart

Pix: DENIS O'REGAN

2·3

SHEFFIELD

2·3 HAVE recently acquired a record deal and have a single — "New Clear Waves" — due for release early next year on Edinburgh's Fast Product label.

A local band, they can be most easily categorised (if we must) as mainstream punk, due partly to the limited possiblities of the guitar / bass / drums line-up (Paul Bower / Paul Shaft / Haydn Boyces-Weston):

Their accent is on no-frills, straightforward movers in the current style, and both Bower and Shaft display a neat ability to come up with good hooks for their songs; in effect, more tuneful, less drone-like than yer average punks.

Asked what sets them apart from other punk bands, Bower stresses their pro-provincial, anti-London stance, a bias which comes through loud and clear in their opener, "(I Don't Care About) London", a vitriolic diatribe against the city, set with deliberate irony to a riff strongly reminiscent of "London's Burning" — *"'London's Burning', they all shout, but I wouldn't even piss on it to put the fire out".*

Their provincial bias

ON THE TOWN

surfaces again with "Nowhere", a song written with particular reference to Sheffield, criticising the local fashion-conscious punks' life—style, complete with a day-by-day rundown of their movements.

Starting slow, it builds to a glorious chorus-chant of "You're all going nowhere", enunciated with appropriate malevolence.

Rather than deal in generalisations (which are absurdly easy to mouth, after all), they attempt to get down to brass tacks, a more particularised approach which goes beyond the slogans so *a la mode* nowadays, and asks the individual, "so just what *are* you going to do, when you stop shouting?"

They are also extremely entertaining, to boot.

Andy Gill

Angling for the youth vote

Eddie And The Hot Rods

ROUNDHOUSE

TORY-ROCK enthusiasts pack The Roundhouse like the Boys Enclosure at Highbury.

Sardine-squeezed into a flush-hour Tokyo tube train, they raise a sea of hands in raptured applause for the laughingly reactionary, extremely commercially viable sentiments being pumped out — UP THERE!!! — the right side of the footlights . . .

Look out for number one, you're on your own — it's best that way, don't take no shit fron no-one, just keep on having fun . . . the masses swirl, sway, stumble, laud Eddie's celebration of the individual and — gullible bastards that they are — realise not that the wheeze is at their expense.

It's Panto Season all over Showbiz and the boys and boys and boys and — here and there — occasional girl, have a great night out kneeling in homage to Tory-Rock.

"RAAAAAAAA!!!"

This crowd have got everything needed to enjoy live rock 'n' roll: Suspension of belief, chronic ego-deficiency and dormant — maybe total paucity of — brain matter. No way they won't go home unhappy, never stopping for one second to ponder the difference between their own lifestyle and that of their heroes as they run through their Teen Rebel catalogue, like "Quit This Town", with Masters resplendent in pure white falirs plus matching top, unbuttoned for all you fans.

Masters runs through his Rock Big Shot as International Sportsman Stud schtick like some cut-price Rod treading the planks in front of the Tartan Gourds — somersaults, hand-stands. cartwheels and related calisthenics, throwing in a few nostalgic microphone-as-cock Canvey cornball phallic poses (hi, Lee!) and Daltreyesque mike - as windmill - catch - without - dropping licks, which ol' blow-dried Barrie boy supplements with coy triumphant grimaces to some side-stage flunky when he pulls off the party trick.

But what grates greatest is those God-awful lyrics.

Hot Rods' manager / producer Ed Hollis is the main culprit here, so much so that he qualifies for the dubious honour of coming over like some Canvey Island Kim Fowley.

Ah, you know the routine; behind the scenes old guy penning Youth Rebellion anthems suitable for slightly ageing energetic young combo while succeeding in collecting songwriting royalty cheques.

The Rods do their best to cop the correct Amphetamine Psychosis postures that Hollis obviously envisages for them; Masters in limelight running about like an anaemic Jesse Owens; Paul Gray as (Bass) Guitar hero on the edge of the stage trying to get his barnet washed; blond muscle-power mop-top Steve Nicol on tightly-pummelled drum kit while guitarists Dave Higgs and latest recruit ex-Kursaal Flyer Graeme Douglas keep the pyrotechnical bullshit quota to a barest minimum — intense, eyeballs clenched like fists Douglas on lead and Higgs the inscrutable Jap tourist on rhythm making the least fuss but giving lack-lustre lyrics an often exhilarating musical backdrop (take initial R&B drive of "Wooly Bully" Marquee eighteen months back, blend with mainstream HM headbanging drive, then simmer with Pure Pop Panache) which reaches its apex on "Do Anything You Wanna Do."

On that one Hollis and his biro get away with it. On "Quit This Town," "Ignore Them (Still Life)," "Life On The Line" and "(And) Don't Believe Your Eyes," the lyrical banality reaches overkill and when the vacuous gestures descends to that level I want to pour cement over my ear-buds . . .

As Hollis is taking on a much bigger songwriting role in The Rods Rennaissance, they better start letting the man who practically wrote their first album, the man whose songs are now and always the best live Eddie's numbers like "Get Across To You," "Teenage Depression," "On The Run" and "Double Checking Woman" (i.e. Dave Higgs) back on the Rods' typewriter to complement the invigorating musical flair of Graeme Douglas before they step foot in a studio again.

Otherwise they'll end up *actually living* the reality of the simplistic "street-life" fantasy they sing about, and they wouldn't like that, now would they kids???

But The Rods problems — like the band themselves — are relatively superficial.

I mean, when it comes to *vacuous gestures*, who could beat The Sex Pistols in general and Johnny Rotten in particular?

Joining the Anti-Nazi league and then getting up to chant the obscenely asinine "Belsen Was A Gas." You just put me on the other side, fella . . .

Tony Parsons

DEN HEGARTY (left, inset) risks clogging his mike with dandruff as fellow Darts BOB FISH (arms aloft), GRIFF FENDER (yawning) and RITA RAY (in the dress, dummy) ignore his unpleasant bending.

Pix: DENIS O'REGAN

Darts render rock critics redundant

Darts

RAINBOW

THE NOTEBOOK was stuffed firmly into my pocket after ten minutes.

There was just no way I could jot down my observations of this band when the whole intention of Darts is to get you clapping your hands, rattling the seat bolts, and singing along.

And no apologies are needed to admit I did all those things.

Now, there's a real temptation to go completely over the top in this review, and say that Darts at London's Rainbow the Wednesday before Crimbo turned in one of the best concerts of '77.

The sound was immaculate, the visuals stunning, they had vitality as well as professionalism, musical and vocal brilliance as well as humour.

Simply, Darts collectively and individually have the ability to entertain, and I found it impossible to remain objectively aloof outside the hot, exciting atmosphere they created.

You only have to look at the attempts of other critics to know how purposeless it is to try and categorise this motley crew of eight lads and one lady; each of whom might have their own shortcomings, but together are nothing short of magic.

The five musicians — George Currie (guitar), Horatio Hornblower (sax), Hammy Howell (piano), Thump Thomson (bass) and John Dummer the drummer — all have taste and enthusiasm.

The four vocalists — Bob Fish, Rita Ray, Den Hegarty and Griff Fender — know more about phrasing, harmony and humour than practically any other singer(s) you can name.

"Rock 'n' roll / doowop revivalists" is a hasty and convenient categorisation that neglects to tell you they're also into R&B, C&W, parody, comedy, and only have an attitude and approach that can be traced (if you're of a mind) back to the '50s; they're unpretentious and put on a good act.

Hegarty lurked about the stage like a mischievous schoolkid looking for jam pots to stick his fingers in and then spread the gooey mess across a wall.

He appeared in the audience, frighteningly too close for comfort, and then swung across the stage on the end of a wire.

They played practically everything from the album, and did "Daddy Cool" twice. And a full string section were revealed at the back of the stage during "Sh-Boom".

Further analysis, like a song-by-song guide through a hectic gig and who did what and when, is irrelevant.

If you disagree, then get yourself down to their next concert and write it up yourself.

Tony Stewart

Status Quo

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

"YAWLRIGHT?"

"Yaaaay."

"Yawlright?"

"Yaaaaay."

"YAAAWWLRIIGHT!"

"YAAAAAY."

"The response should be faster."

"GEDDONWIVIT."

The above dialogue represents the basic level at which Status Quo communicate with their followers.

It also demonstrates one of the pitfalls for ageing rockers trying to maintain their rapport with 16-year-old football hooligans.

They start getting a bit clever. Not intentionally, of course. But when you're well on your way to your first million, limp-wristed words like "response" no longer sound quite as effete as they once did.

Not that the Quo audience noticed that Francis Rossi had stepped out of character.

The exhortation to proceed was simply a protest at the gap between one remoseless twelve-bar and the next.

Quo fans demand a strict adherence to the ritual, and get a little uncomfortable if there's any break with tradition.

The Quo act is essentially a carefully orchestrated celebration of adolescent machismo, and the band's success stems in part from the skill with which they maintain the cosy fantasy.

There may be passing similiarities with punk rock. The crowd all wear Doc Martin's, and they like their music simple and unaffected. Quo certainly comply. Keyboard player Andy Bown is so discreet it's impossible to hear a note.

But Quo fans are rather less adventurous than the punks.

They're aggressive, but it's the sort of aggro that runs in packs. They all dress the same, never seeking the individual styles that you get with new wavers.

In fact, it's the sense of community that makes the Quo show so reassuring for them.

Conformity is the strict order of the day. The band always dress the same. Rossi in his denim waistcoat and hippie hairdo. Parfitt with his shirtsleeves rolled up like a rock'n'roll labourer.

And all three frontmen adopt the same curious butch stance, with their feet placed two yards apart. This makes them look as though they all landed awkwardly on the same vaulting horse, or as though they've been riding too long on fat carthorses.

But the audience find nothing to laugh about. Their pleasure is strictly serious.

There is, of course, the music. Unvarying. More monomanic than anything else currently on offer. Kraftwerk and other academic theorists of machine music never get close to the same league.

From the moment the band hit the first chords of "Caroline", the kids go into ecstasies. Quo walk on to the sort of reception most bands strive to get for their encore.

The whole place bops so furiously that you can literally feel the balcony rock up and down. In the corridor below, theatre staff watch anxiously as the chandeliers rattle along to the beat.

Interestingly enough, when the band get away from the likes of "Roll Over Lay Down" to more obscure items like "Backwater" and "Is There A Better Way", the response is more muted.

The rhythm and the beat are the same in every case, but the audience feel safe only with the hits — a reflection of the deep insecurity that the show is intended to assuage,

The big irony for the audience is that the band are in the process of quietly selling them out.

The new album is a sophisticated piece of pop, artfully produced by Pip Williams. Quo have their eyes on the lucrative American market, and all that brash simplicity may have to make way.

"Rocking All Over The World" requires more artfulness than the band may care to admit they possess.

Bob Edmands

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Drowning in a sea of scummy innuendo

Fabulous Poodles

SHEFFIELD

TO MY eternal shame, I've come — after repeated listens — to quite like the perverse oddity of the Fabulous Poodles' album.

I mean, I know it's rubbish and all, but there's this nagging hummability ingrained in a few of the tracks which, try as I will, I can't shake off.

Shaking off their live performance, however, is far easier.

Inasmuch as they deal with the more inconsequential aspects of life, treating them with a certain amount of humour, (and, in a few cases, an uncertain amount of psychological acuity), they remind me a little of The Kinks — although The Kinks didn't lard their material with quite so much kitsch as the Poos.

The trouble is, their subject-matter is more often than not *too* inconsequential to be bothered with at all.

The Poos' mainman (or maindog, is you like) is obviously the incorrigible Tony de Meur, an unthrilling guitarist and reasonable vocalist whose real strength lies in his melodies.

He can, I'll admit, churn out a good chewn here and there. He also — and this is perhaps the source of both the Poos' successes and their failings — has a good sense of the niceties of nostalgia. (Witness "Mr. Mike" and "When The Summer's Thru" from the album).

Live, any wit present in the songs is drowned in a sea of scummy innuendo more worthy of Benny Hill, the embarrassing nadir of which occurs in the pseudo-reggae "masturbation dance" number, "Let's Wrist Again", during which a few juveniles jump onstage and demonstrate the dance, flash bums and generally advertise their imminent release from sexual repression.

Still, some people find it humorous; or maybe they're just egged on by de Meur's stage stance of childish irresponsibility.

As front-man, he comes across like a '70s Max Miller who's not learnt the difference between double-entendres and single-entendres, or, more succinctly, between subtlety and sledgehammer tactics.

And judging by violinist Richie Robertson's "greasy spiv" persona, the Poos' approach is in all probability quite deliberately seedy.

No amount of deliberate stylisation, however, can account for the inclusion of their cocked-up snippets of stuff like "It's Not Unusual" and "Livin' Doll".

Does anybody *really* rate this junk as funny?

Musically, (not a subject of paramount importance to the Poos, I'll wager), they were a bore, all the songs except "Bike Blood" suffering outside the confines of the studio, partly because the lyrics were almost indecipherable, partly because the arrangements were too much of a muchness.

What more can I say? They attain an impressive contact with the audience. They obtain an encore, in fact.

The encore is "On The Street Where You Live" done punk-style, de Meur sporting an outsize razorblade through his head.

Thunderflag — the collective moniker for portly pianist Thunderclap Newman and drummer / saxist Bob Flag — are as fitting a support for the Poos as could reasonably be found.

Both bands have something of the music-hall about them, Thunderflag exhibiting a more direct link with the past than the Poos, and demonstrating the use of innuendo to greater effect.

Thoroughly British in their approach, they utilise a good deal of props, clothes and suchlike, and bungle their way good-humouredly through songs like "Masculine Woman, Feminine Men", "As Time Goes By", "Barney Google" and a set of cowboy classics, although they do tend to serve up a surfeit.

Andy Gill

The Lurkers, The Doll, Pork Dukes

100 CLUB

"WHY DON'T ya try moving?"

Because you're all unimaginative, depressing and dull.

One of a series of gigs to promote the dismal "Streets" compilation album, this night featured a 'big attraction' and two of the dregs.

Before a small, mixed audience at the 100 Club, The Lurkers were the only band with committed fans in evidence.

The Pork Dukes sounded very similar to Status Quo and looked almost as old. "Throbbing Gristle", "Bend And Flush", "My Mother Gave Me A Gun For Christmas", with a Clockwork Orange bassist posing keenly for photographers and a singer-guitarist shuffling round in absurd stripey tights.

I thought the pig's head on a pole in front of the stage with a chain pinned to its snout was really disgusting and I shall certainly write to my MP about this deeply shocking . . .

The Doll strayed promisingly from the orthodox punklet formula.

A female vocalist scrubbing furiously at a tacky guitar, a small yellow-haired organist playing the lead and a few random Stranglers riffs.

Any thought or effort was wasted: couldn't hear the vocals, couldn't tell one song from the other, couldn't imagine how they would justify their existence as a band.

After that I expected at least something efficient and classy from The Lurkers, but where the previous bands had been tedious or irritating, the headliners were actively objectionable.

A faceless four-piece, they raced through a set of indistinguishable songs, so fast that energy was converted to monotony.

The ultimate in prepackaged instant punk. No tunes, shouted slogans instead of lyrics, blankly marking time instead of trying anything new. A facsimile of everything that's easiest to copy from The Ramones, the Pistols or The Damned.

The vocalist tried hard to look bored but his face defined indifference.

They look like a bunch of competent musicians who have chosen to play fast, loud, trendy rubbish for the purpose of making money. They look less committed than The Wombles.

The spiky-haired, uniformed regiments who are prepared to accept this as new wave music will doubtless know that the Punk Thing-To-Do is sneer at a review like this. Quite frankly, mate, I don't care.

Kim Davis

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Poodles' main-dog, De Meur — getting ready for the encore.

Boys Of The Lough

VICTORIA PALACE

IF YOU like acoustic traditional music and you missed the Boys of the Lough's first London concert in seven months it probably wasn't your fault. Publicity for the show, sandwiched somewhere between Dorothy Squires and Basil Brush, was almost non-existent.

A band that pride themselves on having been the first fully professional traditional group in Britain and on having eschewed the kind of promotional push that has rocketed The Chieftains to fame deserve better.

Happily for the people who did turn up to half fill the baroque interior of the compact Victoria Palace there was no disappointment to correspond with that the band must have felt.

The support, **Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezise** set the tone of the evening decisively with the close blending of their two voices, sympathetic accompaniment on guitar and dulcimer and an engaging sense of humour.

Thanks to the hall's excellent lighting and a sound system that picked up every aside, distance between audience and stage was reduced to a clubroom intimacy.

When the Boys come on this is helped no end by their style of delivery. They shuffle on, an unprepossessing quartet of geezers in t-shirts, sweaters and cardigans with four chairs, half a dozen microphones and a clutch of instruments.

Despite their repeated assertion that "we didn't come here to talk", the banter is quick and topically witty, particuarly from bodhran player Robin Morton. There's a refreshing lack of phony folkie bonhomie.

Musically it's similarly straight, no frills.

Listening carefully to the rhythmic interweaving and counterpoint, i's clear how successfully they've married the disparate traditions of their musical upbringing (Irish, Scots and Tyneside) and absorbed influences from repeated touring in the States and Cananda.

Tunes are what the show is about, and playing. It's almost impossible to pick out individual highlights from such a determinedly concerted effort, but Aly Bain deserves particular mention for the way his fiddle playing relies on the production of rich-toned individual notes, not a blurr of speed and flash.

One gripe: the set seemed to me too flat, not enough highs and lows, not enough of the emotional contrast they got by following "The Hound And The Hare" (which rises to a crescendant sound-picture of the kill) with a poignant lament.

The audience didn't mind, however, and brought them back for two well-deserved encores.

Steve Taylor

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Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Is this the one-man Cheech and Chong of the Blank Generation?

(or is he *even better* than that?)

Supercharge

SHEFFIELD

THE FACT that Supercharge are Big In Australia doesn't come as all that great a surprise.

It accords quite appositely, as it happens, with the cultural overview of Australia fostered by such as Barry Humphries.

You get the picture — thousands of butch Aussies named "Bruce", sporting ludricrous hats and subscribing to a Barry McKenzie reality-principle, swilling down tube after tube of frosty Fosters, noshing buckets of prawns and barfing indiscriminately all over Bondi Beach, to the strains of "She Moved The Dishes First".

A society which can effectively elevate Albie Donnelly to the status of British Cultural Ambassador *must* have a pretty grotesque sense of the finer things in life . . .

Albie's the only surviving member from the old Supercharge, and there appears. at present, to be a few structural flaws in the rebuilt model.

Not that there's all that much difference, mind — it still funks up a treat, in the manner of its predecessor, and at times you can hardly see the join.

But there *is* something missing; something which can probably only be acquired by the. relentless gigging of the Supercharge Of Old.

The new humans in the band are (a) a bow-tied and tuxedo'd drummer with the improbable name of Dave Frug; (b) a black, afro'd bassist with the equally exotic name of Paul Abrosius; (c) a portly lead guitarist, Truck Cummings; (d) a tenor saxist, Andy "Porky" Parker; and (e) a swarthy (Brazilian?) guitarist in football kit, called Rip Pollard.

There's also "Professor" Allen Gaskell on sax and guitar, but it's a matter of opinion whether or not he's human; it seems more likely, on this performance, that he's some mutant branch of the Donnelly family tree, and should be approached with appropriate caution at all times.

Another portly chap with beard and glasses, Gaskell wears a grubby raincoat and undersized crash-helmet emblazoned with the NF logo.

Very fetching.

He cuts a dashing figure as, attired thusly, he goose-steps and Hitler-salutes his way across the stage, although personally I rather doubt his ability to get the broad mass of the people behind him. I'd imagine he'd rather get the peoples' broad masses in front of him.

And the music?

Well, there's (deep breath) a falsetto version of "My Prayer", a somewhat tedious reggae number, a rude doo-wop accapella medley, a song about Simon Templar (The Saint, you dummies) getting stoned at a club, a spoof Queen-style operetta about a dead parrot being put in a pie, a punk spoof, a song about what'll happen when the NF take over, a cowboy song — "The Kinky Cowboy" — featuring the quite probably insane Gaskell attired as per a pervert cowboy, and what seems like a spoof Edmundo Ros latin piece, introduced by Donnelly as "Serious music for nice people, not you slobs".

Same old stuff, eh?

Admittedly, they're quite enjoyable live, but I wouldn't rate their chances of making a satisfying album as any higher than the previous incarnation's.

And if it came to it, I'd rather *see* the old lot, too.

Supercharge's biggest problem, as ever, is Albie. He dominates the stage in a manner which magnifies the redundancy of the rest of the band, Gaskell included. Song after song was ruined, for me, by a desire to hear the final chords and revel once again in Albie's insulting patter.

That he can bring an audience to the verge of tears with merely a well-timed raspberry is sure evidence of Donnelly's natural comedic ability; an ability wasted, furthermore, in the restrictive confines of a satiric funk band.

Cheech and Chong proved that comedians working in the rock field can make pots of money, and they weren't even funny. Ditto Derek and Clive (on both points).

With a little practice, a solo Albie Donnelly could well become the Cheech and Chong of the Blank Generation.

After all, he's big enough.

Andy Gill

Andy Pratt

BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK CITY

A SNARLING deep bass growl and explosive snare hits which led to a glistening searing guitar intro made for a much heavier Andy Pratt than I'd been expecting.

Mark Doyle played tricky, cunning snake-like runs on the guitar which interwove with his piano and accentuated Pratt's own very high voice.

He wriggled at the piano, a neurosthetic bug-eyed Marty Feldman in Roger Daltrey curls doing as much work with his neck as most people do on stage with their whole body.

He bounced up and down on the piano stool like a worm on a hot plate and his head duck-walked across his hunched shoulders as he rolled his eyes and squeaked in a stage manner that ranged from Kevin Coyne-conspiratorial to hair-on-end Todd Rundgren surprise.

Of course he's a Boston boy and a bit loonie like Jonathan Richman, but "Sit Down In The Twilight" was delivered with such energy, enthusiasm and power that the cynical New York audience warmed to him.

It was good strong intelligent rock'n'roll.

He played some of his earlier material; the sound was very accomplished, and gutsy with it.

From the new album he did "Mama's Gettin' Love", a number where his wide dynamic vocal range received full play over a slow loping bass line.

His vocals took off from the bass like sparrows from a telephone wire. If it was possible to levitate from a piano stool Pratt would do it. He put so much concentration into it, seemingly hovering for split seconds in space.

He has a hard rocking piano style which is a weird cross between between Jerry Lee Lewis and Cecil Taylor.

Sonetimes he uses two bass players for a fuller bottom sound when he is singing and playing in the top register.

He also favours long repeating endings, *a la* "Hey Jude", where he can improvise both vocally and at the keyboard.

He is an amazing singer, going from Ella Fitzgerald skat to rock bellow in a few bars (on "All I Want Is You"). It was a classic performance. Loved it.

Miles

Cado Belle

EDINBURGH

IF CADO BELLE are one of my favourite bands — as indeed they are — then why the puzzling over what to put into this review?

The answer is quite simply there isn't very much new to add to what has become the accepted evaluation of this group's fine work.

There's a lot that's taken for granted in going to see the band. For a start there's the assumption that every performance is going to be little short of excellent. The material will of course be uniformly good, and the delivery accomplished and sophisticated.

We presume Maggie Reilly will pull off her usual dynamic performance and we confidently await the expected display of guitar pyrotechnics from Alan Darby . . . So what's new?

Well, actually not a lot. The script for Cado Belle reads virtually the same at the end of 1977 as it did at the end of 1976. This year hasn't exactly seen any startling developments in their music and all we've got to remember them by has been one totally superfluous EP.

Otherwise it's still down to good work to be encouraged . . .

So what is to be sussed from this gig?

Firstly, it's comforting to see that despite the current musical climate and the sad demise of Moon, the band were in good spirits. In fact, they turned in one of their finer performances, with everybody in fine fettle.

Secondly, though the set was largely familiar, there were a couple of interesting new songs.

The first was bassist Gavin Hodgson's composition, "Falling In And Out Of Love", another good song, firmly in the established Cado Belle mould — a strong hook but with the rhythm predominating over the melody.

The second was much more striking. "All I Need", Maggie Reilly's first attempt at lyric writing allied to music from keyboardman Stuart Mackillop, charges along at a thumping pace. It's far more upfront and aggressive, almost rocky, than anything hitherto.

If this is indicative of a new direction, then developments are definitely on the horizon.

Thirdly, it was good to see the under-rated Colin Tully looking much happier and turning in some shining work on sax on both the new songs and also on "Next Best Thing".

The main priority for Cado Belle now is a sympathetic but firm hand at the managerial controls so that they can get down to their real strength, making excellent music.

What is going to get Cado Belle across is the urgency as much as the class in their music, especially their spirited rhythm section.

The right producer is also a problem, but they're one of the few bands who might actually merit a live album. Once the magic and excitement of their live gig is safely captured on record, *then* we'll see progress.

Ian Cranna

Maggie Reilly, Cado's Belle, dynamic as usual.

Spud

L.S.E.

THOUGH BESET by the usual problems inherent at lunchtime college gigs — students wandering in and out between lectures, little time in which to set up equipment and achieve an optimum sound etc. — Spud did enough to suggest that they now only need one good single to put them level with Horslips.

A more down-the-line and aggressive outfit since the addition of Belfast guitarist Kenny Wilson and drummer Dave Gaynor, Spud effectively paraded material culled from their "Smoking On The Bog" album — announced by Austin Kenny as "Never Mind The Potatoes, Here's The Cucumber".

Wilson's pastoral "Scarlett" and a flowing interpretation of Richard Thompson's "For Shame Of Doing Wrong" gained the highest readings on my personal clapometer.

Fred Dellar

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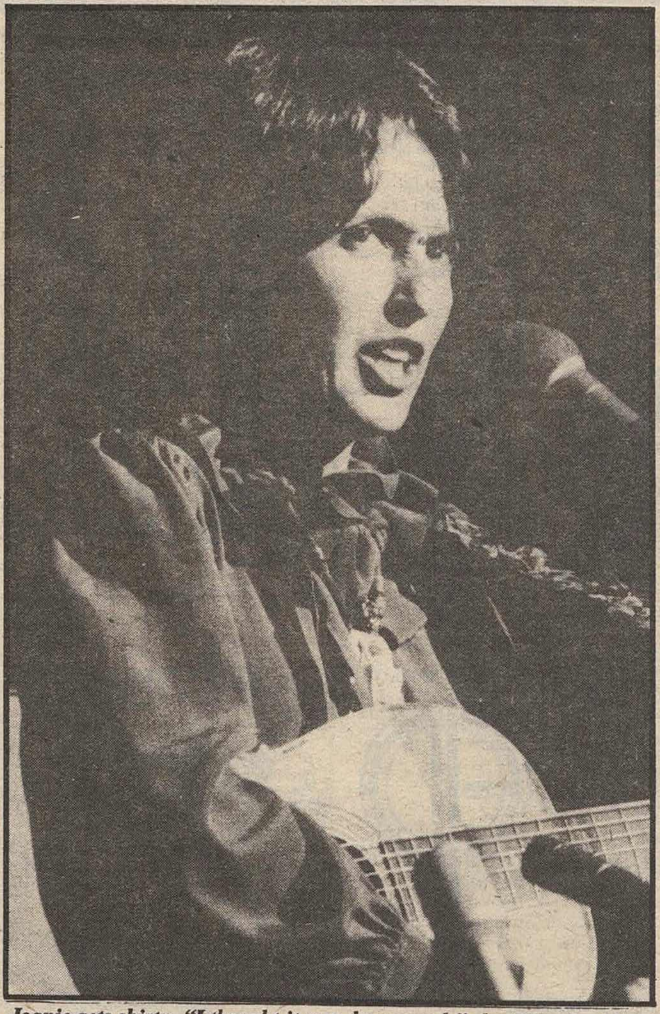

Joanie gets shirty. "I thought it was damn good," she tells a heckler.
Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Joanie returns as Bobby

Joan Baez

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

JOANIE BROUGHT the audience right up on stage with her at the Odeon — two rows of them, mostly her guests, sitting rather self-consciously behind her, blinking every time the spots hit them.

But the attempt worked and she was able to transform the 3,000-seater hall into some semblance of an intimate folk club.

And Folk it was — with a capital "F".

No back-up group — just Joanie and her guitar, a microphone and a stool — nothing prepared. She handled the performance as if she was entertaining a few friends at a weenie-roast back home in Carmel.

I never can tell if her long raps between numbers are ingratiating or if he she really is that friendly, open and lacking in self-consciousness. Bit of both I guess.

She did some political songs in the first part — music in a role I'd almost forgotten about — music I've always been deeply suspicious of, particularly at the big-money end of the business — but there is no doubting Joan's sincerity and so it works.

She sang an accapella "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", dedicating it to Steve Biko. Towards the end of the song she discarded the microphone as well and stood, almost to attention, her voice loud and clear.

Few people can do that without it becoming a grovel-and-cringe situation.

She finally convinced me by doing "Gracias A La Vida".

Maybe it was the beauty of the Spanish language (which she sings perfectly) or maybe it is because I have met people (people of my age and younger) who were tortured in Chile by the junta — this was one of the songs of the resistance movement — anyway, she grabbed me.

I always feel ambivalent about Ms. Baez.

I think her political position is naive bordering on the ridiculous, and yet she is the only popular singer who can make political songs reach me. I think her attempts at folk-rock are for the most part embarrassing fumblings yet "Diamonds And Rust" *is* a good song.

She opened part two with her Dylan imitation from the Rolling Thunder Review.

Dressed in a wide-brim hat with flowers, white face, straggly beard, scarf and leather jacket she did a remarkably accurate version of Dylan's nasal twistings on "One Too Many Mornings", complete with harp solo. She even took the trouble to remove her rings for greater authenticity.

In fact she did it *too* well and some people in the audience felt cheated when it was revealed to be just Joanie all along.

"It was cheap," shouted someone from the stalls.

"I thought it was damn good," she replied.

Nothing planned, she took requests.

"Blowin' In The Wind" and the charming sweet intimacy of "Love Song For A Stranger".

It was "Mary Hamilton" from the first album that struck me most. Joanie is a constant. Like Hank Marvin and Chuck Berry, she has always been there.

It must have been 1961. The woman I was with at that time had only recently moved from New York and was filled with talk of Joan Baez. It was eight weeks before Dobells got my special order copy of her recently released first album (there were no import shops then) and I was able to hear the achingly clear voice I'd heard so much about.

Folk was where it was at then, y'know . . . Since then she's moved in and out of fashion depending on what was "in" at the time — it was always nice to know she was there.

Not that I'm trying to eulogise her.

I think she's often well clear of the mark. For instance: in the States they don't know The Beatles broke up. They play them constantly on the radio every day. Joan assumed that that was the case here and led the audience in singing along on John Lennon's "Imagine", complete with lead lines. Well, that was bad enough, but when she did it with Paul McCartney's "Let It Be" it was a joke.

But the audience sang along in splendid fashion.

They were old beatniks made good: neat trimmed beards and Laura Ashley dresses. Datsuns parked outside.

Joani let them sing "Amazing Grace" while she sang counterpoint harmony. Excruciating. Then came "Silent Night". I could have done without that as well.

The evening was breaking up like a cripped B52 over Hue, but I hung on for the encore. It *had* to be, it *was* "We Shall Overcome".

Incidentally, Johnny Rotten closed his Rotterdam concert with it a few days earlier. Some things are eternal.

Miles

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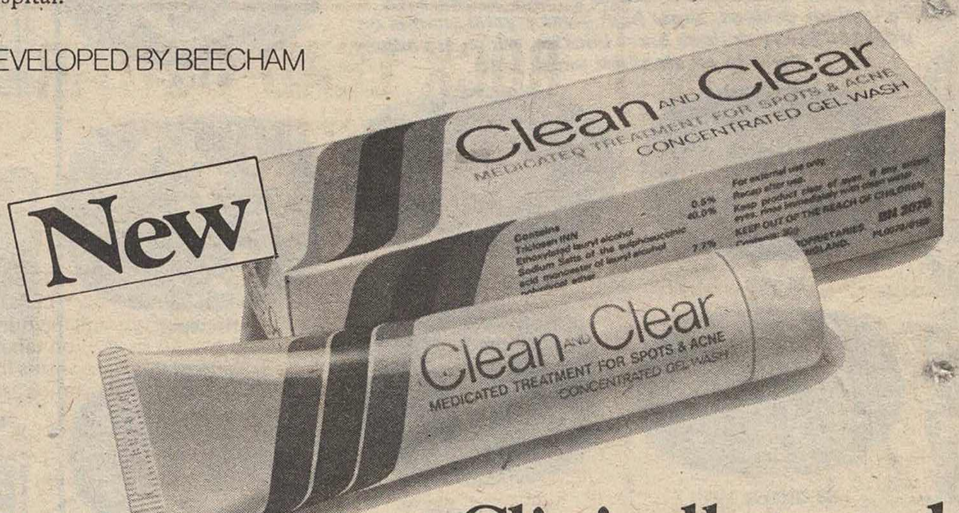

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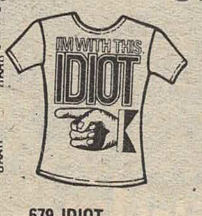

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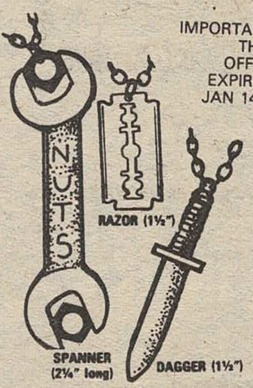

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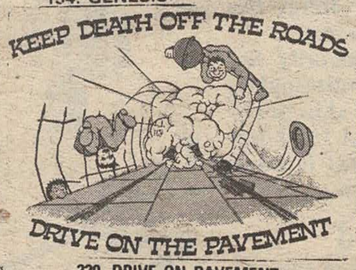
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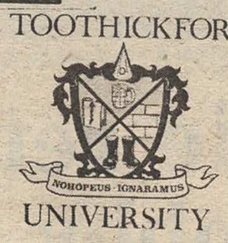

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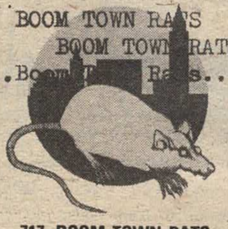

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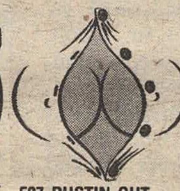

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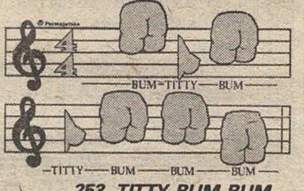
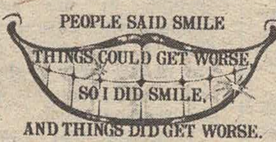


253. TITTY BUM BUM

721 QUEEN (GLITTER)

742. TUBES



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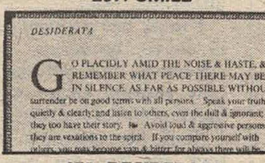

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158. DESIDERATA (complete poem)

747. JETHRO TULL

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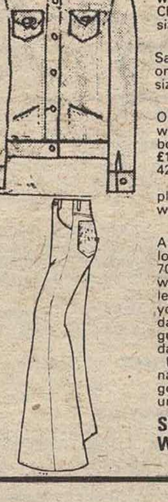

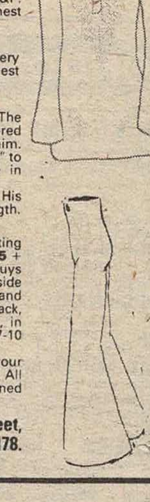

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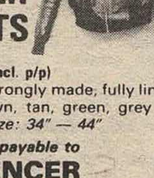

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GROUP WANTED! by Punk guitarist, rivum, some lead, writes, dedicated vocals — phone Steve — Romford 65815. Bass wanted.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for Biba Babies. Own equipment — no experience necessary. Into Dolls, Heartbreakers, Sleeze, 15-18. Mart — Southampton 782666.

DRUMMER REQUIRED into Heartbreakers, Celestial Sound, Sorcery, Sex Pistols, Vibrators, original rock. Give us a call — Ronnie — 01-485 0269.

MILITANT DRUMMAA and Toaster/ess for forming New Wave band. Confused? Try playing bass with a name like Florence Nightingale. Frank — 01-722 2543.

FUNK, ROCK band require brass and keyboards. Also soulful vocalist. No punks! — Bagshot 71628.

NIGEL POLLARD band require drummer and singer. Must be into exhibitionism and mooning on stage. Phone Nigel on Rickmansworth 70238.

NEW WAVE bassist / drummer needed for band. Own material, rehearse and record. Become a popstar. Ring Welwyn 31357.

GUITARIST WANTED for Thunderhush, New Wave group, Croydon, Bromley area. Age about 16-17. Local gigs assured. Phone Mickey 462 2382.

SAX & AXE want dedicated bass and drums. Loads material, record deal pending. Write about you to Annie and Jamie, 36 Lime Grove, Hainault, Essex.

PLEASE HELP! Not much cop rhythm guitarist 16, wants band in Kingston area. Bags of enthusiasm. Phone Alan — 01-397 8965.

AMERICAN MUSICIANS, black or white, wanted by original singer / songwriter, guitarist with unusual rhythmic material. Phone Roja — 01-658 6792.

DRUMMER & GUITARIST required, vocals an asset. To join guitar, vocals and bass. Into RnR, RnB — 0582 69601 — Barnet area.

OWN VOICE, own P.A. own lyrics, front man needs tough rocking band — American influences. No amateur. Rehearse anytime. Phone 01-727 6163.

WANTED. CELLIST and bassist for newly formed band. Own material. Long term project — not overnight success. If interested, phone — 01-959 7207.

AVERAGE DRUMMER age 14-16 wanted for quite the average punk combo. No prats. Hounslow area. Phone 01-570 0144 or 01-890 5429.

PSYCHEDELIC FREAKS! bassist and drummer wanted by lead / rhythm guitarist to form good rock band. Ring Dave — Sevenoaks 54017 evenings.

GUITARIST FED up with rehearsing and getting nowhere wants useless musicians to form New Wave band. No practice place. Geoff 01-977 0705.

BASS / VOCALIST or separate wanted for Basingstoke band. (Rock, blues etc.) No goons, comedians or similar please. Phone Basingstoke 781133.

BASS, DRUMS, vocals saxes. Join keyboards, guitar, congas. Form band on suicidal path to fame / fortune. Val: Ascot 24714 days.

GUITARIST VOCALIST wants tight, working rocky Noowave band. Into Boomtown, Rods, Jam N'similar. Freedom for Kingston! Phone Evenings 01-546 4890.

GROOP TO be formed — Bushey Heath / Watford area, 15-18 into Skynard, Floyd. Own equipment needed. Phone Stuart 01-950 5657.

DRUMMER, BASSIST required. Own gear (transport if possible) New Wave / RnR style. Phone Alan, Brighton 414733 after 7 pm — cheers!

LEAD, DRUMS / vocals to join bass, 15, into own 7 chord music. Own material, own gear. Tel; Tony, Reading 81357.

OY! WE still need a drummer. I know Col was good but he wasn't irreplacable dammit!! At least you could try! Deke — Oxford 773273.

VOCALIST, GUITARIST, keyboards wanted for newly forming rock band. No pro's. Eventually writing own material. Trevor Brighton 71261 daytime.

YOUNG DRUMMER 17ish wanted for psychotic new group, no experience necessary. Must like Bowie, Iggy, Bygraves Ilford area — Jung 01-553 0011.

DRUMMER WANTED, to join Country Western group just forming. Pleasant atmosphere amongst group. If you fancy a session, phone Uxbridge 57119.

FAIR AMATEUR/Guitarist would like to form band. Zeppelin influence. Please someone answer. Dave would like to hear from you. — 01-698 4562

AMATEUR DRUMMER and vocalist seek others to form band, male/female, punk or not. Everybody welcome. Phone 01-658 1492 Martin now!

WORSE GUITARIST in World needs bass, drums, vocals for melodic enthusiastic band. Oxford area. Martin, Frilford Grange, Frilford, Abington.

DRUMMER WANTED for tight semi-pro rock band in South London area. Phone Bruce on 0483 39700.

MO TUCKER style drummer wanted, also bass player, new age, Bernie, 101 Fernlea Road, Balham. SW12. Gigs lined up.

INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS living around Westerham area to form band with drummer, guitarists. Anything welcome. Contact Brian Farnborough 52110 after 6 pm.

BOOMING BASSIST needed urgently to join the panic. Tel. High 01-969 3344 quick.

KILLER KEYBOARD adolescents to OAPs we need you - join the Panic, John 01-221 4255 Mon-Sat not Wed, 10-8pm.

DRUMMER WANTED (14-17 no experience necessary) for heavy group. Transport supplied if local (Waltham Forest area) Pete 01-520 5633.

BRIAN PARRISH forming new working band wants to hear from enthusiastic guitarist to double on lead/harmony vocals. Brian 01-723 8654.

DRUMMER WANTED to complete 3-piece N/W R&B band. Personality and enthusiasm before ability. 01-330 1872. Hurry! We're getting old!!!

BASS PLAYER and drummer to join pop N. Wave band. Excellent songs/lyrics, ready to rehearse. Ring Welwyn Garden City 31357.

BASS FEMALE or male with own gear wanted — Finsbury Park. Competent easy going. Ask for Alan 01-240 0971 Ext 35.

THE MONOCHROME set require dedicated drummer and bassist, beat orientated, gigs in New Year. Phone Tom 01-272 6575.

DRUMMER AND bassist required for newer wave beat group. Gigs in New Year. Phone 01-677 8772.

DRUMMER WANTED with sense of Humour. Must be into Tubes, jocularity and insanity. Call Carmen 01-836 1842 or Larry 01-286 3459 evenings.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS form exciting new band with posy vocalist and mad drummer, one female preferred, wanna go somewhere, Peter 01-883 3601

AGED BALDING aspirant forming group. All ages and instruments. No arseholes. Mylo, 01-439 8466 (day) 01-743 5611 (evenings)

GUITARIST WANTS to meet musicians into experimental rock/jazz/funk-/reggae. Imagination more important then technique. Ring Indar 01-540 5340.

SOPRANO SAX wants musicians for electric band, using Coltrane, Surman Shepp, etc. as starting points, own material preferable. Phone Dave, Deal 3446.

PUNK MUSICIANS wanted, female vocalists forming Hell. Some ability, serious, Blah, Blah. No copies. Threat! Vee, 01-370 4821 from 3.45 pm.

DEDICATED DRUMMER wanted urgently for ambitious rock band with own material, transport pref. Enthusiasm essential. No pros please. Dave 01-989 0298.

NU DEVICES play 1978 music, we need bassist and drummer not afraid to be different. Dan 01-732 2856. S.E. London.

DRUMMER 18 seeks to join/form band. Has own rehearsal room. Oval area. No time wasters and turds 01-735 9886.

ABYSSMAL N/W guitarist seeks non-pro musical looneys. Chelmsford area. Female musicians given top priority. Ring Chris evenings Chelmsford 360747.

COOL FAMILY man bass wanted by red city rockers. Damaged, sharp and drunk. Day, 10-3, 223 1232, evenings 720 4873.

VOCALISTS WANTED

LEAD VOCALIST into Queen, Zeppelin for heavy band. The music is wrote but the lyrics ain't — Phone Mick 01 743 4281.

SINGER NEEDED for band. Inexperienced powerful lungs, 16-19, our own songs, some others, great personality. — Dave 01 691 2277.

VOCALS WANTED for practising N/W rock group — Brentwood area. Anybody considered — Gary, Romford 822164.

POWERFUL VOCALIST wanted for Queen, Zeppelin type band in West London area. — Ring Mick, 01 743 4281 — after 6pm.

WORK WANTED

OXFORD BASSIST, 15 into New Wave, Punk, Wombles. Very amateur but moronic. Fluorescent pink wellies optional. Phone Stanton St. John 283.

BEST SINGER in the world, looking for punk band, preferably with name like The Clash. Ray Zerblade, 9 Garden Row, Hitchin, Herts.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS and New Year to NME, its readers and all groups, even those who can live without a brilliant all round guitarist. Brett, Luton 67314.

FRUSTRATED MULTI-influenced guitarist seeks band urgently — sorry no transport but love the Stones. 18-20 — old wavers preferred. Evan 01-642 9729.

SERIOUS DRUMMER looking for honest organised, original, deep thinking musicians. Floyd, Genesis, Enid, — M. Borza, 78/80 Seaside Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.

GUITARIST 17 own songs, slightly heavy but will try anything except Punk. David — Holmer Green 2085.

FEMALE PUNK/N. Wave singer seeks Punk/N. Wave band. Strong voice. Phone M. Ellis — 01-858 0969.

CAPABLE BASSIST to join good rock band. Into Lou Reed, Hendrix etc. Own gear. Harrow area. Phone Neil — 845 3974.

FEMALE VOCALIST wants to join mad punk band. Totally inexperienced but willing to work hard. Phone Lin 01-554 4976.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER NEEDED urgently for three piece r'n'b/new wave outfit. Ambition a necessity. Ring Dave or Rog. Brixham 2678.

DRUMMER WANTED to help brilliant etc. etc. band to unparalleled heights blah blah. Phone Penryn 72566. Cornwall's only talented group.

DRUMMER WANTED Regular gigs, Hayman Kit provided, into blues and rock. Top group in Isles of Scilly. Phone I.O.S. 425, Terry after 6pm.

'HERO WANTED' keyboards, strings, brass, gigging band. R & B, funk original lively unique fun, laughs prospects. Dustbin Lids. Phone Exeter 78896.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.
It's only 10p a word!

KEYBOARDS, ALTERNATIVE instrumentalist for jazz-progressive-rock influenced band. Vocals an asset. Gear and ambition essential. North Trowbridge (0225) 782285.

DRUMMER + Bassist with gig experience wish to join/form new wave band (recording contract imminent early February). Shaun, Plymouth 62302 after 6 pm.

BAND WANTED to form different kind of band. Phone Swindon 27908/28409 ask for Andy/Paul. Aged between 16-18.

VOCALISTS WANTED

HAPPY CHRISTMAS (NEW YEAR/) is yours, as vocalist with Cheddar rock band. Prove that NME sells copies West of Slough. 0749 72913.

HIPPY TYPE lady into folk duo work guitar or other instruments, a help. Must have long hair! Seaview 2567 after 5 pm.

WORK WANTED

KEYBOARDS 23. Modern jazz, funk, even Soul. Reader, singer, seeks good pro. work, recording, writing anywhere. Armatrading to Wayne Shorter. J. D. Bickersteth Albion Cottage, Victoria Cottages, Falmouth, Cornwall.

RHYTHM GUITAR wants country, R&R, harmony, lead vocals own gear. Wheels. Female vocalist in band for duets preferred. Bill. 062682 446.

VOCALIST LYRICIST bassist rhythm seeks blues new wave band, imagination necessary, experience not. Phone Berkley 677 after 5. own equipment.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNK BAND (Stafford) need drummer and rhythm guitarist with own kit. No pros. Simon, Wheaton Aston 840681 between 5-6pm.

HEAVY ROCK bass and lead guitarist with good gear to join drummer and rhythm guitarist. Amateurs only. 16-17. Derby 761124.

BEGINNERS WANTED — Two guitarists into Rush, U.F.O. Eagles to join bass and drums for future rock band.Andy, Ripley 860239.

BASS PLAYER wanted. Professional outlook and immediate gigs waiting. New Wave/Rock influence. No messers. Coventry 460615.

BAD GUITARIST 19 into Stones, Beatles, Energy wants to form band in Derby area. Phone Steve, Derby 56305 between 6-7pm.

WARNING LEICESTER! Watch this column. Musical sophisticate, Mike Ugrox, will soon be seeking associates in musical shakeup avant garde.

BASS PLAYER wanted. Newly formed new wave/rock band. Equipment an advantage, experience not necessarily so. Phone Bob, Shirebrook 3470.

SINGER AND drummer required to join with exp. guitarist and bass guitarist. Lincoln area. Phone 0522 62620.

GARAGEBAND DRUMMER needed must be young enthusiastic and have own kit. No straights, only punks, Ring Martin 021 705 5418.

VOCALISTS WANTED

PUNK VOCALIST without experience would like to join/form punk band, pref. Staffordshire area but not essential. Stoke-on-Trent 411213.

VOCALIST FOR expansive group. Limitless ambition, dedication and patience needed. Originally original material. P.A. provided. Phone Steve, Nottingham 605250.

PUNK VOCALIST wanted. Must be clear and powerful. Dedicated essential. Redditch area preferred. Ring Pete, Redditch 43577. No hippies.

VOCALIST WANTED 16-19 for New Band. Own material — no pro's. Oxford area. Ring Gary between 6.30-7.30pm. Kennington 730112.

LEAD VOCALIST wanted to front rock band. 15 mile radius of Dudley. Good prospects. Transport P.A. provided. Cradley Heath 61539.

WORK WANTED

NORTHAMPTON SEX and drugs and rock and roll. Write Iain, Quinbury Cottage, Blakesley, Northants. Stiffs, blockheads, pinheads, Punks, all welcome.

MUSIC TRANSPOSED, all types. phone after 6pm. Ripley 45419.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER wishes to join/form New Wave band. Experience preferred. Also into Bowie. Phone Chesterfield 452434 evenings. (can't sing).

LET'S MAKE it together. My lyrics, your experience, our No. 1. First class success. Write Patricia Hill, 12 Fritchley Close, Chaddesden, Derby.

GIRL SINGER with recording contacts seeks rock band for new venture. Male or female band ages 20+. Liz, Bedford 711437.

TENOR SAX, 30, keen to play with amateur band, jazz or funk or anything that moves. Telephone Leamington 29381 evenings.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER IN Clacton area. Aged about 14 wanted for rock band. Must have own equipment. — Contact Barry, Clacton 813735.

COMPETANT, IMAGINATIVE creative musicians required, to form band with guitarist songwriter, Cambridge area. Only wide tasted muso's please. — Kings Lynn 840228.

SIMON KIRKE type drummer wanted reliable bass player a la ox. needed. Contact us at Peterborough 68931 x 435 9 am - 5 pm.

MARTIAN CHORDER seeks funky bass punky drums crazed acid lead for some psychedelic reggae rock. Dersingham 41269 North West Norfolk.

WANTED, SOLID bass player and loud drummer. Experience not essential, energy and enthusiasm. Phone Peterborough 68931 ext 435, 9-5 pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

NORWICH PUNK band Gaping Jaws require singer no experience or ability required. Contact Alan Wright or Adrian Really. Norwich 46479.

GREAT YARMOUTH punk group need singer must have equipment ready for gigging, no time wasters, 125 North Denes Road, Gt. Yarmouth.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER BASSIST needed for New Wave band. Preferably with no experience, age 16-19 — into MC5, Stooges, Velvets, Doors.— Keith, Newcastle 661773.

DRUMMER & bassist required for band (guitar & keyboards) New Wave ambitions preferred.— 061 652 7871 or 061 681 3168.

PUNK GIRL wants to form band, no experience, no good but we'll try.— Steph, Leeds 586424 before 12 noon.

GUITARIST NEEDS bassist and drummer to form three piece band. — Stockport area.— Phone Martin, 485 1632.

UPRIGHT BASS player and accoustic guitarist for contemporary folk, blues duo, with original material. — Phone Sheffield 668508. Gigs imminent.

RHYTHM GUITARIST into Bowie, Floyd wants to join or form band. Own gear, willing to work hard. — Phone Treeton 696026.

SHEFFIELD BAND seeks drummer and lead vocalist — other instruments an asset. — Phone Mark, Sheffield 661713.

CRAP GUITARIST wants to form-/join punk group, teenagers only, mad female vocalist needed as well. — Gav, evenings Chorley 74712.

HAVE THE kids of Manchester forgotten how to dance? Dolls/Shangri-La facsimilies wanted, sulky young only. — Steven 061881 7125.

BASS & DRUMS required for New Wave Punk (?) band doing original material and others. — 061 652 7871 or 061 681 3168.

PRETTY VACANT average guitarist would like to try form band. No superstars. Heavy, punk — average gear. — Bradford 23645.

BASS GUITARIST want for fast outrageous band. You must be dedicated and wanna be a star.— Phone 051 334 7608.

GO AHEAD band needs good drummer and frontman, vocalist. Work available when lineup complete. Mobile? Reliable? Interested. Phone Pete 061-336 5341.

SECOND GUITARIST who also plays keyboards and likes Beefheart and Donna Summer. Martin 061-794 3742.

THE LOST need a drummer and lead guitarist male or female, no experience needed, confused teenagers. Phone Sheffield 667456 please.

MANCHESTER AVANT-Garde new wave band need drummer and any kind of guitarist. Phone 061-633 1651.

DRUMMER AND singer wanted for non-pro rock group 15-19. Tubes, Kiss. Call Michael 582230 Scarborough. Do it — call now!

QUENTIN TERMIGHT wants 3 punks (Bass, drums, lead/rhythm) Burnley Colune Nelson area. Tel 35674 Burnley, 39 Millan Ave.

GUITARIST 21 into Airplane, Quicksilver, Television, Rods, Stranglers, Starting band. Interested? Everybody welcome. Strictly Amateur, Manchester area. Phone Paul 061-962 7714.

BURY AREA lead and rhythm guitarists needs bass and drums to form commercial rock group (18-22). Write or contact after 6 pm Mark Butler, 32 Fernview Drive, Summersea, Bury.

BORED WITH Hull, so are we, bass and drums still needed for punk band, ring Paul 858156 (Hull) now!

TOTAL ROCK freak/vocalist songwriter seeks band into Dylan, Punk rock, Soul, Rock 'n' Roll. 061 301 1488.

VOCALISTS WANTED

FEMALE SINGER, guitar picker poetess wanted for helping in composing repertoire for contemporary orientated amateur songwriter singer guitarist with ambitions. Bolton 651997.

WORK WANTED

APATHETIC PUNKETTE (16) wants to form or join group. Will sing or learn instrument, 21 Croft Gates, Rhodes, Middleton, Manchester.

BASS PLAYER with good gear. Peavey/Gibson seeks band.— Tel Sunderland 227141, evenings.

NEW WAVE pop, rivvum and blooze guitar, vocals, songs available. Television, Springsteen, Pistols, Beatles. — Manor Cottage, Low Worsall, Yarm, Cleveland.

HELP! GIGS soon — No singer/PA. Energetic rich Punk wanted. Fast, hardworking and talented. — Phone Alan 051 546 9071.

SHATTERED DOLL'S require two female backing vocalists. Must be able to sing in tune. — Please phone 051 334 7608.

VOCALIST WANTS to join or form Iggy, Bowie, Eno influenced band no equipment time wasters welcome. Ring Clive, Leeds 648575.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

TASTEFUL YOUNG musicians to back 'name' girl, Keyboards, guitar, bass, drums. Vocals are a plus. Phone Dave on 0738 20078.

WANTED ONE neurotic guitar player from Glenrothes Fife for new wave band. Sorry, couldn't get in touch, lost address. Eddie Craw, 18 Lochleven Terrace, Lochore, Fife.

BASSIST FOR thrust to wreck all types of music. No pros or bores. Telepathic ability an asset. Paul 041 423 3362.

"ROY RIGG and THE OIL MEN" require drummer. Punk! Own kit not necessary. No time wasters. Punkette will be considered. 66 Bathgate Road, Blackburn, Bathgate, W. Lothian.

IDIOT VOCALIST wants band. More enthusiasm than ability. Into Eater, Damned, Iggy. Phone Stirling 62077, Ray, after 6pm.

RHYTHM GUITARIST (18) seeks musicians to form band (Edinburgh preferably). All but time wasters considered. Phone Chris 031 667 3596.

DRUMMER AND guitarist want anybody 15-20 to form 1978 band. Must have ideas. Eddie, 18 Lochleven Terrace, Lochore, Fife, Scotland.

PROFICIENT DRUMMER urgently required for original rock band 'Halcyon', Collins, Bruford style would suit. Gigs booked. Kincardine 30862.

DEDICATED PUNKETTES wish to form group, must be full of life and enthusiasm. Halfwits accepted, aged 15-20. Ring Alison 031-669 7887.

BONDAGE WANT! Tasteful lead guitar, rhythm and vocals with no ties for worthwhile project work waiting Tempus Fugit. Phone Fort William 039 77225.

EDINBURGH PUNKETTE wishes to form band. Has no equipment just determination and application, either sex 16-20. Phone Louise 01-336 5927.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 18 seeks musicians to form band in Edinburgh. All but time wasters considered. Phone Chris 031 667 3596.

VOCALISTS WANTED

CHANTER WANTED for rock band. We'll try anybody out. So anybody who fancies themselves as a singer. Phone Joh 031-337 7676.

WORK WANTED

DAVIE. DEDE experience freaky guitarist seeks gigs rock, punk, loves Purple, Stones, Slits, Johnny Cash. Have van will travel. Vambo. Wishaw 77527 after 5.

FLAUTIST/VOCALIST/Acoustic guitarist wants to form band. Playing progressive original material turning pro eventually. Phone Tom McCafferty, Balbeggie 439.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

INCOMPETENT CLEAN guitarist and good drummer looking for lead guitarist and bass guitarist to form band, locals preferred. Tonypandy 2716.

ALTERNATIVE INSTRUMENT played by committed Eno type person. Call now at 207 Cathedral Road, Cardiff, ask for Matthew Davis.

WORK WANTED

STEVE CLEARY (clever poet) seeks backing band. Into Bygraves, Buzzcocks, small furry animals, dangerous drugs, millets, the blues. Llandudno 674222.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNK GROUP forming. Required drummer, no experience necessary. Must be prepared to work hard. No pros. Into Clash, Pistols, Rads. David Mental, Dublin 312298.

EXCITING NEW band to accompany us on Summer tour of Eire. Any style, enthusiasm. Success to Mike, Glendalough Lodge, Recess, Co. Galway. Ireland.

FELLOW TEDS wanted to form rock 'n' roll band. I play guitar and sing. 44 Rathmullan Drive, Newtownards or Phone Newtownards 816687.

WORK WANTED

SINGER AVAILABLE for premier R & B dance band. Ring after 7 o'clock, Foxrock, Dublin 896304.

⑫

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FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

WRITE YOUR AD. HERE — ONE WORD PER BOX (The first two words will appear in bold type) Sorry — The Box Number service is not available. Please ensure your address and/or phone number is included in the copy.

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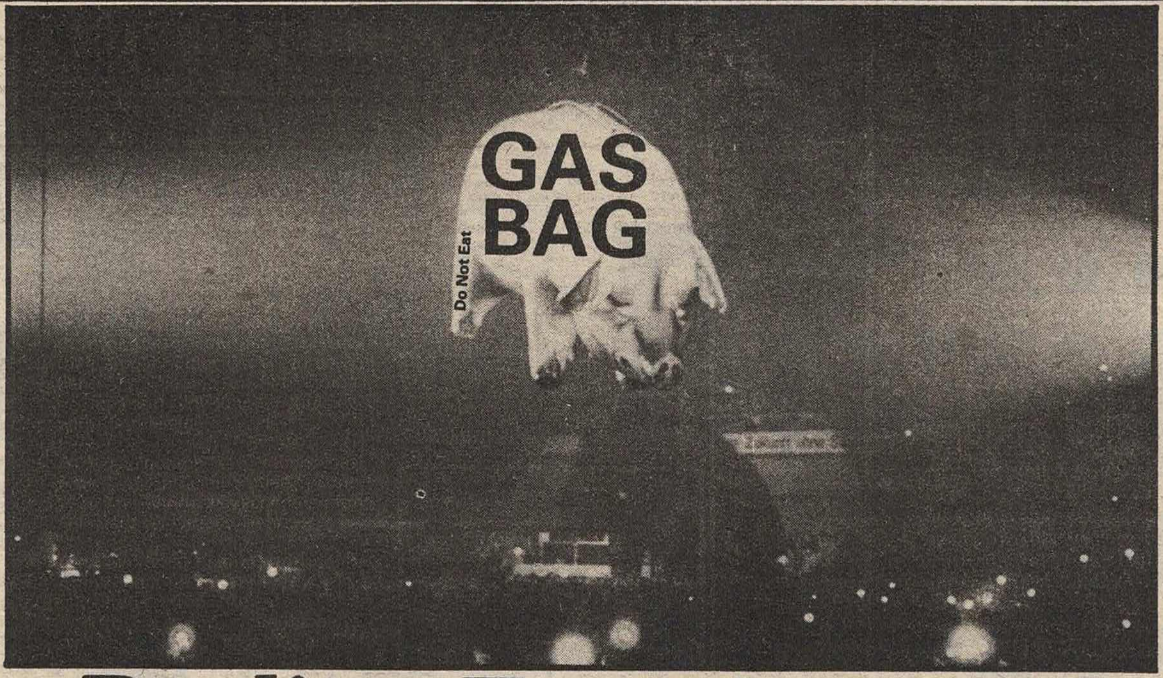


Reality, Escapism, and The Common Man

A Bag of Many Parts. Chapter 307, in which Maurice gets his oats.

IT SEEMS that if there is anything that CSM dislikes more that a Boring Old Fart it's a Bi-Wave Fart. I am what he refers to as a member of the "nutter faction" in his introduction to the *NME* Poll Results. I voted for Pink Floyd, Rainbow etc in the Best Group Section, also voted for The Clash, Pistols etc. And why shouldn't I! If the nurds hadn't noticed, it's all *music* and that's what your rag's all about.

I was into punk before most people I know back at the start of '77 — wow so what says you, that ain't early. Well I come from Gloucester (tough eh!) and punk has never really come here and never will. We did have two non entity 'punk' bands come but they went down like well greased . . . — Burlesque and Eater, with the latter apparently literally thrown out on the street, equipment and all, after a tussle with the management, who asked them to stop playing after two numbers. And that was it. The last big name we had come here was Demis Roussos and the sell-out crowd had to pay seven quid a throw to see that fat womble (sorry Orinoco). And that just about sums up Gloucester musically (how about it tour organisers).

Back to the point. I wuz nearly thrown out of the common room at school for playing my pic bag copy of 'Grip' when it came out, by the hippies and soulites alike. But during the summer these hypocritical farts suddenly became The Stranglers number one fans because it was now the 'in thing' to dig punk. Can you blame them? It was fun, good for a laugh and they saw they were missing out. But nobody (though I hear one kid did) smashed up all their old records. They still play 'em and so do I, and I bet you lot do too though you're too scared to admit it.

I've got "Bollocks" just like everyone else (the album silly) but it takes its turn on my turntable along with old favourites like "Made In Japan" and "Dark Side Of The Moon". I'll be saving up my Christmas record tokens in eager expectation of the new albums from The Clash, Syd Barrett and Rainbow.

Look, unlike most of you posers, I am on the dole. *I know what it's like* and sometimes the last thing I want to hear is some moron who isn't singing about how terrible it is. Ever heard of escapism maaann . . . When I sat through a Floyd concert earlier this year it took me miles out of my everyday dull life as I sat there and watched the pretty lights and effects and soaked up the overpowering music.

I would like to draw a parallel brought to me by Mick Farren's review of the new Lonnie Donegan compilation. He brought about the skiffle era. Kids countrywide who would not normally have even considered taking up music did and formed bands, masses of fresh talent emerged and developed from this era, remember the Stones, Who and Beatles, changing the face of popular music.

Now the same thing is happening — kids all over the country are forming bands. For Christsake, even I've bought a guitar and I can already play more chords than the second best guitarist in the world (see poll results) and I've only had the damn thing a month. I'm never going to make it as an axe hero but by my reckoning at least a handful should emerge from the thousands of potentials now around who might never have touched a guitar if it had not been for Punk.

And to all you B.O.F.'s who still hate Punk I've got a few things to say, cheer up, the real music's due back with a vengence, and hard shit, you've missed out it was great fun, in a few years you'll look back and thank these guys for the almighty kick up the ass they gave music.
THE ORACLE, Gloucester.

Yeah, it was a pretty dumb remark on Murray's part — even John Rotten likes Neil Young and Beefheart *as well*. Couldn't agree more with your views about people becoming creatively involved in the music — and surely being in a band is less escapist and more satisfying than a trip to the rock equivalent of *Star Wars*. Not that a little escapism is a bad thing — on the contrary it's a necessary safety valve (particularly if you're on the dole / doing a dull job) — but too much escapism dulls our sense of present need and purpose; which, I suggest, is one reason rock needed the 'almighty kick up the ass' you talk about. — N.S.

Hello clouds, hello trees, hello sky, hello CSM, hello Fotherington-Thomas . . .
Hey there little inset

Pic: JOE STEVENS

"I THINK Jonathan Richman is a wet and a weed and I can't for the life of me see what this album has to offer to anyone except acid casualties and very small children." — *Charles Shaar Murray, NME — 17/12/77.*

It makes me laugh when I think that the above statement comes from some slob who collects SUPERMAN COMICS . . . I gave them up decades ago.

Coming from a Richman fan like me I suppose this sounds like sour grapes but hell, the man's one of the few original left on this planet. Maybe Murray dislikes JR because he's met something different and is *scared* of it. Obviously the review would have been different if JR had looked a bit like Murray as he seems to be in love with anyone who looks like him — hence The Dictators or the *very boring* old fart Deke Leonard. GET BACK TO YOUR BORING OLD SOUNDALIKE BLUES ALBUMS AND YOUR KIDDIES COMICS FATSO — I HOPE YOU SWALLER YER GOB IRON!
A FEAT / DAN / RUMOUR FAN, Ingatestone.

As Peason my grate frend sa, Superman is a wet and a weed and CSM reads *Howard The Barbarian* and *Conan The Duck* as any fule kno. — NIGEL MOLESWORTH.

I ALWAYS liked Fotherington-Thomas.
GRABBER, Head of the Skool and Winner of The Mrs Joyful Prize for Rafia Work.

HOW DARE you debase our good friend Basil Fotherington-Thomas by drawing comparisons between him and J Richman. The UGGLY truth is that he is v. tough these days.
PUKON AND HIS TREENS, Crater No. 1, Birmingham.

MAY I begin by saying that up till now CSM has appeared to me to be a fairly reasonable human being. However, can this very same character who was complaining about the absence of "chewns" in the singles of the Pistols and The Damned a few weeks back, surely not recognise that this is where Richman is so entertaining — he makes bloody astounding CHEWNS — and if, at times he verges on nursery rhyme lyrics, who really cares? His music, for me, is a happy escape from this goddamn awful mess in which we live and, in that context, he must surely be as relevant today as The Clash. Jonathan Richman is most definitely NOT a weed — he just shows up CSM for having lost that aura, that 'innocence of life', which continual cynical criticism seems to bring about.
NEIL, Tarves, Scotland.

The Damned are really rocking tonight!

Dunno, comics addiction seems at least as escapist and "innocent" as J.R. Anyway Jonathan isn't so much innocent as someone that's chosen to ignore all the nasty things in favour of the nice things; a true suburban boy. Dinosaurs I can understand but ice cream vans?? — N.S.

CONGRATULATIONS on your Christmas issue! Ms Smith's shots of Jean-Jacques Burnel were a delightful bonus that made the seasonal cost of *NME* well worth paying. I've not seen such beautifully formed feet in a long time. Perhaps Ms Smith could do a lengthy photo-essay on rock musicians' feet in a future issue. I must suggest however that she demands that her models should be well-rinsed in that area before she aims her Box-Brownie lens! It has often been my experience of musicians that their feet have a melodic quality all of their own, especially those that are clad constantly "en Plimsolle."

I just missed your bacchanalia at Dingwall's, but I hear it rivalled my long-proboscised protege's piss-up on British Airways! Although I'm too late now to wish you a merry Christmas (I only got back from the States on Thursday), I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my hope that you will continue to provide us with entertainment and stimulation during the coming year.
JOHN W. BALDRY.

NOW LET'S have a centrespread of Debbie Harry.
CHRIS ALIAS RICK ALIAS BILL, Gt Wakering, Essex.

Is that you Roy? — N.S.
Yes, this is I Roy. — I. ROY.
Oh, U Roy. — NS.

Edited by NEIL SPENCER

MARK PERRY'S Alternative TV single is far too good to allow Shamus O' Pyjamas to dismiss it with a crushing one liner. Signs of a constructive, working intelligence on a rock and roll record must be galling to a self-confessed show biz freak like Bob Geldof, particularly as A.T.V. have a lot to say about the state of affairs that leads to the elevation of mediocrities such as the Rats to the status of five-minute Stars.

Obviously rock and roll isn't going to change the bloody political system but it's anger and disgust with the status quo that has produced so much of the recent great new music, not the ability to do a fair Stones pastiche and write inconsequential stuff about schoolgirls.
JOE DOSTOYEVSKY (The Joe Dostoyevsky Showband).

There's nothing inconsequential about schoolgirls. — ADRIAN HENRI.

Fine, but I don't think our younger readers will know who you are Adrian. — N.S.

Yes they will, I got a name check on the new Jam album. — A.H.

I MUST write this to thank The Clash for such a great night in Belfast. The gig was great and afterwards we met and talked to Joe Strummer and Paul Simenon. We couldn't find Jones and Headon, but Joe Strummer got their autographs for us and left them at the reception desk of the Europa Hotel as he promised he would.

Would Robert Plant do the same?

Thanks a lot Joe and the band. You kept your promise to come back and play for us here.
A NON-PUNK NEW WAVE FAN.

I AM an old man now, approaching my sixtieth year. In my youth, my brother, Marty and I were musicians, I played clarinet and Marty was a violinist. We would play together often and did all sort of things in music.

My brother and I were very close at all times and we felt that we were achieving something in our music — for even then there was a feeling of rebellion against our elders. When the war came, however, we were separated, although at the time I didn't know that I would never see Marty again. News of his death led to my having a nervous breakdown, which in turn destroyed my marriage. I have lived alone now for thirty-five years — which adds up to many, many hours of grief and loneliness. My life, in fact, was totally ruined by my brother being murdered. In fact, that's a load of bollocks.

I'm twenty-one and I write for *New Wave* magazine. I've seen and loved The Pistols and been heavily influenced by them. I haven't heard "Belsen Is A Gas" so I can't talk about the content. The title, though is unforgivable. There will be an attempt at releasing the single, which will result in national newspaper coverage; just to make sure everyone knows about it. Funny what money can do to people isn't it?
IGORN, New Barnet, Herts.

Sure is, they'll make movies about The Black Panther and records about the Moors Murderers; I don't believe in the glamour of violence and murder and I don't understand the obsession with the human mediocrities who perpetrate them. Strictly pathetic. — N.S.

WOT I say is, sod the lot of you! Everyone that has been slagging The Damned, that is. I have just seen them in concert and they are bloody fantastic. To me, they are what punk is all about — good basic rock that makes everyone wanna dance and have a good time — which is exactly what we all did. So there were half as many paople there as should have been, but better to have a small but enthusiastic crowd all having a great time than a large crowd where half the people stand around looking bored and supercilious.
JOAN GEOFFROY, Winton, Bournemouth.

P.S. The Dead Boys were also great — don't anyone dare say otherwise!!

Don't worry, it's be nice to The Damned week in *NME*. Write again next week when someone else has slagged 'em off. Know what you mean about crowds though. — N.S.

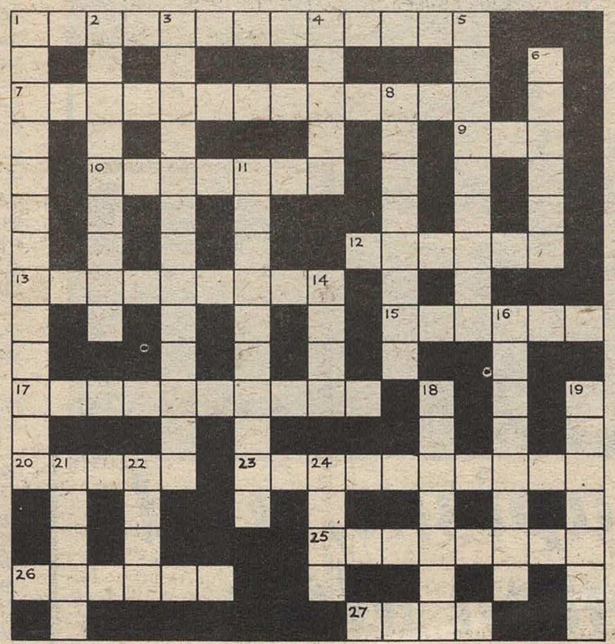
AFTER SEEING the sparkling white mansion/stately home in Regents Park where Joe 'Westway' Strummer abides, all one can say is, some garage.
SUSIE.

Garages were last year's thing, if not the year before last's. — J.S.

MARC, BING . . . is David bad karma?
JAMES JOYCE, Carlow.

Dunno, but we're watching Devo closely. — STEPHEN HERO.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Lesser-known Stiff, he'd go the "Whole Wide World" *'cause he don't care!* (9,4)
7 Mark P's band (11,2)
9 & 6 Pre-Graham Parker, rock's best-known wearer of shades
10 From your local New Wave record store, or your neighbourhood Punk greengrocery!
12 See 26
13 Dave Edmunds' Monmouth studio
15 May be almost a BOF, but he's still the only rock artist who's appeared stark naked on the cover of an album!
17 Neil Young's classic "pissing in the wind" LP (2,3,5)
20 At one point second only to Marley in the JA hierarchy
23 Vocalist for pleasure! *Horrorshow hedonist!* (4,6)
25 Suitable name for the band that backs up the Blank Generation!
26 & 12 Not only made his own comeback in '77, helped put Muddy Waters back on vinyl too
27 See 18

DOWN

1 Or eat her, twerp! (anag.7,6)
2 Vintage Allman Bros' LP with connections with 10 across (3,1,5)
3 Southend band, they were one of the casualties of '77 (7,6)
4 Some people say little girls should be seen and not heard *— this lot don't agree!*
5 She's hiding in the coving to neutralize the clue!
6 See 9
8 Not so blatantly irresponsible as his namesake 1 across, this one was just born lazy! (4,4)
11 Australian-born MOR singer, sole hit in the U.K. has been "Angie Baby" (5,5)
14 One use for vinyl
16 & 22 Eagles hit from "Hotel California" (3,3,2,4)
18 & 27 Dame Bowie in panto drag!
19 This sweet Gene's is nothing to do with Ian Dury!
21 Vintage Holly / Crickets number which gave name to vintage U.K. TV r'n'r programme (2,3)
22 See 16
24 The correct form of salutation for El Roxola!

KRISTMAS KROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Patti Smith; 5 Ray (Davies); 6 (Lee) Brilleaux; 10 Lee Perry; 12 Robert Plant; 17 Al Jardine; 20 Scott (Joplin); 21 "Your Song"; 22 Johnny Thunders; 24 Yvonne Elliman; 28 (Little Bob) Story; 30 "Anarchy In The UK"; 34 & 35 Dave Edmunds; 42 Billy (Preston); 43 "If You Leave Me Now"; 44 "Abbey Road"; 46 Dictators; 47 Comets; 48 Linda Lewis; 52 Neil Young; 54 "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker"; 57 "Red (Shoes)"; 59 "Ruby (Tuesday)"; 60 Tommy Ramone; 62 Preston; 64 Bootlegs; 65 Clive James; 66 "Rock On"; 67 Joan (Baez); 68 Cat Stevens; 70 (Commander Cody & The) Lost Planet (Airmen); 72 Herd; 73 Joplin; 74 Bill (Nelson); 75 George (Benson); 77 (Greg) Lake; 80 Move; 81 Sire; 82 (David) Bowie; 83 Mamas (& Papas); 87 "Solsbury Hill"; 91 Marvin Gaye; 92 Lee (Brilleaux); 93 "(Ruby) Tuesday; 94 (Neil) Diamond; 96 "Juke Box Jive"; 97 "(Brain) Salad (Surgery)"; 98 Leonard Cohen; 99 (Ringo) Starr.

DOWN: 1 Poly Styrene; 2 The Motors; 3 Marcy Levy; 4 "Hard Rain"; 5 Rat (Scabies); 7 "Lola"; 8 (John) Lennon; 9 Karen (Carpenter); 11 Elton John; 13 Pogo; 14 Tanya (Tucker); 15 Miles (Davis); 16 (Bill) Nelson; 18 John (Lennon); 19 Runt; 23 Hugh (Cornwell); 25 "Aja"; 26 XTC; 27 Reg (Dwight); 29 David (Bowie); 31 Roberta (Flack); 32 Keith Moon; 33 Velvet Underground; 36 Debbie Harry; 37 Daryl Hall; 38 "Road Runner"; 39 "Evita"; 40 (George) Benson; 41 MOR; 45 Eddie Jobson; 47 Colin; 49 Wishbone Ash; 50 Supremes; 51 Cream; 53 "Endless Flight"; 55 Cornwell; 56 Ralph McTell; 58 Yoko; 61 Atlantic; 63 Stranglers; 64 Barrie Masters; 66 Ringo (Starr); 67 John Mayall; 69 Eno; 71 Osibisa; 73 Jess Roden; 76 Grace (Slick); 78 (Little) Bob (Story); 79 Carpenter; 84 Flack; 85 T.V.Smith; 86 (Ray) Davies; 88 Little (Bob Story); 89 Bread; 90 "Hey Joe"; 91 Mono; 95 Mott.

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We here at NME reckon L. Zeppelin will hit back hard in '78. After all, as photographer CHRYS CHRYSANTHOU found out when he stumbled across Zep's Cirencester hideaway, PLANT, BONZO (on guitar?!), JONES and PAGE look in pretty sharp nick.
Awright you lot, welcome to . . .

teazers

THANK CHRIST our Lord had only one son — don't think we could've taken much more of bleedin' Xmas. Get thee behind us, demon festivity. As for 1978, it's no doubt starting the way it intends to carry on. And who better to lead the way than The Foul-Mouthed Punk Rock Group (reproduced coutesy of *Sun-Speak Cliches Inc.)?*

The moral turpitude of **J. Rotten** and Co. — much to the delight of Fleet St and all Right-thinking people everywhere — meant that admission to the United States was denied them for a while there. Just like the **Stones** back in the '60s when **Brian** and **Keef** *(never mind that — Ed.)* Anyway, the upshot was that thousands of American ticket-holders for shows that were scheduled to start from December 30th (last year) weren't going to see Britain's lovable spike-tops. The US Embassy ruling denying them entry cited "sexual deviants or anyone with drug offenses" as liable to be placed in a non-ongoing visa situation. *(They really do talk like that, don't they? — Ed..)*

At the time of the ban, ashen faced **Sex P.** supremo **Malcolm 'Allison' McLaren** was quoted: "I feel sick about this and so do the boys." Talcy Malcy went on to describe 'the boys' as having 'petty' convictions, including John's £40 sulphate fine last March, Paul Cook ripping up a few London bus seats and Steve Jones being a 'pretty slick' burglar before joining the band.

"Sid has a few assaults on his record," added McLaren helpfully, "Like knocking a policeman's teeth out." Mr Vicious (for it is he) is currently on bail until January 19 after being arrested in a West End hotel with **Nancy Spungen** (ask **Nick Kent** about it). Even last week (when all this was happening, remember?), the Yanks were getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. The producer of NBC's *Saturday Night Live* TV show, obviously oblivious to the visa problem, was under the misapprehension that The Foul-Mouthed Punk Rock Group had cancelled their appearance over money. Ha ha. And to think all the tickets for their Chicago show were sold in 20 minutes.

Just as well some Warner Bros (Sex P's US company) legal big wig got the original decision reversed, 'cos Malcolm threatened to smuggle 'the boys' into America from Canada and Johnny consoled himself by scoring 311 in *NME's* Kristmas Kwiz, which means he's "A pretty nice sort of person, if dull."

Charming. Tell that to the staid financial mag *Investors Review,* which made the disgraceful, dirty, disgusting (sorry, more *Sun-speak)* FMPRG Britain's Young Businessmen of the Year for "getting to grips with the principles of business by taking a total of £150,000 in three months from two record companies who decided to terminate their contracts . . ."

Back on the street, maan *(cut it out — Ed.),* the money matters are more mundane, like the £10 fine 17-year-old **Cathy Lynch** incurred for wearing a **Wayne County** "If you don't want to fuck me, baby, fuck off" badge at Liverpool's Lime St station. She was done under our old friend, the 1824 Vagrancy Act. "They're just middle class snobs," said an unrepentant Cathy of the magistrates. And she's determined to get her badge back . . .

Of course, the seasonal festivities were lost on quite a few people. Seemingly the entire staff of this august organ, for starters, were struck down with a bad dose of flu, the virulence of which could not be dampened by hanging about for days on end in licensed victuallers' premises . . .

Not as painful, though, as **Advertising** guitarist **Simon Boswell's** Xmas. On Christmas Eve, he managed to topple off the stage at London's Hope & Anchor, dislocating one knee and fracturing a bone in the other . . .

And two kids at **The Clash's** Rainbow gig were hospitalised after collapsing. They'd drunk anti-freeze, "Because we were cold . . ."

The holiday "high spirits" continued after **Siouxie's** Music Machine show, when Clash's **Mick Jones** and *NME's* **Chalkie Davies** were roughed up by two big scruffy long-haired potato-heads (Chalkie reckons they were nine feet tall). Lots of people looked but no one did anything to help. Wouldn't be cool, would it . . ?

POOR LOVELOST **Byron Ferrari** had himself a very lonely Christmas. Ferry's **Jerry** (his 'Texan beauty' fiancee Ms Hall, y'all) flew off with **Mick Nicuagara** for a Caribbean holiday last week after spending a cosy weekend with Ol' Rubber Lips in Paris. **(Bianca,** of course, is knocking around with the very beautiful **Roddy Llewellyn** — friend of royalty — at the mo'.) Baron Furry? According to *Private Eye,* he's skulking in Montreux, making his new album and planning revenge on Mr Jagger, once considered a close friend . . .

And mention of Michael Philip reminds us of the strange choices for Album of the Year in the *Daily Mail*'s Star Pick. Jagger hisself went for **Linda Ronstadt's** "Simple Dreams" and **Peter Tosh**'s "Equal Rights", **Rod Stewart** plumped for **Weather Report's** "Heavy Weather" and **Elton John** reckons **"The Motors 1".** More predictable, suppose, **was Paul Weller** picking "The Story Of **The Who**" . . .

A special Noo Year Quiz (no LP tokens): 1) Now that Island have lost their autonomy, will **Bob Marley** leave them for A&M? 2) Is it true that CBS have opened an A&R annex at a Knightsbridge hair salon? 3) Whatever happened to the "Stiff's Greatest Stiffs" live album? 4) Have **Queen** left manager **John Reid**, or are they about to? 5) Is it true that **Bowie** is finding it difficult to get anyone to appear with him on TV? After all, his last two appearances in this country were with **Bolan** and **Bing,** and we all know the ending to their story . . .

Now the answers to last week's posers. Yes, dat sure am **Joni Mitchell** in blackface on the cover of her new elpee (Dead giveaway: her enormous choppers), and the book lying beside **JJ Burnel**'s buttocks in the superfab colour poster is "Woman's Role In The New Society", a 1930s tome belonging to photographer **Pennie Smith.** Pennie, incidentally, was perplexed to receive a phone call from a gentleman representing *Health And Efficiency*, inquiring as to whether Mr Burnel was wearing a body-stocking in the centrespread. *(Bitch! — Ed.)*.

Yah boo sucks to *Top Of The Pops* for not including a single sniff of anything remotely New Wave in two hours of "Best Of '77", even though **T. Robinson, Stranglers, Pistols, Jam** *et al* had sizeable successes and played on the programme during the year. Like howcome **Billy Ocean** gets in? Anarchy for Broadcasting House . . .

But a little cheer for Radio One DJ **Simon Bates.** OK, he may not be the greatest thing since sliced bread but at least Master Bates slips in the odd good record, which is more than can be said for his dire predecessor, the dread **Tawny Blackbum . . .**

Fun and games at **Da Ramones** New Year's Eve Rainbow bash when, true to form dashing **Sid Vicious** attempted to beat up the lead guitarist of **The Lous** (dat's right, the Froggy all-girl group). Anglo-French relations were restored when friends of both parties intervened . . .

Scots gits **The Rezillos** were a mite peeed off with their treatment at the same do. Even though all the posters, tickets etc stated 'Doors open 9.30', they had to start their set at 9.10 after **Gen X** had been added to the bill . . .

By the way, if you want a pic sleeve to go with your Rezillos "Good Sculptures" single (which went out *au naturel* due to an administrative error), write to Customer Services, Phonogram, Chadwell Heath, London E3 . . .

The **Zim's** *Renaldo And Carlotta* movie (now pared down to a mere three and a half hours) opens in New York and LA on January 25. No elpee planned. "Either it'll be Citizen Kane," says a friend, "Or he'll have egg on his face." Well, his ex-missus already has. **Sarah Dylan** was arrested for leading a raid on the Dylan offspring's school in an attempt to take custody of **Jesse, Anna, Samuel** and **Jakob.** Apparently, Sarah got a bit carried away and started 'hitting and choking' their teacher . . .

On to a happier couple. **Ian 'Oonter** and his missus found wandering around Carnaby St last Friday, rescued and dragged up to the *NME* office for a drop of the Ed.'s brandy. Ian also put in a special appearance with ex-Mott's **British Lions** at Friar's Xmas party . . .

Stranglers producer **Martin Rushent** (who's also worked with **Fleetwood Mac, Buzzcocks** and **Curved Air)** replacing **Andrew Lauder** as head of A&R at United Artists. Lauder's left the company to set up his own Radar Records (first signings **Elvis Costello** and **Nick Lowe)** with UA managing director **Martin Davis . . .**

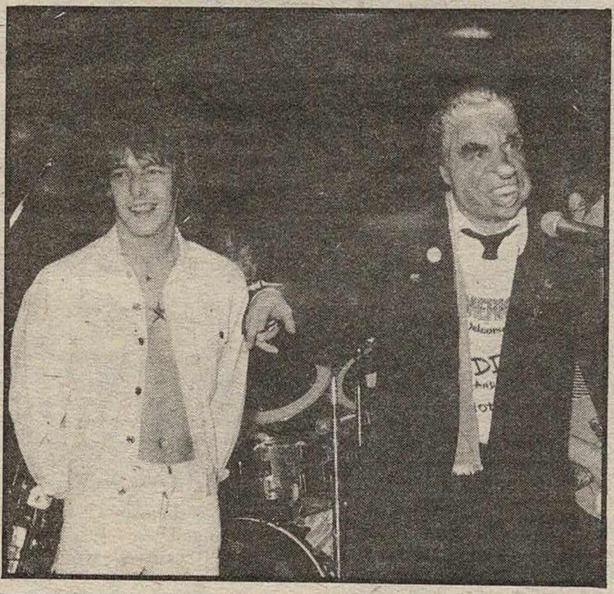
Our fashion correspondent reports that her £250 'punk' dress designed by **Zandra Rhodes** came back from the dry cleaners with the pins, chains and zips removed and the rips and slits sewn up . . .

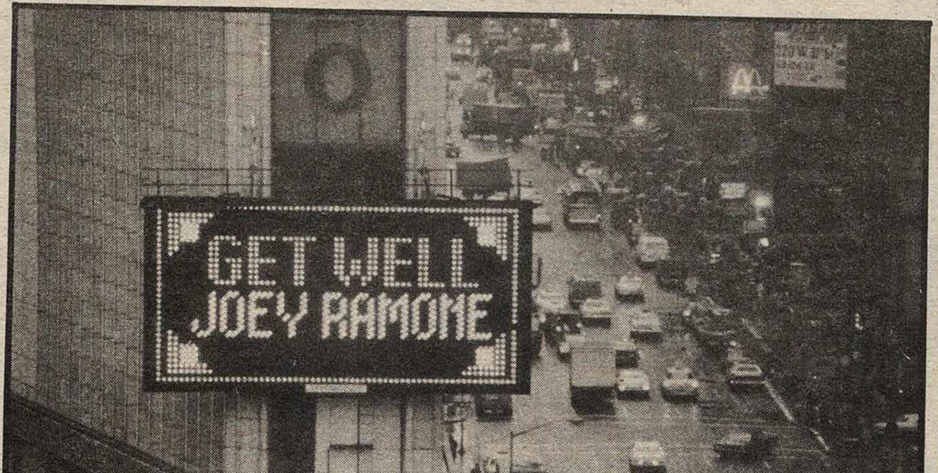
The world's most irregular fanzine is back on the stands. Not content with putting out a second issue six months ago, due to overwhelming public demand (well, a few punters wanted a copy), the globe's only pure reggae read *Pressure Drop* has reprinted its esteemed first issue, the one containing such delights as **P. Reel's** quasi-autobiographical cultural overview meisterwork *Better Must Come.* Dread punters can secure this item from discerning bookshops or direct from Compendium Books, 234 Camden High St., London NW1 . . .

Apologies to **Ms Tuppy Owens** for a misleading statement in last issue's *Thrills.* The Owens tapes available on TOT are *not* the same ones destroyed by Scotland Yard . .

Finally, a special message sent to *NME's* **Phil McNeill** by **Malcolm McLaren:** "Next year is going to be worse. Prepare." Oooh . . .

We'll leave you with a heartwarming message from Kansas, spotted by 'Cheery' **Chalkie Davies . . .**



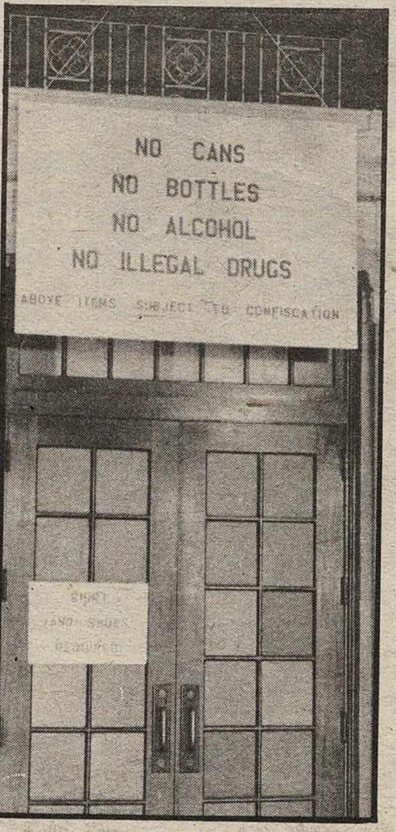


***NOO YOIK TIPS FOR THE TOP,** from the top: In front of an Andy Warhol minimalist 16mm epic at Max's Kansas City club, nonchalent **D. BOWIE** ignores the crowd's catcalls and pledges his vote to **DEVO**, who now close their set with singer Nevo (in a pop-eyed baby mask under a crib) chanting in monotonal falsetto, "I need a chick, to suck my dick."*

As you cane see, in the next pic, Devo have given up on those silk shorts and stockinged bonces (featured in the Xmas ish) for more, er, elegant coterie. Bending his strings is OBO — or is it Zevo? Whatever, Bowie wants to produce 'em.

*Meanwhile, at the same gaff **RICHARD NIXON**, bless 'im, fostered Anglo-American relations when he introduced Eddie's Hot Rods. **BARRIE MASTERS** looks on sheepishly.*

*And **JOEY RAMONE** got a special pre-Christmas card from his record company after that makeshift vaporiser exploded in his mush (T-Zers recently). Situated above NY's 43rd St traffic, he message blinked on every 12 minutes.*



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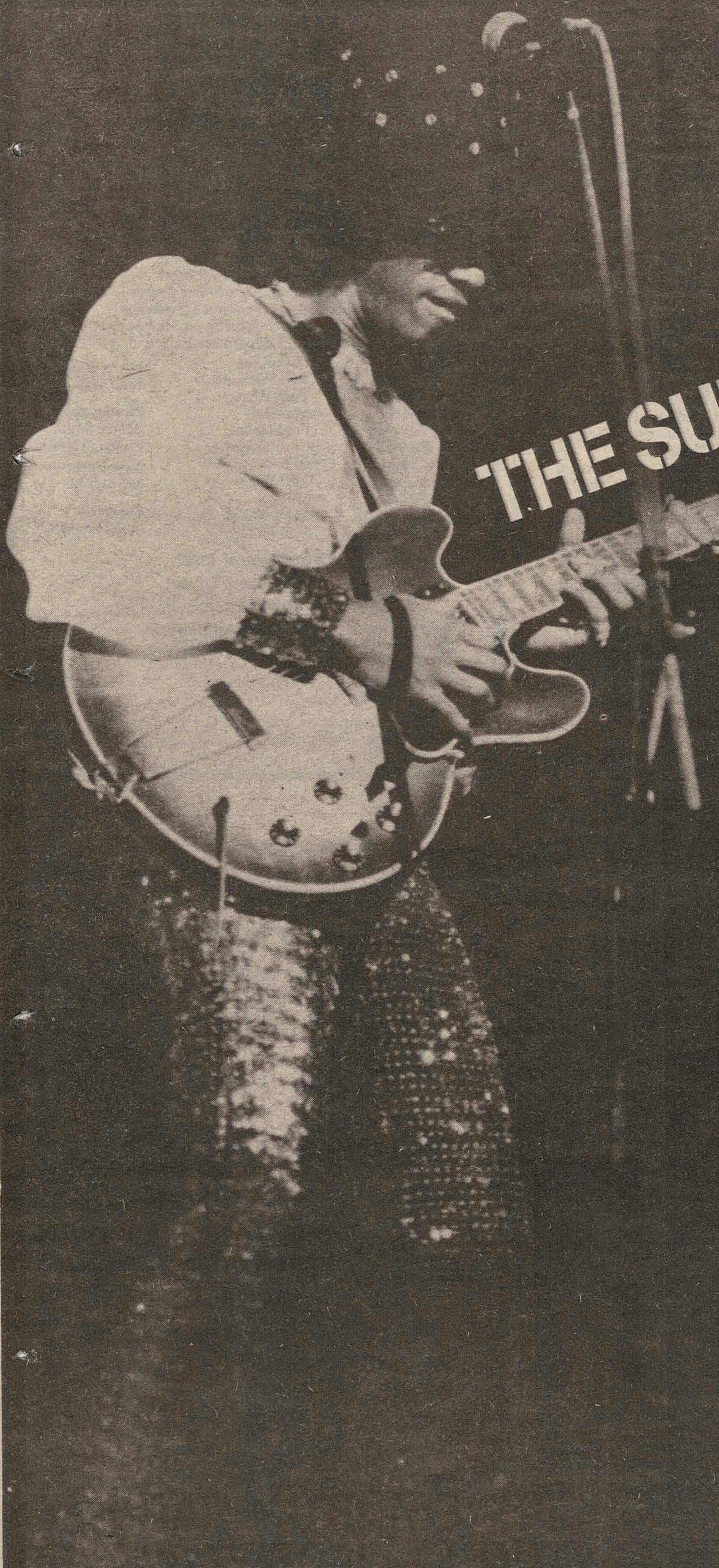

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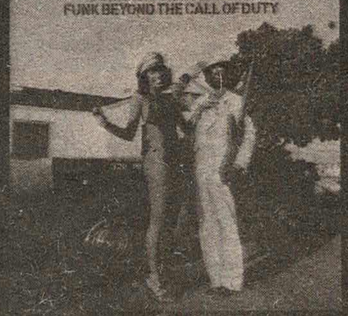

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